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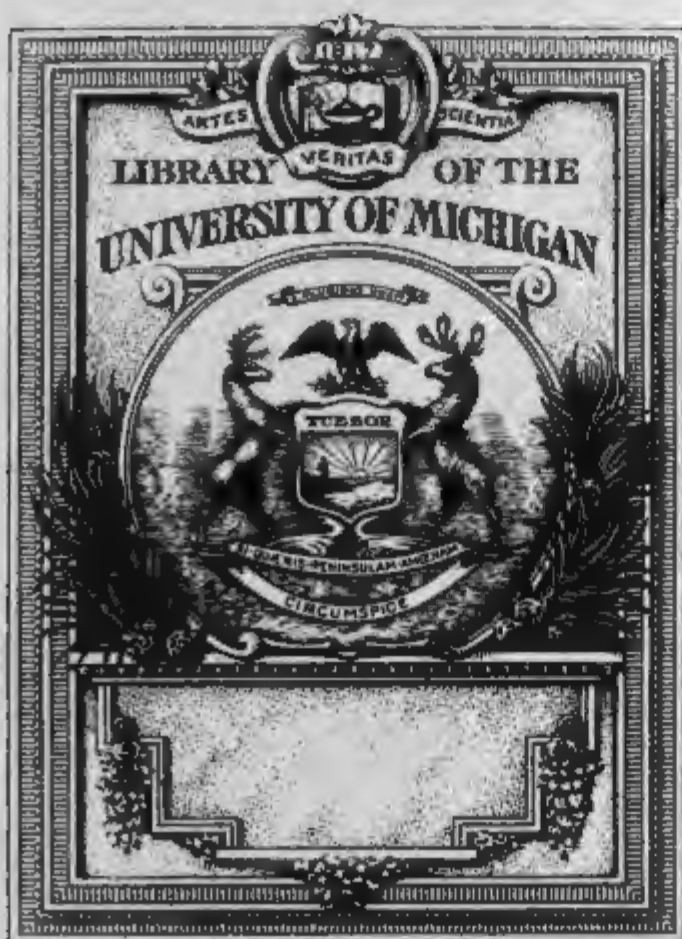
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THE  
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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1815.

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ART. I. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie.* Par J. Miot. Deuxième Edition. Revue, corrigée et augmentée d'une Introduction, d'un Appendice, et de Faits, Pièces et Documens qui n'ont pu paroître sous le Gouvernement précédent. A Paris. 1814.

**‘WHOSOEVER,’** says Sir Walter Raleigh, ‘in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may happily strike out his teeth. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her followers and servants into greater miseries. He that goes after her too far off, loseth her sight and loseth himself; and he that walks after her at a middle distance, I know not whether I should call that kind of course, temper or baseness.’—Jacques Miot, a commissary in the French army of Egypt, published some memoirs of that army in the year 1804. He dedicated it to General Murat, from whom he had received acts of kindness, and who had not then rendered himself infamous by his cold-blooded butcheries at Madrid. When M. Miot wrote these Memoirs he was afraid of his ‘teeth;’ and therefore, as any one else would have done under such circumstances, took care of his tongue. But though he suppressed the damning details of those atrocities to which he had been an eye-witness, and was neither sparing of eulogiums upon the army nor upon the First Consul, still the book gave offence; much as it concealed, it divulged too much, and the author became obnoxious. He found it necessary in consequence to quit a service in which he had no longer any hope of advancement; and now, ten years after the publication of his first edition, a second comes out with alterations and additions, and the motto *La Vérité appartient à l'Histoire*, that is,—the teeth are no longer in danger. The book is not the work of a sycophant seeking to obtain favour from the Bourbons by reviling a fallen tyrant: he guards against this imputation in his Preface.

‘To call Buonaparte an adventurer,’ he says, ‘is doing little honour to the nation which acknowledged him for its sovereign, and is at once to wound the pope who consecrated him, the kings who have treated with him, and that emperor who gave him his august daughter. The warrior who for a moment gave the law to Europe, who so often led the French armies to victory, whatever reproaches may be addressed to him, cannot have been an *adventurer*. I abstain from those judgments

which posterity does not always ratify ; who alone can weigh in her equitable balance the faults and the talents, the successes and the reverses of Buonaparte : but it may be believed that with moderation, a virtue unhappily too rare among conquerors, he would have legitimated his brilliant fortune and established his dynasty upon a basis not to be shaken.'

This language is not belied by the work. Laying both editions before us, we shall endeavour from these Memoirs and the other publications which have appeared upon this subject, to give a succinct account of the proceedings of Buonaparte and his army in the Egyptian expedition.

In what motives that expedition originated there is here no room for inquiring. Suffice it to say that preparations were made as secretly as possible, but upon a great scale, at Toulon, Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Ajaccio : and that on the 10th May, 1798, Buonaparte arrived at Toulon and addressed a proclamation to the troops, saying, 'Soldiers, you are one of the wings of the Army of England. You have made the war of mountains, of plains and of sieges ; a maritime war remains to be made. Europe has her eyes upon you. You have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, dangers and fatigues to overcome ; you will do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of the country, the happiness of mankind, and your own glory. The Genius of Liberty, who has rendered the Republic from her birth the arbitress of Europe, wills that she should also be the arbitress of the seas, and of nations the most remote.' Of the thousands who volunteered for the expedition, Denon says that almost all were ignorant of its object. 'They deserted wives, children, friends and fortune to follow Buonaparte, and for this reason only, that Buonaparte was to be their guide.' M. Miot affirms that 'every thing indicated Egypt for its destination ; that the French troops had already acquired in Italy the habit of enriching themselves at the expense of a conquered country ; and Egypt, being a virgin province, offered to their hopes a mine so much the more abundant to be ransacked.' This is one of the passages not to be found in his first edition ; the remainder of the characteristic picture is in both.

'How vast a field was opened to our agitated and impatient spirits ! Here were speculators looking greedily on to increase their fortunes ; some of them are dead of grief and vexation ; others, whose hardier nature (*le moral*) has resisted disgusts and privations, think themselves fortunate in having returned safe and sound. Every one founded the most brilliant hopes upon this important expedition, and the general-in-chief frequently let drop words which were equally flattering to the ambition of glory and to the love of riches. As for regret at quitting France, full of enthusiasm, and drunk as it were with the tumult which usually accompanies the departure of an army, we conversed at table  
in

in our mirth of the dangers and privations which awaited us : dangers presented us a means of acquiring promotion ; and for privations,—we should have no wine,—but we were drinking it now ; perhaps we should have no women,—but as yet we had no lack of them. All would not see their country again—but every one hoped that he himself might be fortunate enough to rejoin his family. We were hurried along, seduced by that appetite for glory or for change, which makes us always seek the better, sometimes only to gain the worse.'

On the evening of the 19th, the whole armament, to the sound of martial music and amidst the loudest acclamations, filed out of the harbour, passing successively before the L'Orient, on board of which were Buonaparte and the ill-fated admiral Brueys. The road was covered with ships. 'Never,' says Denon, 'could any national display give a more sublime idea of the splendour of France, of her strength, and of her means.' They who remembered the naval power of England had also a deep sense of her weakness ; for every thing depended upon their escaping the English fleet ; and even when the pomp and the stir of this great armament most excited the imagination, there were Frenchmen of cooler minds who congratulated themselves that they were not to sail in it. The Genoese convoy first effected its junction ; then that from Ajaccio, under General Vaubois ;—they were relieved from some uneasiness respecting Desaix with the Civita Vecchia squadron, by finding it awaiting them at the isle of Gozo. The weather was delightful,—there was music upon every deck, the men gamboled and danced and sung ; the captains dreamt of plunder, the general of conquest and of empire, the savans contemplated worthier objects, and Denon began his graphic labour by taking a view of the isle of Elba as they past it,—little thinking that his hero, who was now playing the part of Alexander, would one day be banished to its rocky shores. 'Our fleet,' says he, 'spread terror and dismay wherever it was descried ; Corsica felt no other emotion than that which is inspired by so grand a spectacle ; Sicily was appalled, and Malta in a state of stupid consternation.'

The surrender of Malta had been preconcerted with the French knights of the order. Dolomieu, one of that order, Junot, and M. Poussielgue were now the negociators ; and when Buonaparte had got possession of La Valetta, and was surveying its strength with Caffarelli, the latter said to him, 'General, it was very lucky that there were people in the town to open the gates for us.' 'When I saw,' says Denon, 'a small boat carry at her stern the standard of the order sailing humbly beneath the ramparts on which it had once defied all the forces of the east, and when I figured to myself this accumulated glory, acquired and preserved during several ages, melting away before the fortunes of Buonaparte, I thought I heard

the ghosts of Lisle-Adam and La Valette vent their dismal lamentations, and fancied that I saw time make to philosophy the illustrious sacrifice of the most venerable of all illusions!' The names of Lisle-Adam and La Valette might have excited better feelings in a Frenchman. General Vaubois was left here with 4000 troops, and a good number of adventurers who were already sick of the expedition. On the 19th June the armament proceeded, and in four days crossed what French sailors call the Great Sea; that open part of the Mediterranean which lies between Malta and Candia. On the 26th, while they were manœuvring to collect the transports which had been dispersed by a gale during the night, they discovered through a fog the English fleet steering in search of them towards the northern coast. Had that fog cleared up—or had Nelson been provided with frigates, those *eyes of the fleet*, the want of which he was deploring day and night, what years of suffering might have been spared to Egypt, to Europe, and to the world! The next day the Junon frigate was sent forward to concert measures with the consul at Alexandria, and learn from him how the inhabitants were disposed. Denon, who was in this frigate, describes, with that feeling which belongs to the poet as well as the painter, the picture when the Junon was ordered to pass late in the evening under the stern of the huge L'Orient, that sanctuary of power, he says, dictating its decrees amid three hundred sail of vessels in the still silence of the night. Four hundred persons were on the Junon's decks, and the sound of a bee's wings might have been heard. At day break on the 29th the white flat line of coast was seen edging the blue horizon of the sea; not a habitation, not a tree, nothing but the sands of the desert. One of the sailors pointed to the cheerless prospect, and said to a comrade, 'Look—there are the six acres which have been allotted you;' and the jest was answered by a burst of general laughter. M. Denon the while was philosophising—besides the national mixture of monkey and tyger, he was savañ and sentimentalist; he admired the disinterested courage of the thoughtless beings who were going to suffer as much misery as they inflicted; he called to mind the history of the places which now came in sight, made drawings, indulged in a few scoffs at scripture, and amused himself by imagining how the Sheik of Alexandria would be surprised on the morrow.

The French, however, had not the pleasure of surprising him. Their capture of Malta and their approach was known, and Nelson had been off Alexandria the preceding day. The consul and his interpreter came off at midnight in great terror, the sheik having, with more humanity than is usually found under a turban, suffered them to depart. The Junon returned with him to the fleet. It blew a fresh gale; the convoy was mingled with the ships of war; a sail appeared

appeared in sight, they feared it was English, and Buonaparte exclaimed, 'Fortune, dost thou abandon me! What—only five days!' It was one of their own frigates. The ships anchored, orders were given to land, and a proclamation was distributed through the fleet more curious and more characteristic than the first.

'Soldiers,' said Buonaparte, 'you are about to undertake a conquest whose effect upon the civilization and the commerce of the world will be incalculable. You will inflict upon England the severest stroke—a stroke which she will feel most, till you can give her her death-blow. We shall make some fatiguing marches, we shall fight some battles, we shall succeed in all our enterprizes; the destinies are for us. The Mameluke Beys who favoured English commerce, who loaded our merchants with arbitrary imposts, and tyrannized over the unhappy inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will exist no longer. The people with whom we are about to live are Mahomedans; their first article of faith is this—There is no other God than God, and Mahomed is his prophet. Do not contradict them. Act towards them as you have done towards the Jews and the Italians. Treat those Muftis and Imans with respect, as you have Rabbis and Bishops. Have the same toleration for the ceremonies which the Koran prescribes and for the mosques, as you have had for convents and synagogues, for the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ. These people treat women otherwise than we do—but in every country the ravisher is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few—it dishonours us, it destroys our resources, it makes the people our enemies, whom it is our interest to have for friends. The first town which we shall enter was built by Alexander. At every step we shall find great recollections worthy to excite the emulation of the French.'

The landing was made in haste, and in such weather that many men were lost; they had to row three leagues in a rolling sea, upon a shore full of rocks and shoals; the wind blowing violently against them, and the waves dashing against the breakers which surround the coast: but though they boasted that they were profiting by Nelson's faults and blunders,\* they stood too much in fear of him to delay the disembarkation for more favourable circumstances. By six in the morning a sufficient number were landed to attack and carry a small fort, called Le Marabou, where the first European flag was planted, which had been raised in hostility in Egypt since the Crusades. They were now ten miles from Alexandria; between four and five thousand men were landed, but neither horses nor artillery, nor was it practicable to disembark them. Buonaparte left orders that the remaining troops should form as fast as they reached the shore, and follow him, and he began his march. It was across a desert: men and officers alike displayed the greatest ardour on the

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\* *Profitant de toutes ses fautes, et utilisant son ineptie.*



occasion; and General Caffarelli, who had a wooden leg, performed the march on foot, rather than wait for a horse. At noon the city was attacked. Ill-prepared, as the Turks were, with a few three or four pounders, and some awkward musquetry, they made more resistance than might have been expected. About 250 of the French were wounded; among them Kleber and Menou, who were thrown from the parapet. 'These people,' said Louis Buonaparte, 'have no idea of children's play; they either kill or are killed.' It was their fortune now to meet with enemies as merciless as themselves. 'We were under the necessity,' says Denon, 'of putting the whole of them to death at the breach.' But the slaughter did not cease with the resistance. The Turks and the inhabitants also fled to their mosques, seeking protection from their God and their prophet; and then (it is a Frenchman\* and an eye-witness who speaks) men and women, old and young, and infants at the breasts were slaughtered! This butchery continued for four hours; after which, another Frenchman assures us, the remaining part of the inhabitants were much astonished at not having their throats cut.† Be it remembered that all this bloodshed was premeditated. 'We might have spared the men whom we lost,' says Adjutant-General Boyer, 'by only summoning the town; *mais il falloit commencer par étonner son ennemi.*'

The inhabitants were not less astonished when an Arabic proclamation was read to them by a Maronite priest, and circulated among them. It began, 'In the Name of God, gracious and merciful. There is no God but God; he has no son nor associate in his kingdom.' It dwelt upon the oppression which the people of Egypt endured from the Mamelukes, and represented the insults and injuries that the Beys inflicted upon the French merchants as the cause of this invasion. 'Buonaparte,' it proceeded, 'the General of the French Republic, according to the principles of liberty, is now arrived; and the Almighty, the Lord of both worlds, has sealed the destruction of the Beys. Inhabitants of Egypt, when the Beys tell you that the French are come to destroy your religion, believe them not. Answer them, that they are only come to rescue the rights of the poor from the hands of their tyrants, and that the French adore the Supreme Being, and honour the Prophet and his holy Koran more than they do. The French are true Mussul-

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\* Ceux-ci, repoussés de tout côté, réfugient chez leur Dieu et leur Prophète; ils remplissent leurs mosquées; hommes, femmes, vieillards, jeunes et enfans, tous sont massacrés. Au bout de quatre heures nos soldats mettent fin à leur fureur.—Intercept. Letters, p. 137.

† Restoit une partie des habitans fort étonnée qu'on ne leur coupât le cou.—Part I. p. 13.

men. Not long since they marched to Rome and overthrew the throne of the Pope, who excited the Christians against the professors of Islamism. Afterwards they directed their course to Malta, and drove out the Unbelievers, who imagined they were appointed by God to make war upon the Mussulmen.' In this memorable proclamation, Buonaparte affirmed that the French were the friends of the Grand Seignior, and the enemies of his enemies: he called upon the Egyptians to enjoy the blessings of a system, in which the wisest and the most virtuous were to govern, and the people were to be happy. 'Thrice happy,' said he, 'are they who shall be with us; they shall prosper in their fortunes. Happy they who shall be neuter! they will have time to know us, and they will join us also. But woe, woe, woe to those who take arms for the Mamelukes; there shall be no hope for them; they shall perish.' He concluded by decreeing that every village which opposed him should be burnt, and ordering a thanksgiving. 'Let every one return thanks to God for the destruction of the Mamelukes, and cry Glory to the Sultan! Glory to the French army, his ally! Curse upon the Mamelukes, and Happiness for the people of Egypt.'\*

Among the other antiquities at Alexandria some arms were found, which had been taken from the army under St. Louis, in his fatal crusade against Egypt, a sight which might have awakened, in a wiser and less presumptuous race, some ominous reflections. The French began now to ask themselves how they liked their promised land. The manner in which men of different pursuits and temperaments expressed their feelings is highly characteristic.

'Judge,' says M. Miot, 'by Volney's first pages, of the impression which must be made upon us, by these houses with grated windows, this solitude, this silence, these camels, these disgusting dogs covered with vermin, these hideous women holding between their teeth the corner of a veil of coarse blue cloth to conceal from us their features and their black bosoms. At the sight of Alexandria and its inhabitants, at beholding these vast plains devoid of all verdure, at breathing the burning air of the desert, melancholy began to find its way among us; and already some Frenchmen, turning towards their country their weary eyes, let the expression of regret escape them in sighs, a regret which more painful proofs were soon to render more poignant.'

Denon observed that nothing in this long and melancholy city reminded him of Europe and its cheerfulness, except the sparrows, who were the same bold and active birds in both countries: the very dogs in Egypt are degraded; they are the slaves of men and not the companions; and, consequently, possess none of the good qualities which kindness and domestication call forth. Whatever

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\* This proclamation is not in M. Miot's first edition; its publication would not have been agreeable to the First Consul just at the time of the Concordat.

can be affected by man is deteriorated in that unhappy country. M. Jaubert, in the hurry of disembarkation, the confusion of a city taken by assault, the preparations for farther conquests, and the motley assemblage of generals and soldiers, Frenchmen, Copts, Turks, and Arabs, horses and camels, saw a lively type of the revolution which, as he believed, was about to change the face of Egypt. M. Larrey, whose improvements in the art of military surgery in the 19th century, are hardly less important than those of Ambrose Paré in the 16th, observed, with astonishment, how favourably wounds healed in that benignant climate. Louis Buonaparte, shuddering at the ferocity of the wild Arabs, exclaimed against Jean Jacques, for having called such wretches the men of nature. 'Could he see them, he would tremble with shame and astonishment, that he should ever have been able to admire them! Oh how many misanthropists would be converted if chance should cast them into the midst of the deserts of Arabia!' The savans looked among the antiquities for what might be transported to France: Alexander's tomb was instantly marked out by Denon and Dolomieu; and others, perhaps, thought of realising the plan, which Maillet proposed in Louis XIVth's reign, of removing Pompey's Pillar to Paris. The soldiers, meantime, who bivouacked among the ruins of Alexandria, were many of them bit by scorpions, and began to curse the plagues of Egypt. But the fright was greater than the injury, and the application of either acid or alkali, or even sea-water, removed the inflammation. A parade of clemency was made towards the Sheik of Alexandria. 'I have taken you in arms,' said Buonaparte, 'and I might treat you as a prisoner; but, as you have behaved with courage, and I think bravery inseparable from honour, I give you back your arms, and think you will be as faithful to the Republic as you have been to a bad government.' The Sheik, who saw thirty thousand men landed, all chosen troops, with a correspondent train of artillery, was now fully sensible how little he could resist such negociators; and he accordingly assented to whatever was proposed. An agreement, therefore, was soon made between Buonaparte and the principal men of Alexandria, they promising to be faithful, and he pledging himself that they should be subjected to no vexations from the army. He now ordered that the French who had fallen before the city should be buried at the base of Pompey's pillar, and their names engraved upon it. Such an order was in the taste of the day, but perhaps some of the savans interfered, and saved the pillar from being thus disfigured. Kleber's division, at that time under General Dugua, was sent to occupy Rosetta, and from thence proceed along the Nile, to cover a flotilla under the Chief of Division Perrée. The rest of the army advanced towards Cairo, the divisions being marched off as fast as they landed, without allowing them

them time to see the wretchedness of the land, or acquire any information of the country through which they were to pass. The first part of their march lay across the desert. Buonaparte, seeing that his men were in want of every thing requisite for such a march, said to them, like a tragedy hero, *Les vertus sont pour nous*—the virtues are on our side! He himself set out in the evening, and marched through the night: his head was wrapped in a handkerchief, and he frequently touched Berthier upon the shoulder, saying, with evident satisfaction, ‘Well, Berthier! here we are at last!’ *Eh bien, Berthier! nous y sommes enfin!*

Perhaps at this time Buonaparte dreamt of founding an empire for himself in the East. French travellers had represented Egypt as the most favoured part of the world. The Arabs call it *Misr, the Place*, as they call the Koran, *the Book*; the Turks regard it as an earthly Paradise: what it had been was known from the ancients, and Savary had given a rapturous description of it, even in its present state. ‘What might not a people, who cultivated the arts and sciences, still undertake here! What treasures might they not gain from commerce and agriculture! What advantage might they not render science and history by the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics!’—It is beyond a doubt that these representations had produced a deep effect upon the French. The Directory, in seizing Egypt, did but execute a project which had long been contemplated by the old government. They perhaps wished to rid themselves of an army and a general whom they feared; and the general might very well suppose, that the European powers would more willingly leave him in possession of that country than suffer it to be annexed to France. Of his followers a large proportion certainly went for plunder: but among the adventurers, who looked up to him, and felt that superstition concerning his fortunes, which throughout his life he has constantly inculcated, there must have been many who embraced a military life in the first ardour of generous youth, and were led on, imperceptibly, from horror to horror, and from crime to crime, till they became the curse and the opprobrium of the human race. This transmutation was completely effected in Egypt. During that expedition generals and soldiers acquired that character which has since been communicated to the French army, a total insensibility towards human sufferings, a total contempt of all moral and religious principles.

As Denon was leaving Alexandria he saw a young and handsome Frenchwoman sitting upon a fragment of ruin which was covered with blood, and surrounded by the dead bodies of those who had been slaughtered in the assault. Insensible to the horrors around her and ignorant of the sufferings that awaited her, she told him  
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she was waiting for her husband, with whom she was going to pass the night in the desert. This insensibility M. Denon admired as a charming ingenuousness, and, in the sentimental mind of a Frenchman, fancied she was a picture of the Angel of the Resurrection! It made him, however, reflect upon the lot of those poor women who had followed their husbands upon the expedition; for the invaders, as soon as they left the walls of Alexandria, began to perceive the difference between this and the former wars in which they had been engaged. Buonaparte's declaration, that he and his troops were good Mussulmen, was lost upon the Arabs. Mussulman or infidel the booty was the same to them; they hung upon the skirt of the troops within a hundred paces, and cut down or carried off every straggler. When they spared a prisoner it was not from humanity: they reserved him for outrages which, in English, are not to be uttered, but at which Voltaire has taught the French to jest. 'My friends,' said an officer to his detachment, 'we are to sleep at Beda to-night,—at Beda you understand. This is all the difficulty you will have to encounter. Allons mes amis!' On they went, expecting to find a village; but Beda was only a well choked with stones, from the interstices of which a little water, muddy and brackish, was collected in goblets and distributed among them as if it had been brandy. This was their first halt! They had undertaken, without provisions, and without water, a march of 45 miles to Damanhour, the first place where any resources could be expected! The Arabs had filled up all the wells; and a few puddles of water, so muddy that it was scarcely liquid, were all that could be found upon the way. Travelling under a burning sun, and over sands that reflected back an intenser heat, their eyes were mocked with that appearance of water in the desert, which deludes and aggravates the sufferings of the traveller in the deserts. Many men died of heat; Larrey saved many by a few drops of sweetened spirits of wine in a little water, or of alcoholized sulphuric ether, or Hoffman's mineral drops, in sugar. He observed, that those to whom he was called too late, died, as if of extinction, without a struggle; one, even with his last breath, said, that his feelings at that moment were inexpressibly delightful. It was like sinking to sleep after extreme fatigue and pain.

Already had the French perceived some horrible instances of Mahomedan manners. They found a woman, whose eyes had been thrust out by her jealous husband, and she, still bleeding and with an infant in her arms, was wandering in the desert, while the wretch who had blinded her, and who was perfectly frantic with revenge, followed her in the hope of seeing mother and child perish! When some of the soldiers gave her their own scanty portion of water, he ran up, snatched it from her hands, and, in a fresh access of jealousy,

jealousy, plunged a dagger into her heart, and, whirling the infant in the air, dashed it lifeless upon the ground. Some commissaries searched the Sheik's house at Damanhour for grain, and broke all the jars to satisfy themselves that they contained none. In the course of their search they found three black women, the wives of the Sheik, who had crept into a loft to hide themselves: the Frenchmen addressed themselves immediately to these women, with as little ceremony as the Arabs would towards their prisoners, but they discovered that the Sheik thought the honour of his wives was safest under the defence of iron girdles.

The Mamelukes were first seen near this village; they came to reconnoitre, and each party at first sight formed an erroneous opinion of the other;—the French despising men who had so little discipline, and were so grotesquely equipped; the Mamelukes expecting an easy victory over an enemy on foot. When the soldiers reached Rahmanieh, upon the banks of the Nile, they rushed by thousands into the river: it was not enough to drink of its water; they did not stop to take off their clothes, but ran in as fast as they arrived, that every limb might partake of the refreshment, and that they might drink at every pore. No sound of drums, no command of their officers could restrain them.

At Rahmanieh a junction was formed with the division under General Dugua; the flotilla arrived the next day, and the collected force had not proceeded far before they perceived a body of Mamelukes by the village of Chebrisse. Buonaparte quickly formed his army, which consisted of four divisions, in as many squares, presenting a front of six deep; the artillery was placed at the angles, the cavalry and baggage in the centre. The grenadiers of each division formed platoons which flanked the squares, and were intended to reinforce the points of attack. The Mamelukes made a disorderly attack; but a few shells which fell among them put them to flight;—this was a kind of artillery which they did not understand, and they had also resolved upon making their great stand near Cairo. Upon the river they were more fortunate; General Perrée consoled himself for the defeat which he actually sustained by saying, that he should have destroyed the whole of this flotilla, if he had not unluckily lost half his own. The troops rescued him, but not till he had suffered considerably. They had still a week's march before them, and during the whole of the way the Arabs hung upon the army, and cut off every straggler. All the villages were deserted, and the soldiers had not bread to eat, though some of them actually lay upon heaps of corn. They were also without animal food, but there were fruits in abundance, and the water melons were devoured with a greediness which, in some instances, proved fatal. M. Miot says, that in these melon grounds, on the banks



banks of the river, and at a little distance only from the bivouac of the army, he saw many Frenchmen, naked and headless, stretched out with the breast toward the ground, a sight increased the fear and horror with which the soldiers regarded depraved and cruel enemies whom they had provoked. This was one of the passages that M. Miot has added to his history. The slaughter and the sufferings to which Buonaparte exposed his troops were always carefully concealed. Already had several officers of rank perished in this inglorious warfare. Desaix narrowly escaped. General Mireur galloped a little way from the camp merely to try a horse which he had purchased; he was killed and stripped before the troops could succour him. Denano, one of Buonaparte's staff, a young officer of high promise, was taken and spared from immediate death, because the Arabs imagined, from his epaulettes and his embroidery, that he was a person of more greater importance. They carried him to their Sheik, and Buonaparte sent a sum of money to ransom him: a dispute arose in consequence, and the Sheik, to terminate it, blew out the prisoner's brains and then honourably sent back the ransom. The sufferings and the horrors of this march were so great, that many men killed themselves in despair, and some, going up to the general, who tempted them to embark in this expedition, blew out their brains in his presence, exclaiming *Voilà ton ouvrage!*

The Mamelukes under Murad, the ablest, as well as the most powerful of the Beys, collected upon high ground near Cairo, there waited for the enemy. They had not suffered materially from the former action, Buonaparte having rather desired to accustom his troops to their manner of fighting on that occasion, than to pursue to the utmost the advantages which were offered. This proved a wise policy; they continued to believe that cavalry must have decided advantage over troops who fought on foot, and in the confidence of victory, neglected to provide against the immediate consequences of defeat. Instead, therefore, of remaining on the Cairo side of the Nile, where they might have disputed the passage, harassed the enemy, and retreated in case of need towards Syria, they entrenched themselves on the left bank at a village called Embaba; and so impatient were they for the victory and the vengeance which they expected, that, as soon as the French army appeared, they advanced from their position into the open plain with the purpose of forcing them to action. The novelty and splendour of their appearance excited the admiration of the Europeans: the gaudiest foppery of a modern army fades before the glittering helmets and burnished armour of old times; and the cries and rapid movements of the Mamelukes were not less remarkable than the richness and strangeness of their costume. Never was displayed  
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a more impressive scene! - On the right was the Nile, Cairo beyond it, with all its hundred minarets and domes; on the left were the Pyramids, the highest, the oldest, the most durable of the works of men. Buonaparte pointed to them when he gave the word, and exclaimed—Remember that from the summit of yonder monuments forty ages are beholding us!

Murad had threatened that he would cut up the infidels like gourds. The Mamelukes, at the moment when the French were on the point of moving, rushed forward as if they meant to attack the centre, but suddenly sweeping round they fell upon Desaix and Regnier's division which formed the right. The attack was impetuous beyond any thing that the French had ever before beheld; they, however, with admirable discipline, stood firm, and reserved their fire till the enemy were within half musket-shot; and the effect, seconded as it was by some discharges of artillery, was tremendous. For a moment it confounded them, and they had nearly fallen upon the bayonets of Desaix's division. A fire by files was now well kept up against them; thinking to turn the enemy they now passed between the two divisions, and in so doing received the fire of both. Part of them returned to the entrenchment at Embaba, the rest got into a grove of palms, and being dislodged from thence by the riflemen, fled towards the Pyramids and the desert. The divisions of Bon and Menou meantime advanced against Embaba, and, while they attacked the position in front, two battalions under Rampon and Marmont were detached on the flank to turn the valley. Here the Mamelukes had thirty or forty pieces of cannon, which they knew so little how to use that they had not time to load them for a second discharge. They were routed at the point of the bayonet; some of them had their clothes set on fire by the French muskets, and were in this dreadful manner burnt as they lay mortally wounded. The guns and the position were soon in possession of the French. There remained a body of 1,500, with about as many of the armed inhabitants; their retreat was cut off by Marmont and Rampon, they defended themselves bravely, but perceiving that all resistance was vain, and receiving as little mercy as they would have shewn, they rushed into the Nile, and they who escaped the sword perished in the river. Ibrahim Bey, who was on the right bank to cover Cairo, having witnessed this total defeat, retreated with his troops towards Syria, while Murad took the road of Upper Egypt. Their loss was undoubtedly very great in proportion to their numbers, which was from four to six thousand Mamelukes, with a considerable body of Arabs and Fellaps; that of the French seems to have been more than might have been expected from the nature of the action. Larrey says that about 260 were severely wounded.

Denon

Denon admired, upon this occasion, what he calls the sublime contrast between the massacre, for such he says the latter part of the action was, and the clear sky of that fine climate.

‘A handful of French, led by a hero,’ he exclaims, ‘had just subdued a quarter of the globe; an empire had just changed its ruler. During this great and terrible scene, of which the result was to be so important, the dust and smoke scarcely obscured the lower part of the atmosphere; and the star of day revolving over the spacious horizon, peaceably terminated its career, a sublime testimony of that immutable order of nature which obeys the decree of the Eternal in the calm stillness that renders it still more awful.’

Miot, for he also was present, gives us the living picture.

‘The field of battle presently was converted into a place of sale: horses, arms, apparel, camels, were bought and sold! The most boisterous joy was displayed among the dying and the dead! Some were eating and drinking; others putting on turbans which were still wet with blood, or dressing themselves in the pelisses which they stripped from the slain.’

M. Miot too, in a letter which was never intended to meet the public eye, has told us what his reflections were upon the field of battle; he was a man to whom the sight, and even the thought of an execution had been intolerably painful, but he had now learnt to look without any failing at heart upon mangled bodies and mutilated limbs.

‘I rode,’ says he, ‘through the midst of three thousand slaughtered Mamelukes. Milord (his horse) trembled under me, while I fixed my eyes on those poor victims of ambition and vanity, and said to myself, We cross the sea, we brave the English fleet, we disembark in a country which never thought of us, we plunder their villages, ruin their inhabitants, and violate their wives; we wantonly run the hazard of dying with hunger and thirst; we are every one of us on the point of being assassinated: and all this for what?’

‘Such,’ says Berthier, ‘was the memorable battle of the Pyramids: thus, in the short space of about fourteen days, was conquered and overthrown the most extraordinary empire which the world has seen, that of a nation of soldiers from their birth. The immediate result of the battle of the Pyramids was the conquest and quiet submission of Egypt.’—Hitherto indeed Egypt had never opposed a formidable resistance to its conquerors. Wealth and effeminating vices made it an easy prey to the Persians, and the people successively received the Greeks, perhaps the Romans, certainly the Saracens, and the Turks after them as deliverers. No conquerors ever came with more power to improve the country, than the new invaders, and never had the people endured a more oppressive government than that which appeared now to be destroyed;

stroyed; the French, therefore, might not without some reason presume that they should experience as little opposition as Cambyzes, Alexander, Amrou, and Selim: but they did not reflect that, in proportion as empires are wealthy and luxurious, their conquest is the easier; and that the more barbarous they are the more obstinate is the resistance which they oppose. The contempt with which the Mahommedans regard all christians was an obstacle which no former conqueror had to overcome. The first impulse of the people of Cairo was to murder the Europeans resident in that city; they took shelter in the palace of a sultana which was humanely opened for them, and thus they escaped death. The day after the battle Buonaparte received the chiefs of the city who came to proffer their obedience; a proclamation was issued, in which the general said, 'People of Cairo, I am satisfied with your conduct; you have done well in not taking part against me—I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect the commerce and the natives of the country.—Fear nothing for your families, your houses, your property, nor above all for the religion of the Prophet whom I love.' A provisional organization of the country was now announced; it was simple and summary. The imposts which had formerly been paid to the Mamelukes were now to be paid to the Republic. There was to be in every province an Aga of the Janizaries, and a company of armed natives, subordinate to a French commandant: and there was to be also a divan of seven persons charged to watch over the interests of the province, to keep a steady eye over the seditious, to punish them by calling on the military force under the French commander, and, in French phrase, to enlighten them as often as should be found requisite.

The first business of the soldiers after they had entered Cairo was frightfully characteristic. Not being allowed to plunder the living, they affixed hooks and nails to the end of long canes, and fished for the drowned Mamelukes, whose dress and arms were always splendid, and who, as is common in eastern wars, carry most of their wealth about them. Vial was sent to take possession of Damietta, and Desaix pursued Murad Bey into Upper Egypt. Buonaparte himself marched for the alleged purpose of pursuing Ibrahim Bey, who had retired towards Syria; his real object was to intercept the caravan from Mecca, but Ibrahim, with the congenial feelings of a Mameluke, had anticipated this pious intention, and plundered it himself.\* Buonaparte had with him a large part of

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\* *La vérité appartient à l'histoire*, says M. Miot. We must here be permitted to try him by his text, for the purpose of exemplifying what a Frenchman's notions of veracity are when he is writing military history. He does not say in his *Memoirs* that the object of the expedition was to plunder the caravan, but that they met it travelling slowly in

of the army, and many of his favourite officers, his brother-in-law Leclerc, his wife's son Eugene Beauharnois, Regnier, D

in the desert, that it had been pillaged by the Mamelukes and Arabs, and that the party made the remainder be escorted to Cuïro:—thus evidently implying that the army protected it. *Nous rencontrâmes la caravane de Mekke, qui s'avançoit lentement le désert; elle avoit été pillée par les Mamelouks et les Arabes. Bonaparte en fit des débris jusqu'au Caire.* We will first see how far this is consistent with the fact, then how far it is consistent with M. Miot himself.

The nature of the escort is explained in a pithy note of M. Larrey's, vol. i. *On s'empara dans cette campagne d'une riche et très nombreuse caravane portant des marchandises des Indes, qui furent rendues au profit des soldats.* This circumstance is worthy of notice as being the first of Buonaparte's commercial speculations. He assumed the government of Cairo, telling the people he was come to protect commerce, and immediately he leaves the city for the purpose of robbing a caravan, the property of which belonged either to those whom he now called French subjects, or the subjects of powers with whom he pretended that France was at peace, and whom she actually was in alliance.

In the Intercepted Letters, Part 2, there are two letters without a signature, addressed to a Citizen Miot, (Nos. 4 and 16.) The editor has attributed them to the savans, the writer being a botanist and a man of letters; but the letters contain proofs that he belonged to the Commissariat, and that he was, in fact, the very M. Miot whose Memoirs are now before us. 'The expedition,' he says, 'has been a little, a little, unfortunate for me, since I have had my left arm so torn and bruised by a camel that I shall not be able to use it for a month.' This adventure of the camel is related in the first edition of his Memoirs, but suppressed in the second. We will not deprive the reader of a story which is worthy the pen of Scarron and the pen of Gillray. *La nuit du 17, je m'étois couché sous un drap qui me servoit de tente sur un chameau, portant mes légers bagages, étoit attaché quelques pas devant moi. Je dormois d'un sommeil agité, lorsque ce maudit animal me réveilla d'une manière tout-à-fait singulière. (Could such a circumstance be more delicately expressed? The writer has only expressed it in precision: it does not appear whether he was in the condition of Ditton or Warrington or of both.) Je me levai mécontent, et voulant le punir, je le pris par son collier, et de ma main droite lui donnai quelques coups de poing dans les côtes pour le faire avancer. Mon chameau, contrarié parce que je le dérangeois, prit ma main gauche dans ses dents; et me secouant de toute la longueur de son cou, me fit bientôt lâcher prise et tomber par terre en poussant des cris douloureux qui éveillèrent tout le camp. On ne s'occupa pas trop de ce que c'étoit. On me conduisit dans la tente du général: j'étois couvert de sang, les chirurgiens me pansèrent. J'avois au bras quatre blessures considérables, mais heureusement rien de fracassé. Le Général Leclerc, qui m'aimoit beaucoup, ne voulut plus que je quittasse sa tente. Le lendemain à la petite pointe du jour, nous fûmes attaqués, et obligés de monter à cheval avec mon bras en écharpe.* This choice story proves, beyond all doubt, that the writer of the letters in question, and of the Memoirs, is the very M. Miot. But in one of the letters M. Miot speaks thus of the expedition: 'The expedition was to seize on the caravan of Mecca, of which Ibrahim Bey had possessed himself; but the expedition has totally failed, and we are returned with the loss of a number of our mounted hussars.'

It may be easily seen why M. Miot concealed in his history the intention of robbery, and why M. Larrey advertised its success. The former, whose feelings were never totally corrupted, and who for that reason was incapacitated for rising up to military despotism, would not disgrace the army by representing them as robbers by profession,—especially when he published under a Bourbon government, and he hoped that that army had recovered something like a sense of honour. M. Larrey was in favour with Buonaparte, very deservedly, for his professional skill; but M. Miot wrote also with a view to favour. Sometimes (as in the cases of Jaffa and of the capture and wounded at Acre) he fabricated his narrative accordingly; but he knew that nothing could be more agreeable to the temper of the army and the views of the creant at their head, than to speak of the pillage in which that miscreant indulged

Sulkov

Sulkowski, Caffarelli, Lasnes, and Murat; they came up with Ibrahim at Salehieh, which is on the frontier of Syria, and on the edge of the desert. But the Mamelukes had profited by what they saw before Cairo, and the French had been made presumptuous by success. Forgetting that they owed that success to their artillery, and still more to their infantry, they ventured in this action to charge with the cavalry. The horses, which were mostly French, had not yet been accustomed to the food of the country; they were, therefore, out of condition, and fatigued not only with the march, but with the unaccustomed burthen of provisions and water which they were now obliged to carry. It was now that the superiority of the Mameluke horsemanship was perceived; standing erect in their short stirrups, they aimed their blow with all that advantage which height gave, and it was now, for the first time, says M. Larrey, that the terrible effects of their Damascus blades were felt. What is read of in old tales of chivalry was then verified, and many of the French had a limb severed with a single stroke. Their cavalry was nearly destroyed in the action, and when the infantry came up, Ibrahim wisely continued his retreat, and baffled all pursuit.

The manner in which his main force had thus been baffled, gave Buonaparte a lesson of what he might expect from enemies whom he had hitherto despised. Leaving Regnier at Salehieh to guard that frontier, and sending Dugua to Damietta, he set out on his return to Cairo; but scarcely had he begun his march, before he met an aide-de-camp of Kleber, with letters that the fleet at Aboukir had been destroyed by Nelson:—that fleet upon which the French depended for keeping up their communications with France,—that fleet in which Buonaparte proposed to return himself as soon as he should have arranged the conquered country; that fleet had been destroyed, and by Nelson—Nelson, of whose blunders and incapacity the French boasted that they had taken advantage—Nelson, of whom Admiral Brueys ventured to say that he did not think it prudent to try his strength with the French unless he was superior to them in numbers. This may be forgiven to Brueys, who did his duty to the last, who was neither deficient in courage nor in skill, and perished through no error or misconduct of his own. Buonaparte had detained him upon the coast after the debarkation, when it was the opinion of all naval men that they ought instantly to have sailed for Corfu. Buonaparte had ordered him to carry the fleet into Alexandria, if it were possible; in obedience to Buonaparte, he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot who would carry the squadron in; in obedience to Buonaparte he remained seeking for a channel till the English arrived; and when, in consequence of Buonaparte's orders, he had fallen as bravely as ever brave man fell in battle, Buonaparte imputed the loss of the fleet to him, and declared,



clared, in an official letter to the Directory, that he had ordered him not to remain an hour in that situation, but either enter the port or return to Corfu. In this manner did Buonaparte calumniate the man whom he had sacrificed; base liar that he was, and is, and ever will be, while he is permitted to infest the earth! With less baseness, but with equal brutality, the soldiers, Denon tells us, amused themselves at the expense of the seamen who had been beaten! They made the unavailing courage and the slaughter of their countrymen—of the very men with whom they had lived on shipboard, and shared the hopes and fears, and dangers of the passage—the subject of their merriment and mockery, at a time when the shores of Egypt were strewn with the wreck of that proud fleet, and with the bodies of the dead—stript by the Arabs, and parching upon the sands! To this degree of brutal insensibility had they already been hardened by the crimes to which their general had systematically habituated them.

One of the first measures after his return to Cairo was to form what, in elder language would have been called an Academy, but in the new nomenclature was to be styled an Institute. It was divided into the four sections of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Literature with the Fine Arts, and Political Economy; and was to occupy itself with diffusing knowledge throughout Egypt, and with researches into the history civil and natural, antiquities, and geography of the country. To these pursuits the men of letters addressed themselves with what appetite they might. The French were masters of Cairo, and nominally lords of Egypt; they had taken possession of the government by as good a title as either Turk or Mameluke could shew; but if they stirred beyond the walls, or ventured alone even out of the houses, they were stabbed by the Arabs; and they were in want of all that they had been accustomed to in Europe. General Savary, in writing for his baggage, says, ‘he looks for it as anxiously as for the Messiah,’ a phrase not less characteristic of the wants, than of the impiety of this villain, who has been one of the most infamous of all Buonaparte’s instruments. ‘In the name of God,’ he says, ‘bring our baggage and our brandy; the whole army is ill of a diarrhoea with drinking water. For God’s sake, wine, brandy, and rum!’ Men, officers, savans, and speculators agreed in cursing the country in which they found themselves imprisoned since the destruction of the fleet, and in bewailing all the comforts and luxuries of Europe. But of all animals a Frenchman most easily accommodates himself to any situation in which he may be placed: they fell to work with their characteristic ingenuity; chairs, tables, and beds were presently made; a tannery was established and saddles manufactured, shoemakers and hatters resumed their employment, and were well imitated by the native workmen;

workmen; restaurateurs opened tables *à la mode Française*; sirups and liqueurs of all kinds, *à la mode Française*, were soon prepared for sale. '*Des Françaises,*' says M. Miot, '*fixèrent les regards de nos généraux, et l'on vit se former quelques sociétés.*' They who could not find white women among the followers of the army, put up with brown or black, *tout à la mode Française*. These mistresses taught their new lords Arabic, and learnt from them a few French words in return, '*ce n'étoit pas ordinairement les plus décens qu'elles retenoient.*' This also is M. Miot's confession; and he adds that the French summoned to their evening parties the dancing girls of the country, *dont les mouvemens lascifs flattoient notre imagination par des tableaux gracieux.*—Still *à la mode Française*. In these vices the French could learn nothing, —not even from Aretine or Julio Romano.

Buonaparte meantime displayed all that faithlessness, ability, and fanfaronade which characterize him. Nelson had landed the whole of his prisoners, upon an engagement entered into by Captain Barré, on the part of his government, with Trowbridge, that they should not serve again till they were regularly exchanged: Buonaparte made them immediately take arms, drafted part of them to complete his regiments, and formed the remainder into what he called the marine legion. All the speculators and adventurers who had accompanied the army were embodied into a sort of militia: these were very numerous; some came to speculate in grain, having heard that Egypt was the most fertile country in the world; some expected to enrich themselves by contracts, others by dealing in plunder, tempted by the knowledge of what had been done in this way in the Italian campaigns. It would perhaps hardly have been believed, if it were not asserted upon French authority, that there were some who came upon a deliberate speculation of the vilest depravity; 'others,' says Denon, 'of a debauched character, having been allured by the relations which Savary has given, had quitted Paris to seek new pleasures at Cairo!' Every street in Cairo had its gates, which were shut at night for the security of the inhabitants; as these would have made every street capable of defence in case of insurrection, an event which the French expected, because they deserved it so well, Buonaparte wisely gave orders to remove them. He named the principal street Petit Thouars, in honour of the captain of that name who had fallen at Aboukir. He gave orders to examine the state of the canals; he convoked a general assembly of the notables from the fourteen provinces of Egypt. *Ces Notables devoient être choisis parmi les hommes ayant le plus d'influence sur le peuple, et distingués par leurs lumières.* The notables of Egypt! He proposed to build a new metropolis at the point of the Delta. He wrote to the Sherif of Mecca, to inform him of his arrival in Egypt, to assure him



him that the Mussulmen had no sincerer friend than himself, and to offer protection for the caravans : and he did not inform the sherif of Mecca in what manner he had protected the last ! He ordered the names of those who had fallen in battle against the Mamelukes to be engraved on one of the pyramids. He visited the pyramids, and having entered that which had been opened, seated himself upon the *soros*, and held a conversation with the chief priests of Cairo. Whether the whole dialogue be genuine or not, his part of it is certainly his own, for it has been published under his authority. ‘Glory to Allah,’ said he, ‘there is no other God but God. Mahommed is his prophet, and I am his friend. Mufti, the divine Koran is the delight of my soul, and the object of my contemplation. I love the Prophet, and I hope ere long to see and honour his tomb in the holy city. But my mission is first to exterminate the Mamelukes. If Egypt be their portion, let them shew me the lease which God has given them of it. But the angel of death has breathed upon them: we are come, and they have disappeared. The days of regeneration are come. He that has ears to hear, let him hear ! The hour of political resurrection has arrived for all who groan under oppression. Muftis, imans, mullahs, dervises, and kallenders, instruct the people of Egypt ; encourage them to join in our labours to complete the destruction of the Beys and of the Mamelukes. Favour the commerce of the Franks in your country, and their endeavours to arrive at the ancient land of Brama. Let them have storehouses in your ports, and drive far from you the English, accursed among the children of Jesus ! Such is the will of Mahommed. The treasures, industry, and friendship of the Franks shall be your lot, till you ascend to the seventh heaven, and are seated by the side of the black-eyed houris, who are endowed with perpetual youth and virginity.’ Such was the language which Ali Buonaparte addressed to the Mahomedan priests in the pyramid ! Flatterers are to be found in all countries. They in return are said to have called him the envoy of God, the favourite of Mahommed ; the successor of Iskander, the most valiant among the children of Jesus. May the prophet, said one of them, cause thee to sit at his left hand on the day of resurrection, after the third sound of the trumpet. A poet also was found to recount his praises, and prophesy his success in an Arabic ode. ‘At length,’ says he, ‘the dawn of happiness breaks upon us ; the time destined by God has arrived ; an atmosphere of felicity surrounds us ; the resplendent star of victory, which guides the French warriors, has shed upon us its dazzling light ; fame and honour go before them ; fortune and honour accompany them. The chief who marches at their head is impetuous and terrible ; his name terrifies kings. Princes bow their haughty heads before the invincible Buonaparte, the

the lion of battles ; *his courage sweeps irrevocable destiny, and the heavens of glory are prostrate before him.*

Buonaparte and the priests, in the Pyramid scene, had addressed each other with equal sincerity. The true believers perfectly understood the professions of the false ones : their pride, their bigotry, their jealousy, were exasperated ; and Denon tells us, that even those who had rejoiced at the expulsion of the Mamelukes, began to regret their former tyrants, when they were called upon to pay for their deliverance. They had been now about four months in Cairo, when the inhabitants took arms and attacked them. The Commander of the city, General Dupuis, was killed, and Sulkowski, a young Pole, who was one of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp, and considered as one of the most promising officers in the army. The struggle continued for eight and forty hours, and, for the first day, the insurgents had the advantage. The inhabitants annoyed the troops from the roofs of their houses, and prevented the cannon from entering into the narrow and crooked streets ; two companies of grenadiers were repulsed, and if the Mahommedans had not, from superstitious motives, ceased to fight after it was night, most of the French, who were in the city, would have been cut off. The savans were under arms, in imminent danger, and some of the medical men fell in defending the hospital. But on the second day more troops came up and made horrible slaughter among the people : some thousands took shelter in a mosque and barricaded it ; cannon was brought against it, and it was battered through the night ; on the third morning the Sheiks came to entreat pardon, and the tumult ceased. The Ulemas addressed a proclamation to the people, of which the first sentence was happily equivocal—' We beseech the Most High to preserve you from sedition, and from secret or public disorder, and to keep you from those who seek to do evil upon earth.' And they quoted a saying of one of their prophets—' Sedition is fallen asleep—cursed be he who shall awake her.'—' For our own security,' says M. Denon, ' we ought, perhaps, to have spared none who had seen French soldiers retire discomfited.' The fine arts had done little towards softening this man's heart ! ' Some traitors,' he tells us, ' were indeed arrested and punished ; but whatever representation could be made to Buonaparte respecting the danger of such conduct toward the rebels, nothing could shake the sentiments of humanity which he displayed in the event,—he wished to shew clemency as much as he could exact terror.' Of Buonaparte's clemency, and his sentiments, we shall soon have an illustrious example at Jaffa ! Some circumstances, which Denon relates of the Egyptians, on this occasion, ought not to be omitted for the honour of human nature, in a narrative which records so much to its disgrace. He says that the people were eager to conceal the

French who were in their houses; that at the door of that in which he and some of his comrades were trembling for their lives, one of the neighbours sat down with his pipe to deceive the insurgents into a belief that it was inhabited by him and not by Frenchmen; and that two young persons, who were pursued in the street, were snatched up and carried into a house; where the men who had saved them, knowing no other means of proving at once what their intentions were, put their own children into their hands as pledges of sincerity.

To prevent the recurrence of such attempts, forts were erected round the town, two of which were named after Sulkowski and Dupuis; the citadel was fortified, and such communications established between the surrounding posts, that the inhabitants, which ever way they looked, saw themselves under the cannon of their deliverers. 'In fact,' says Denon, 'it was now, for the first time, we had conquered Cairo.' Buonaparte, after two months had elapsed, suffered the old municipal forms to be restored, which he had for so long suspended, and issued a proclamation to the people. For this also we are indebted to M. Miot's second work; and none of all this miscreant's blasphemies affords stronger reasons for supposing that he has sometimes thought of imitating Mahommed, as well as Alexander and Charlemagne.

'Sheriffs, Ulemas, Orators of the Mosques,' he said, 'make the people understand that they who are my enemies shall neither have refuge in this world nor in the next. Is there any man so blind as not to see that Destiny itself directs all my operations? Is there any one incredulous enough to doubt that every thing in this vast universe is subject to the empire of Destiny? Make the people know how, since the world has been the world, it was written, that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islam, and beaten down the Cross, I should come from the farthest part of the West to fulfil the task which has been assigned me. Make them see that, in more than twenty passages of the sacred Koran, that which happens has been foreseen, and that which is to come has been equally explained. I could call each of you to account for the most secret thoughts of your hearts, for I know every thing, even that to which you never gave utterance; but a day will come when all the world will see it proved, that I am guided by superior orders, and that all human efforts will avail nothing against me.'

General Bon was now sent to occupy Suez, and shortly afterwards Buonaparte himself followed, according to Berthier's account, in order to determine, in person, whether a communication had ever been made between the two seas. Berthier adds, that he succeeded in finding the traces of the canal, and thus set this long-disputed question to rest: that question, however, requires a more deliberate investigation than Buonaparte had leisure to bestow; and his mind was more occupied with projects of ambition than with anti-quarian

quarian pursuits. The direct object of the expedition was to inspect the fort of Suez, fortify it, and reconnoitre the eastern shores, with a view of obtaining that command of the Red Sea, which was to inflict a mortal blow upon England. We have been told that Buonaparte, in all his wars, aims the blow directly at the heart: he seems, however, by all his operations against England, to have imagined that, like Achilles, her vulnerable part lay in the extremities! Larrey accompanied him across the desert. The whole way, he says, was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals who had perished in those dreadful wastes: if the eagles and vultures had arrived in time, bones only were left to bleach upon the burning sands; otherwise the carcass was presently dried up till it resembled a mummy. There was but one single tree to be seen along the whole journey; and to warm themselves at night, (for the cold was so severe that sleep would otherwise have been dangerous,) they gathered these dry bones and bodies of the dead; and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Buonaparte lay down to sleep in the desert! The imagination of Dante could not have conceived a more emblematic situation for this incarnate Moloch.

General Desaix meantime was pursuing the conquest of Upper Egypt. 'If,' says M. Miot, 'in all the countries into which we have carried our victorious arms, we had shewn a little more gentleness, and a little less rapacity, the French name without doubt would have been loved as much as it is admired and dreaded.' It scarcely need be observed, that a reflection like this, gently as it is expressed, was not published under Buonaparte's *régime*. All accounts concur in representing Desaix as one of the best of the Frenchmen, and yet the history of his campaigns in Egypt is but a series of robberies and horrors, which becomes the more monstrous when it is remembered that he who was made the instrument of perpetrating them, might, under happier circumstances, have proved an honour to his country, and a benefactor to the human race. In raising imposts and enforcing the additional requisitions which the Egyptians were to pay their 'deliverers,' Denon tells us, that they followed the example of the Mamelukes, encamping before the towns and villages, and living at free quarters till the requisition was complied with. Nor were these additional exactions all that the inhabitants had to suffer,—those who could be caught were made to assist in the operations and movements of the troops. Murad, though a man of superior talents to his old rival Ibrahim, did not so readily learn in what manner the French were to be opposed. He gave Desaix battle at Sedinan; and on the night before entertained his men with a mock-action between the French and the True Believers, in which, that the spectacle might not

want the effect of real bloodshed, two Frenchmen whom he had taken prisoners were butchered. The battle of Sedinan was remarkable for the desperate valour of the Mamelukes; which is said to have exceeded any thing that the French soldiers had ever before seen. Repelled for a moment by the steady fire of the French infantry, they presently rushed on, and overwhelmed one of the platoons; all who were not killed threw themselves on the ground with admirable promptitude, and thus uncovered the Mamelukes to the great square in which the troops were drawn up. Galled by this second fire, they again fell back, and again rushed on with a rage like that of madness: their scymitars even cut through the musket barrels of the French. When the horses shrunk back from the bayonet, they turned their heads, backed them, and tried to open the ranks by their kicks. They threw their fire-arms at the French when they could no longer reach them in any other manner; and they who were dismounted crept along the ground and cut at the invaders' legs. The French caught the contagious ferocity. One of them, who was lying on the ground mortally wounded, seized a Mameluke, who was in the same condition, by the throat, and strove to strangle him. An officer who yet retained humanity enough to be shocked at such a scene, asked him how he could so employ himself at such a moment? The wretch made answer—' You speak much at your ease, you who are unhurt; but I who have not long to live, must have some enjoyment while I may!' Even when the Mamelukes had retired from this hopeless contest of mere courage against perfect discipline, the battle was not decided; they had recourse to their artillery, and opening a masked battery of eight guns, brought down six or eight of the enemy at every discharge. The French confess that for a time they were in consternation: to retreat would have drawn on a long train of dangers, to remain was immediate destruction, and they could not advance without leaving their wounded, who they knew would certainly be butchered. Buonaparte would have felt no compunctious visitings in such a situation; but Desaix, whose heart was human, stood for a moment in dreadful hesitation, before he gave the word, and abandoning the wounded to their fate, pushed on against the battery, and thus obtained an easy, and indeed an unexpected success.

After this second defeat Murad adopted the wiser system of Parthian warfare, and contented himself with perpetually harassing the invaders. Desaix pursued him with 1,200 cavalry, 3,000 infantry, and eight pieces of light artillery, with four armed vessels upon the Nile: and this expedition, M. Larrey says, gave the commission of the arts a facility of visiting the monuments of Thebes with its hundred gates, the temples of Tentyra, Karnack and Luxor, whose

se remains still bear witness to their ancient magnificence. At this facility was explained by Denon. The artist could venture a hundred steps from the army without an escort to protect him; and escorts being neither artists nor antiquaries, had no patience to await his leisure when they were weary and hungry and had to seek shelter for the night, and make their soup before they went to rest. 'The artist himself,' says Denon, 'feels as he is himself, perhaps, very weary and hungry, and must be in the fatigue of night encampments, and especially as he is every day twelve or sixteen hours on horseback, as the desert has reddened his eye-lids, and his eyes burning and smarting only see dimly through a cloud of blood.' That so much could be done under such circumstances is truly honourable to the unconquerable activity and perseverance of the man who accomplished it. Sometimes indeed the magnitude and sublimity of the object before him impressed the most illiterate. At Tentyra every soldier and every officer, without giving or receiving orders, are said to have strayed aside from their route, and remained of their own accord during the rest of the day among the ruins: and at Thebes the whole army stopt in astonishment at what they beheld, and clapt their hands with delight. Denon took his first view of these stupendous monuments upon the knees of some of the soldiers, which served for a table, and their bodies for a shade. 'This electric emotion,' he says, 'and delicate sensibility of the soldiers made him proud of being their companion, and glory in calling himself a Frenchman.'—Of their delicate sensibility this author, however, has not said anything more than vague eulogiums. He has stated facts which exemplify in perfection the delicate sensibility of the French soldiers. At Elsass the general arrived too late to save the place from pillage; in a quarter of an hour there remained nothing in the houses—literally nothing—(they are his own words,) 'the inhabitants had fled into the deserts, we invited them back; they refused, "Why should we return? Are not the deserts now as dear as our own houses?" We had nothing to reply to this laconic answer.' He is not sorry to find a village empty when he arrives, because he does not then hear the cries of the inhabitants. Where they arrive they fall to pillage, and carry off what the Mamelukes left. 'The whole army,' he affirms, 'was equally in fault;' and in the place, he says, 'that, to escape the reproaches and clamour of the inhabitants, they set out on their march at midnight.—We arrived at a large village, where unfortunately for their reputation, on the great misfortune of the inhabitants, our soldiers misbehaved.' What a picture would there be if that word were translated into its whole meaning! The large village of Bintan was deserted at their approach. Woeful experience having taught the people



people the necessity of flying from their deliverers whenever they were apprized of their coming, they stript their houses even to door and window-frames; and a village thus deserted had the appearance of a ruin a century old. Here, when the French had sacked the walls to the very foundation, a soldier came out of a cave dragging a she-goat which he had found there. He was followed by an old man, carrying two young infants in his arms; he laid these helpless babes upon the ground, fell on his knees, without uttering a word, but weeping all the while, pointed to the children and to the goat, for if they were deprived of her milk must perish. *The goat was killed*; and another Frenchman had picked up a third child, whose mother had dropt it in her flight; he laid it down beside the other two, not reflecting, while he performed an act of intended kindness, that the three must now perish together!

‘ We came to Gamerissiem, unfortunately for this village, for cries of the women soon convinced us that our soldiers, profiting by darkness of the night, under pretence of seeking provisions, and withstanding their weariness, were enjoying by violence the gratifications which the place offered them. The inhabitants, pillaged, dishonoured, and urged to desperation, fell upon the patrols whom we sent to defend them: and these, attacked by the furious natives, were unable to defend them in their own defence for want of being able to explain their object, and make themselves understood.’—‘ Our cavalry fell in with a number of the enemy at Meusketto, and put to the sword a thousand of these deluded people. This was certainly not a lesson of fraternization; but our position, perhaps, rendered an act of severity necessary; this province required to be taught that it could not brave us with impunity; it was, besides, our policy to conceal from them that our numbers were small, and our resources dispersed, and to give them the impression of our being as vindictive when provoked, as mild when treated with respect.’—‘ We, who boasted that we were more just than the melukes, committed daily, and almost necessarily, a great number of iniquitous acts.’

These are the honest confessions and the miserable apologies of M. Denon. He tells us that the soldiers were continually putting innocent peasants to death because they mistook them for enemies; that they frequently mistook the poor merchants with whom they fell in for enemies also, and before the mistake could be rectified, shot them and plundered their merchandize; that the loss from such outrages fell to the share of the commissaries, Copts, interpreters, whom he calls the bloodsuckers of the army; the soldiers, who sought every opportunity to enrich themselves, being often interrupted, and called off by the drum beating to arms, or trumpet sounding to horse. He tells us, that when the inhabitants after the troops had past on, returned to their houses, they found

that utensils, ploughs, doors, roofs, in short every thing combustible, had been burnt; their corn consumed, their fowls and pigeons devoured, their earthen vessels broken in the mere wantonness of devastation:—nothing left but the fragments, and the bodies of the dogs killed in endeavouring to defend the property of their masters! He tells us, that when they made any stay in a village, the inhabitants were summoned to return on pain of being treated as rebels; and that when they submitted to these threats, and came to pay the contribution, they were sometimes mistaken with their clubs for men in arms, and sure of being assailed by several discharges from the riflemen and patrols, before an explanation could take place. He tells us, that they who did not abandon their houses, but paid the contribution and supplied the wants of the army, ‘avoided the unpleasant abode of the desert, saw their provisions eaten with regularity, and might come in for a portion of them, preserving a part of their doors, selling their eggs to the soldiers, and having few of their wives and daughters ravished:’—but they who chose this alternative were punished by the Mamelukes. Such were the blessings which Buonaparte conferred upon the people of Egypt! Such was the conduct of the army which he had trained up:—of those soldiers ‘whose delicate sensibility made M. Denon proud of being their companion, and of calling himself a Frenchman!’ He tells us, that during the whole expedition a flock of kites and vultures followed them, hastening to their prey whenever the sound of cannon ceased, and always joined company with the army whenever it halted, being sure that something would always be left for their share. And he tells us, that at the island of Philoe they saw mothers drowning their children, whom they could not carry away, and mutilating the girls to save them from the violence of the soldiers—the French soldiers—the deliverers, the civilizers of Egypt—the men of delicate sensibility!

Buonaparte’s profession of the Mahommedan faith had not deceived the Sherif of Mecca; the Mahommedans seem indeed to have regarded it as an impious insult to their understanding and their faith, and a degree of zeal was excited in Arabia greater than has been manifested or felt in that country at any time since the Crusades. Succours came over to Murad Bey, as for a Holy War: they were all volunteers, and most of them wore the green turban, the mark of the descent which they claimed from the prophet:—their arms were three javelins, a pike, a dagger, a brace of pistols, and a carabine, and they fought with a desperate valour which defied, and even exulted in death, considering it as the noblest mode of martyrdom. Denon saw one of them still strike at two of the French, and wound them both, while they were holding him nailed against a wall with their bayonets. These men displayed more enter-  
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prize and more fervour in the cause than the Mamelukes, whose immediate interests were so much more nearly concerned. They possessed a flotilla which was bringing stores to the invaders on the Nile, put to death all the French on board, erected a battery with the guns which they had taken, and thus commanded the navigation of the river. With the ammunition thus obtained, they resisted the attack of the enemy in a village with a mud fortress; it was vain to batter this fortress, the bullets merely past through the walls without doing any other hurt to it:—the village was set on fire, and though the fortress was separated from the burning houses, the walls became heated like an oven, and the besieged suffered the most tolerable pains of heat and thirst. One of their magazines blew up, and the flames then extended in every direction. They were without water, but they were seen extinguishing the fire with their feet and hands, and even rolling upon it in hope of smothering it with their bodies. ‘Black and naked,’ says Denon, ‘they were seen running through the flames, and resembling so many devils in hell.’ During this tremendous scene there were intervals of tranquillity, and then a solitary voice was heard; it was that of the sheik, who was wholly employed in prayer, and in exhorting them to fight for their faith: and these Mahommedans, amid their lamentations, answered him with hymns and shouts, and then rushed against the enemy. About thirty cut their way through. During the night the French kept up two blazing fires against the walls, a safer expedient than storming them, and in the morning they entered, and put to the sword those who, notwithstanding they were half roasted alive, still offered resistance! This success cost the French 150 men, a seventh of their whole number; and it reduced them to their last box of cartridges, when they were 150 leagues from Cairo, where, as the loss of the flotilla was not known, it was not supposed that they were in want of supplies. Had the enemy known their situation, or had the Mamelukes been as enterprising as their allies from Mecca, this division of the French army would have been destroyed.

General Belliard commanded the French in this last desperate action. Denon represents him as an enlightened, amiable, honourable man,—‘so are they all—all honourable men!’ General Belliard has other blood upon his soul than that which he shed in war; he was governor of Madrid under Murat, and therefore deeply implicated in the military murders which were committed after the insurrection of the 2d of May,—murders scarcely atrocious than those of Fouché and Carrier during the frenzy fit of the French revolution. Desaix did not live long enough to damn himself by such systematic acts of atrocity as marked these wretches of the Egyptian school, or Ney, Massena, Sc  
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Suchet, and the other worthies of Buonaparte's army. Denon says that his mild and unvarying equity obtained for him the title of the Just. 'How many wise ideas,' says he, 'on civil government and philanthropy, suggested themselves to his mind, when the sound of the trumpet and the roll of the drum ceased to give him the fever of war?' And he represents him as moralising and philosophising on the borders of the desert, and asking the artists if the scene before them was not an error of nature, 'as if Providence, having provided abundantly for the necessities of the rest of the world, had stopt here for want of materials!' It is some presumption in favour of Desaix that Buonaparte, who can have no sympathy with any thing that approaches to good, is known to have disliked him; but the conduct of his troops in this expedition must weigh heavier against him in the scale; nor does it avail to say that he could neither prevent nor punish their excesses; a man of real goodness would not have placed himself in a situation where he was compelled to sanction such abominations. It is said that in this attempt to conquer Upper Egypt, 40,000 of the inhabitants were slain. No efforts were spared for effecting this conquest. Desaix fortified Syene, and, Frenchman-like, inscribed the termination of the march of the French through Egypt on a granite rock beyond the Cataracts: coffee-houses were established here, in which the officers gambled with cards manufactured upon the spot, and the soldiers, with a gaiety equally characteristic, set up a mile-stone with the inscription, *Route de Paris, No. onze cent, soixante sept milles trois cents quarante*. Gauthaume was ordered to fit out an expedition from Suez against Cosseir, occupy that port, and establish if possible a communication between Desaix and the towns of Yambo, Jedda, and Mocha. The latter part of the plan failed because the Arabians were not to be deceived by the professions of Buonaparte; and the attempt against Cosseir failed also; but that fort some time afterwards was taken possession of by General Belliard. Murad meantime, taught by experience, kept up a desultory war; the ability which he displayed in these trying circumstances established his ascendancy over the other Beys; his power among the Mamelukes was never so absolute as when he was struggling with this formidable foe; and the French were finally glad to compound with him by a treaty, which left him master of great part of Upper Egypt.

M. Miot asserts that Buonaparte undertook the expedition on an assurance that Talleyrand would be sent to Constantinople, and obtain the Porte's consent to the seizure of Egypt. Talleyrand, he says, was too wise to undertake such an embassy, and it is not easy to believe that Buonaparte could expect any such negociation to succeed. Be that as it may, it was not long before he learnt that the Turks were preparing to act against him. Ibrahim Bey, with

with a force of Mamelukes which he had learnt not to despise, retreated into Syria, and Djezzar, the pacha of Acre, had taken possession of the fort of El Arish on the frontier. Buonaparte resolved upon entering Syria that he might break up Ibrahim's force, disarm Djezzar, and meet the Turkish army half way on their line of march. He had another and not less powerful motive : Syria a fertile country, as yet unravaged, and Damascus one of the wealthiest cities of the Levant. He took with him about 12,000 men, consisting of four divisions of infantry under Generals Kléber, Regnier, Lasnes, and Bon. Murat commanded the cavalry amounting to 800, Daumartin the artillery, Caffarelli the engineers. Buonaparte had mounted a detachment upon dromedaries for this expedition ; their patience of heat and thirst he thought would render them peculiarly serviceable. *C'étoit une idée heureuse que celle de rendre propres à la guerre ces animaux sobres et légers*, says M. Miot. They who reflect as they ought upon the qualities with which the camel is endowed, and the purposes to which it is so evidently destined, will not easily admit the happiness of the idea. The patience, the gentleness, the docility of the animal had hitherto sanctified it to the uses of commerce and peace. Buonaparte is the first person who ever desecrated the nature of the camel, without which the desert would be impassable by training it to war. A treatise was once written to prove that the sun is the place of punishment, and that its light proceeds from that fire in which the sinful are everlastingly tormented ;—it may be said of the camel corps as of this hypothesis, that the genius of the inventor was less remarkable than the hardness of his heart. M. Larrey, in a better spirit, devised means of carrying the wounded in panniers, one on each side the camel's hunch, so suspended as to give the least possible motion, and so constructed as to allow the sufferer in case of necessity to be laid in them at length ; 100 camels were assigned for this service ; but no sooner had they reached the frontiers, than with that inhumanity which characterized the whole expedition, they were seized for the transport service, and the hospital was left to shift as it could. Dugua was left in Cairo with the command in chief, Desaix in Upper Egypt, Marmont at Alexandria, because of his thorough knowledge of artillery and engineering. Rear-admiral Pérée was ordered to embark some battering guns at Alexandria, and co-operate with the army upon the coast of Syria.

Regnier's division formed the advanced-guard, and laid siege to El Arish, an old square castle in a miserable town, unprovided with artillery, and garrisoned by Arnauts and Maugrebins, who confined themselves to the support of Djezzar's cavalry, and of Ibrahim Bey. In storming the town he had no less than 300 men wounded ;

made him more cautious, and he contented himself with blocking the fort till, on the fifth day, he was joined by Kleber and his ion. During this time the Mamelukes encamped within half a league of the enemy, in a good position, behind a ravine; and they suffered themselves to be surprised on the following night. This was on the 14th February; on the 17th, Buonaparte arrived, and being joined that day by the other divisions of the artillery, the whole Syrian army was now before El Arish. In the march from Salehieh the soldiers had suffered much, and in a state of mind which the slightest opposition would have rendered mutinous. The civil part of the army being on horse did not dare to approach the columns, for the men murmured if they saw any persons suffering less than themselves; they seized the war-bags from the general's camels, and it would have been not more dangerous than useless to attempt to restrain them. On the morning after his arrival Buonaparte took the command of the army in person, and began to batter the castle with his field-pieces; the walls had been well built, and the bullets glancing from them killed several men in the French camp. On the 20th, however, the garrison surrendered after a defence in which Berthier says he had displayed much barbarous courage, and infinitely more than could have been expected from such a rabble. M. Miot says that on being summoned they luckily laid down their arms. A longer resistance would greatly have embarrassed Buonaparte; his resources were already failing, and it would soon have become equally difficult to advance or to retire. The soldiers cut down palm trees for the sake of their tops, and camels and horses were killed for the sick. It rained incessantly during the siege; the troops were delighted with the first watering, but they soon began to curse the rain as heartily as they had the burning skies of Egypt. The wounded suffered severely from the weather; it was impossible to shelter them, and many in consequence were attacked with tetanos, which in every instance proved fatal. Before the army set out upon this expedition the plague had been seen at Damietta, Mansoura, and Alexandria; and one soldier had decidedly died of it at Cairo. The troops carried this disease with them, unknown to themselves, and before they reached El Arish four cases occurred. They found it also in that place. Among some sick and wounded who were lying there in a dungeon, without light or fresh air, upon rotten mats, covered with vermin, the wounds naked, gangrened and full of maggots, were some of every symptom of plague. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent the evil from spreading; the dead bodies within the courts of the fort were filled, were buried in the trenches; anything which could contain the infection was burnt; fires were kindled

kindled in every apartment, and the whole building cleaned and white limed; after which it was garrisoned, and the wounded were left there, this place being considered as the key of Egypt on the Syrian side. From hence they marched for Kan Jounes, the first village in Palestine. Kleber's division led the way, and after a forced march of nine leagues found itself, upon shifting sands, only two leagues from the place whence it had set off: this error or treachery cost the guide his life. The other divisions followed his track, and for eight and forty hours suffered dreadfully from heat and want of water. Buonaparte meantime and his staff, having better guides, set out for Kan Jounes, thinking to find the army there; to his astonishment and imminent danger he found the Mamelukes instead, who had retreated there after their dispersion at El Arish. Had they at that moment been commanded by an able leader, Buonaparte must have been destroyed, and might still have left a doubtful character in history. He had no other force with him than a detachment of dromedaries; they halted, while he retired to Santes three leagues into the desert, and the enemy, instead of reconnoitring his force, took panic and fled. *Il faut croire au fatalisme*, says M. Miot!

When the army was once more united they advanced to Gaza: the Mamelukes disappeared as they approached, and left behind them ample magazines in the fort. Had it not been for this gross folly of the enemy, Buonaparte could not have provisioned his troops in Syria. By sea it was impossible to supply them because of the English, and to bring convoys across the desert from Egypt was not more practicable. Berthier says that the inhabitants, having sent out deputies to treat with the French, were treated as friends. The Commissary affords a happy commentary upon this passage, to shew in what manner the French treat their friends—they cut down fruit trees, tore down the doors, and pulled down the houses for fuel. He himself was taken with a fit of sentiment at the thoughts of the holy ground which was now so near; and exulting in his superiority over the ignorant crowd who cared not upon what ground they trod, he exclaims, *Qu'il m'eût semblé beau de parcourir Jérusalem avec le Bible, et de chanter le Tasse sur ses murailles renversées!*—More provisions were found at Ramlah, and on the 4th March Jaffa was invested.

This town stands on a little eminence, the declivity of which is such that the houses appear above each other like seats in an amphitheatre, and the streets are paved in steps. A small citadel on the summit commanded the town; a wall about twelve or fourteen feet high, and two or three feet thick, surrounded the bottom of the hill. It was without rampart or ditch, and only distinguishable by its battlements from a common garden wall. The government at  
this

time was favourable to industry, and the population was increasing—it was estimated at from 6 to 7000.

Having reconnoitred the town, Buonaparte opened his trenches during the night, and constructed four batteries; he then sent summons to the commander, beginning, 'God is clement and merciful'—and saying that his heart was affected at the evils which the town must endure if taken by assault, and therefore he offered safety to the garrison and protection to the inhabitants if they would submit.

Djezzar had placed a strong garrison there, consisting, according to Berthier, of about 1200 Turkish gunners, and 2500 Mamluks and Arnauts; the summons was sent by a Turk, and the commandant, receiving it *à la Turque*, cut off the messenger's head. The breach was made in less than four hours, and the place was easily carried by storm. Berthier says the garrison were put to the sword, as they refused to surrender. Larrey chuses rather dexterously to insinuate the same falsehood than thus roundly to assert. '*Je me dispenserai,*' he says, '*de parler des suites horribles qu'entraîne ordinairement l'assaut d'une place. J'ai été le triste sort de celui de Jaffa, où l'on entra le 7 Mars, après un combat d'attente de plusieurs heures.*' The events which followed the capture of Jaffa were not ordinary ones, M. Larrey! But before we proceed to that event which distinguishes this siege from all others in modern history, and in European warfare, let us hear Miot's account of what was *selon les règles*.

'The soldier,' says he, 'abandons himself to all the fury which an assault authorises. He strikes, he slays, nothing can impede him; where the love of glory,—let us venture to say the desire of pillage,—leads him to brave danger, and forget even wounds, of which the pain is felt till the end of the combat. All the horrors which accompany the capture of a town by storm are repeated in every street, in every house. You hear the cries of a violated girl, calling in vain for help to her father whom they are outraging in like manner,—to a father whom they are butchering! No asylum is respected. The blood streams on every side; at every step you meet with human beings groaning and dying. What can restrain the soldier in such a moment?—satiety, thirst, weariness, and the necessity of securing his plunder!'

Miot was ordered by General Berthier to take a detachment of engineers and remove the wounded—the carabineers all left him to the spoil. The breach through which he entered had been made in an old tower; a young grenadier, who had been shot through the breast, was lying in the door-way which opened into the tower, and Miot was about to remove him into a corner of the tower, when a Frenchman, leading away a horse which he had seized from the plunder, came to the spot: the horse shrunk from trampling on the wounded man who lay before him; but the soldier, regard-



less of the supplications and lifted arms of his comrade, and mocking at M. Miot who displayed, as he tells us, on this occasion *une sensibilité bien ridicule* in a town taken by assault, forced the horse over the living body of his countryman, and was followed by a troop of spoilers as brutal as himself.

The greater part of the garrison had retired into one of the forts and into the mosques. They laid down their arms; the Egyptians were separated, and the remainder, consisting of Turks, Maugrabins and Arnauts, from 3 to 4000 in number, were placed under a strong guard. This was on the 6th March. The French commissary (M. Miot, whose narrative we are now following) distributed biscuit to them, and vessels were given them, in which they were allowed to fetch water for themselves, going in detachments and under an escort. On the 8th, Buonaparte addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of the provinces of Gaza, Ramlah, and Jaffa, beginning, as usual, God is clement and merciful; and asking by what right Djezzar Pacha had extended his authority over them, by what right he had sent troops to El Arish, and thereby invaded the territory of Egypt,—a question which came as fitly from Buonaparte as the names of God and of mercy. ‘It is good for you to know,’ he continued, ‘that all human efforts are unavailing against me, for all that I undertake must succeed. They who declare themselves my friends will prosper, they who declare themselves my enemies must perish. The examples of Jaffa and Gaza ought to convince you that if I am terrible to my enemies, I am also good to my friends, and, above all, clement and merciful towards the poor people.’ In the same strain he addressed a proclamation to the Sheiks, Ulemas, and commandants of Jerusalem. He wrote also to Djezzar: ‘The provinces of Gaza, Ramlah and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my discretion; I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre. But wherefore should I deprive an old man whom I know not of some years of life? What are a few leagues more of territory on the side of a country which I have conquered? Since God gives me victory, I wish, after his example, to be clement and merciful not only toward the people, but also toward the great. Be then my friend, be the enemy of the Mamelukes and the English, and I will do you as much good as I have done evil, and as I am still able to do.’

We come now to the conduct of Buonaparte toward the prisoners at Jaffa—of that Buonaparte, who, at the very moment when he was thus professing *to be clement and merciful after the example of God*, resolved upon the deliberate murder of his prisoners! Dr. Clarke in his *Travels* has endeavoured to acquit Buonaparte

Buonaparte of this infernal act, upon the ground that when he himself was at Jaffa he did not hear the story. And in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, among the instances of memorable assaults in latter times, it is said, 'the storming of Jaffa by Buonaparte, the garrison of which place, 3500 strong, was nearly extirpated, presents a striking and frightful picture of Turkish obstinacy.' This assault, however, as has been seen, was distinguished by nothing remarkable; and it is not the obstinacy of the Turks which makes the after-picture frightful!

M. Miot could not venture, in his first edition, to describe the massacre, or call it by its true name; his description, however, cautious as it necessarily was, would alone have confirmed Sir Robert Wilson's account.

'How difficult it is,' he says, 'to restrain the soldiers under such circumstances! The garrison were put to the edge of the sword. They had the payment which they promised us when they sallied with bags in their hands to carry the heads of the wretches whose lot it might be to fall. Nothing would have saved us from death; the garrison therefore must have expected to receive it, and its resignation was stern and noble. No tears—no cries: an old man made himself be buried alive in the sands of the sea; every one performed his ablution before he died, and with dry eyes, giving and receiving an eternal farewell, appeared to defy death, and to say, I quit this world to go and enjoy lasting happiness with Mahommed. Here it is that we see the strength which religion or fanaticism can give in the last moments.'

This account, published as it was at Paris in 1804, would decisively prove that the garrison were not put to the sword in the assault, but deliberately drawn out and murdered afterwards.

But let us hear what the same writer says when he no longer feared to declare the whole truth.

'Here it is that I must make a most painful recital. The frankness, I will venture to say the candour, which may be observed in these Memoirs, make it a duty that I should not pass over in silence the event which I am about to relate, and of which I was witness. If I have pledged myself in writing this work not to judge the actions of the man who will be judged by posterity, I have also pledged myself to reveal every thing which may enlighten opinion concerning him. It is just therefore that I should repeat the motives which were enforced at the time, to authorize a determination so cruel as that which decided the fate of the prisoners at Jaffa. Behold then the considerations which seem to have provoked it. The army, already weakened by its loss at the sieges of El Arish and of Jaffa,\* was still more so by diseases, whose ravages became from day to day more alarming. It had great

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\* The loss here was not great. Larrey says about 30 were wounded during the siege, and 342 in the assault. The losses then, which had been already sustained, could not have weighed much in the scale.



difficulties in maintaining itself, and the soldier rarely received his full ration. This difficulty of subsistence would augment in consequence of the evil disposition of the inhabitants towards us. To feed the Jaffa prisoners while we kept them with us, was not only to increase our wants, but also constantly to encumber our own movements; to confine them at Jaffa would, without removing the first inconvenience, have created another—the possibility of a revolt, considering the small force that could have been left to garrison the place; to send them into Egypt would have been obliging ourselves to dismiss a considerable detachment, which would greatly reduce the force of the expedition; to set them at liberty upon their parole, notwithstanding all the engagements into which they could have entered, would have been sending them to increase the strength of our enemies, and particularly the garrison of St. John d'Acre; for Djezzar was not a man to respect promises made by his soldiers, men also little religious themselves as to a point of honour of which they knew not the force. There remained then only one course which reconciled every thing: it was a frightful one; however it appears to have been believed to be necessary.

‘ On the 20 Ventose, (March 10,) in the afternoon, the Jaffa prisoners were put in motion in the midst of a vast square battalion formed by the troops of General Bon's division. A dark rumour of the fate which was prepared for them, determined me, as well as many other persons, to mount on horseback, and follow this silent column of victims, to satisfy myself whether what had been told me was well founded. The Turks, marching pell-mell, already foresaw their fate; they shed no tears; they uttered no cries; they were resigned. Some, who were wounded, and could not march so fast as the rest, were bayoneted on the way. Some others went about the crowd, and appeared to be giving salutary advice in this imminent danger. Perhaps the boldest might have thought that it would not be impossible for them to break through the battalion which surrounded them: perhaps they hoped that in dispersing themselves over the plains which they were crossing, a certain number might escape death. Every means had been taken to prevent this, and the Turks made no attempt to escape. Having reached the sand-hills to the south west of Jaffa they were halted near a pool of stagnant and dirty water. Then the officer who commanded the troops had the mass divided into small bodies, and these being led to many different parts were there fusilladed. This horrible operation required much time, notwithstanding the number of troops employed in this dreadful sacrifice: I owe it to these troops to declare that they did not without extreme repugnance submit to the abominable service which was required from their victorious hands. There was a group of prisoners near the pool of water, among whom were some old chiefs of a noble and resolute courage, and one young man whose courage was dreadfully shaken. At so tender an age he must have believed himself innocent, and that feeling hurried him on to an action which appeared to shock those about him. He threw himself at the feet of the horse which the chief of the French troops rode, and embraced the knees of that officer, imploring him to spare his life, and exclaiming, Of what

am I guilty? What evil have I done? His tears, his affecting cries were unavailing; they could not change the fatal sentence pronounced upon his lot. With the exception of this young man, all the other Turks made their ablutions calmly in the stagnant water of which I have spoken, then taking each other's hand, after having laid it upon the heart and the lips, according to the manner of salutation, they gave and received an eternal adieu. Their courageous spirits appeared to defy death; you saw in their tranquillity the confidence which in these last moments was inspired by their religion, and the hope of a happy hereafter. They seemed to say, I quit this world to go and enjoy with Mahommed a lasting happiness. Thus the reward after this life which the Koran promises supported the Mussulman, conquered indeed, but still proud in his adversity.

‘I saw a respectable old man whose tone and manners announced a superior rank. I saw him coolly order a hole to be made before him in the loose sand, deep enough to bury him alive; doubtless he did not chuse to die by any other hands than those of his own people: within this protecting and dolorous grave he laid himself upon his back; and his comrades addressing their supplicatory prayers to God, covered him presently with sand, and trampled afterwards upon the soil which served him for a winding sheet, probably with the idea of accelerating the end of his sufferings. This spectacle, which makes my heart palpitate, and which I paint but too feebly, took place during the execution of the parties distributed about the sand hills. At length there remained no more of all the prisoners than those who were placed near the pool of water. Our soldiers had exhausted their cartridges; and it was necessary to destroy them with the bayonet and the sword. I could not support this horrible sight, but hastened away, pale and almost fainting. Some officers informed me in the evening that these unhappy men, yielding to that irresistible impulse of nature which makes us shrink from death even when we have no longer a hope of escaping it, strove to get one behind another, and received in their limbs, the blows aimed at the heart, which would at once have terminated their wretched lives. Then was there formed, since it must be related, a dreadful pyramid of the dead and of the dying streaming with blood, and it was necessary to drag away the bodies of those who had already expired, in order to finish the wretches who, under cover of this frightful and shocking rampart, had not yet been reached. This picture is exact and faithful; and the recollection makes my hand tremble, though the whole horror is not described.’

When the first account of this massacre was published by Sir Robert Wilson, many persons doubted and not a few disbelieved it. They thought it too monstrous to be possible; and they were strengthened in this incredulity by remembering that when the National Convention past a decree for refusing quarter to the British and Hanoverians, the armies had refused to obey it. Buona-parte, who made this publication of Sir Robert Wilson's one of his complaints against the English government, is now known,

during his retirement at Elba, to have admitted both the atrocious acts of which that officer in so manly a manner accused him, and to have justified them by necessity,—the devil's plea. Sir Robert, like M. Miot, makes an excuse for the soldiers who were employed in this accursed service. 'There would be a want of generosity,' he says, 'in naming individuals, and branding them to the latest posterity with infamy for obeying a command, when their submission became an act of necessity, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution.' He adds that Kleber remonstrated against it in the most strenuous manner; that Bonn, whose division was made to commit the butchery, was absent; that the officer who commanded in his absence refused to execute the order, till Buonaparte sent Berthier to enforce obedience; and that several French officers, from whom his information was partly derived, declared the recollection of this massacre tormented them; that, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty, they could not look back upon it without horror. It is indeed certain that whatever guilt may attach to the instruments in this massacre, is primarily and exclusively derived from Buonaparte himself; Buonaparte who, at the very time when he was resolving upon the massacre, issued proclamations in which he professed to be *clement and merciful after the example of God!* There are deeds of so black a criminality as to be beyond all earthly redemption; 'and this is of them.' Had the after-actions of Buonaparte been as good as they have been evil, the massacre of Jaffa would have left upon his memory a stain of ineffaceable guilt, an infamy which no series of victories, no glory, no power or dominion, no lapse of ages could obliterate:—the deed could never have been *undone*.

τῶν δὲ πεπραγμένων,  
 'Εν δίκῃ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκην  
 'Αποίητον οὐδ' ἂν  
 Χρόνος, ο πάτων πατήρ,  
 Δυναίτο διμην ἔργων τέλος.—*Pindar. Olymp. 2.*

But so far has Buonaparte been from imitating the example of Augustus, and seeking, by the use of imperial power, to win from the minds of men (too easily won in such cases) an amnesty for past offences, that the massacre at Jaffa is forgotten because he has overshadowed it by huger crimes. They who call to mind the devastation which he has spread over the whole extent of Europe, from Lisbon to Mosco, can feel no additional indignation, no deeper abhorrence for this incarnation of the Evil Principle, when they think of his deeds in Syria and Egypt. Since the peace of Amiens, more than four millions of human beings have been sacrificed to the personal ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte; and how slight a portion of the great aggregate of misery whereof he has been

been author and sole main-spring, does even this statement represent! In his history, the murder of more than 3000 men in cold blood, deliberately resolved on, and deliberately executed, will be treated by his historians as it is by himself—as a mere trifle, an event scarcely worthy of mention. The spot is lost in the confluent eruption of his enormities.

But in the history of the French army the event is of more importance. From that hour the character of that army was irretrievably fixed; like Macbeth

they were in  
So deep in blood, that sin must pluck on sin.

The sense of honour and of self-respect was from that hour for ever lost; after such a deed, they became what South calls hell-and-damnation proof; it was an infernal sacrament by which their leader baptized them in blood, to be fit servants of himself and children of reprobation. From this school his generals, his dukes, and his marshals have proceeded—Murat, Junot, Lasnes, Savary, Belliard, Davoust, &c. The character there acquired was communicated to the whole French army, and it can now no longer be doubted that there can be no peace for Europe while such an army continues to exist in the centre of civilized society.

Buonaparte did not advance from Jaffa till four days after the massacre, though the unburied bodies of his victims lay reeking under his nostrils. The number is stated by Sir Robert Wilson at 3800. Miot thinks there were not quite so many; Berthier says the garrison who were put to the sword were about 3700; a few hundred more or less signify little in this account. The French inclined to the right on their way, for the purpose of dispersing some Nauplasian and Damascan troops, who were on this occasion too prudent to expose themselves to any serious loss. In one affair they compelled the invaders to retreat, and wounded General Damas dangerously; and in another, Lasnes's division suffered more injury than it inflicted. This was a severe march for the cattle of the camp, especially for the camels, animals whom nature has destined for a level\* country and a sandy soil, and who were over-worked in a clayey country, among mountains, and in a season of heavy rains. On the 16th, Kleber took possession of Caiffa without resistance, and here also the Turks, with their usual imprudence, left a considerable quantity of rice and biscuit. A garrison was left here under Lambert, chief of the dromedary squadron. This was a point of considerable importance: but Buonaparte had no hold upon Syria unless he made himself master of

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\* The Arabs have a saying that if you ask the camel which he likes best, up hill, or down, he will reply, God's curse light upon both.

Acre, for the rice, which is the staple food of the inhabitants, is all brought to that port. The ports of that country, whose merchants were once princes, have been injured by design, as well as by long neglect, and the course of nature. The Emir Fakreddin, whose name was so well known in the early part of the last century, blocked up as far as he could all the harbours from Bairout to Acre, in order to prevent the Turks from entering them; he did this by sinking boats and stones in them. Something had probably been done to remove these obstructions at Acre, and the port, though bad, was the best upon the coast. There is better anchorage at Caiffa, but ships are exposed there to a prevailing north-west wind, from which at Acre they are sheltered by the town itself. And here Buonaparte beheld that sight which of all others he abhorred and dreaded most—the British flag upon the seas. Sir Sidney Smith, with the *Tigre* and the *Theseus*, was in the road. Already he trembled for his expected battering-train; but never having yet encountered the English upon shore, he little expected the loss and humiliation which awaited him before the walls of Acre.

‘The fortifications of this town,’ says Volney, ‘though more frequently repaired than any others in all Syria, are of no importance; there are only a few wretched low towers near the port, on which cannon are mounted, but these rusty iron pieces are so bad, that some of them burst every time they are fired. Its defence on the land side is only a mere garden wall without any ditch.’ Upon Volney the French would rely as the latest and most judicious authority; and though they might now suspect that neither guns nor gunners would be wanting, still they thought it impossible that such old and imperfect works could offer any effectual or even serious resistance. Buonaparte believed and said that the siege would be of short duration, and would terminate as brilliantly as that of Jaffa. Acre had been so often and so obstinately besieged, that perhaps so much blood has never been shed before any other city. Arms which were used during the Crusades, are still preserved in some of its towers; and stone balls of more than a foot in diameter, which had been employed in former sieges, were lying in such numbers about the fields, that Djezzâr might have collected them for service if he had had any artillery of sufficient calibre. On the 18th, Buonaparte led his army to an eminence which commanded the town, at the distance of a mile. ‘And here,’ says Berthier, ‘may be said to have commenced one of the most memorable irregular sieges in modern history.’ Djezzâr had thrown up some intrenchments upon the ground, which he abandoned when the enemy approached; but the French did not long remain there; a shell which fell in the midst of Bon’s division, and killed an officer and two subalterns, made them hastily remove to encamp behind a little hill which

which ran almost parallel with the shore. The town stands upon a projecting neck of land, so that three parts of the ramparts were washed by the sea; on the fourth a deep fosse had been made. Where the ramparts front the enemy, they presented the angle of a square, and were terminated by an old tower, which commanded them. This tower was regarded as the essential point of attack, and Buonaparte began to batter it with three twelve pounders, 'his usual impatience,' says M. Miot, 'not allowing him to wait for the heavy artillery from Alexandria.' In this haste, and in this confidence, he began his operations, without any of those precautions which a protracted siege requires; but the soldiers, who apprehended the resistance which they were about to find more readily than their general, made quarters for themselves by digging dens or cabins in the ground, which they lined with boughs. The brook Kedron gave them water on the left, another stream, called Tanous, on the right; but these waters proved exceedingly unwholesome; Larrey says that they hold in suspension and perhaps in solution a great quantity of silex, and that therefore they caused violent colics and diarrheas, and disposed the system to putrid and nervous fevers. It is the silex which these streams deposit that has long rendered this coast famous; for here, according to Pliny, the art of making glass was accidentally discovered; and the Venetians, when their glass manufactures were the most flourishing in Europe, came here for the sand. As soon as the injurious quality of the streams was perceived, the troops had recourse to the aqueduct which supplied the town.

The English ships had been standing out to sea when Buonaparte saw them; on the 22d they reappeared, and approached the town with some caution, fearing that the French might have obtained possession of it; but having ascertained the real state of things they anchored to the left of the town. On the following day a boat's crew was cut off in an attempt upon Caiffa. M. Miot repeats in both editions of his work that all the crew were drunk; but he suppresses in the second the wit of his countrymen upon Sir Sidney Smith and the rum bottles, and the bravery with which he and Admiral Gantheaume and M. Daure *pistoladed* the English gunboats along the shore from Caiffa to the camp! Meantime these drunken English, whom the Messieurs on shore thought they might defy so safely, had intercepted the heavy artillery. The field-pieces sufficed to make a breach in the tower on the 28th, and the Adjutant-General Mailly was ordered to mount the breach at the head of his grenadiers. The evening before the assault Miot found him smoking his pipe and pensively looking at the town; on being asked why he was so melancholy, he replied that he had in his pocket what was either his brevet as chef d'escadron or his death-warrant. The guns



guns of the tower were soon dismantled, the rubbish seemed to afford as easy an entrance as at Jaffa, and a mine was sprung under the scarp. A deep fosse did not impede the soldiers; ladders were at hand, and though the breach was still eight or ten feet above them, some of them reached the glacis, Mailly leading the way. For a moment it is said the Turks were panic-stricken, and fled; but Djezzar himself rallied them, and discharging two pistol shots at the assailants, demanded of his people if they feared a flying enemy? Stones and grenades and combustibles were now thrown down from the parapet, and Mailly soon perceived that what he carried with him was his death-warrant. He received a shot which disabled him from walking, and requested a grenadier to bear him off upon his back; the man consented, but finding that in thus attempting to save his officer he was exposing himself to certain death, he threw down his unhappy burthen, who was presently beheaded by the Turks, according to their custom: had their practice of war been more humane the conquerors of Jaffa had no right to expect quarter. A sentence of M. Miot's implies that they themselves gave none at Acre: he says, *fusiller les ennemis qui tombaient entre nos mains, c'étoit sacrifier aux mânes irritées de nos camarades.*

The Syrians seem to have wished that the French might succeed in this invasion; Djezzar was feared by all his subjects, and hated by many of them; this butcher (for such is the interpretation of the name by which he was generally known) maintained good order in his pachalik, but the Druses whom he had humbled, the Matouales whom he had almost destroyed, and the son of Daher upon whose ruins he had risen, rejoiced in the hopes of his overthrow. The French, therefore, were well supplied, and had timely notice of all the movements which were preparing against them beyond the river Jordan. Murat was sent to make a reconnoissance on that side. Miot accompanied him, and became very intimate with the general, of whom he gives some characteristic traits. It was his custom, even when on an advanced post, always to undress himself and sleep in sheets. 'If the enemy should surprise us,' said Miot, 'what would you do?' '*Hé bien!*' replied Murat, 'I would mount on horseback in my shirt, and I should be the better distinguished in the dark.' This anecdote well marks the intrepidity of a man, who shrinks as little from crimes as from danger. M. Miot describes their journey as a pleasant excursion; the weather was fine, the country beautiful, *nous faisons notre route fort gaiement.* Notre besoin le plus pressant étoit toujours de parler de la France et des femmes.—True Frenchmen! There being no appearance of a British army, Murat returned to the coast. A garrison was left at Saffet, and another under Junot occupied Nazareth.

areth. Tidings soon came from both these points that some of the Turks had crossed the Jordan by the two bridges of Jacoub and Djedz-el-Makanie, and that they were forming magazines at Tiberias. It was supposed that they meant to attack the French in their rear, while Djezzar at the same time should sally. To disconcert this plan, Kleber was sent with his division to support Junot, and Murat with a thousand foot, a company of dragoons, and a single field-piece, returned to the river, with the double hope of stopping the troops from Damascus, and cutting off the retreat of those whom Kleber should put to flight. Murat had an easy service: he routed part of the army of Damascus with so little resistance that he had only a horse wounded, got possession of the bridge of Jacoub, and took all the tents, baggage and stores of the enemy, to the great delight of the soldiers, who spent the night in feasting upon the sweetmeats of Damascus, and the other luxuries which were found among the spoil, and in dancing by the light of the fires in which they consumed whatever they could not carry away. Kleber's task was more arduous; he sent to inform Buonaparte that the enemy in great strength had advanced into the plain of Esdron, and that he was preparing to attack them. Immediately Buonaparte set out to join him, with Bon's division, leaving the divisions of Regnier and Lasnes to continue the siege.

It was on the 15th that he began his march, and on the following morning, having gained the heights from whence Fouli and Mount Tabor might be seen, he perceived that Kleber was actually engaged at the distance of about eight miles; according to Berthier, this able general, having formed his troops into two square columns and stationed them among some ruins, was keeping his ground against the repeated charges of 25,000 cavalry, and repelling them by musketry, grape-shot, and the bayonet. Kleber's military character stands in no need of exaggeration to exalt it. M. Miot says that the enemy's army appeared like a great motley population without either order or aim; that while some were fighting, others were feeding their horses, some smoking, some eating, some sleeping; that a general attack must have crushed Kleber's feeble force, but that they dared not venture upon it. Larrey's account is that Kleber was surrounded by swarms of all the different tribes of Syria; that his ammunition was almost exhausted, and that he was on the point of being overpowered by numbers. Upon the arrival of reinforcements this disorderly rabble was presently dispersed,—with how little difficulty, may be judged from the number of the wounded, which Larrey states at about a hundred, and this was the boasted battle of Esdron, in which, according to Berthier's report, an army of 25,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry were routed by 4000 French, with the loss of 5000 men and all their magazines. The magazines, indeed,



indeed, were the only serious loss. 'From Mount Tabor,' says Berthier, 'orders were dispatched to all the different posts of the army of the East, to Tyre, Cæsarea, the cataracts of the Nile, the Pelusian mouths, Alexandria, the borders of the Red Sea, the ruins of Kolsam, and Arsinoe. So extensive were the operations of Buonaparte, that all these several places were occupied and garrisoned by his detachments.' How well have these men understood the shallow and frothy people whom they have duped so long! In the same spirit, Buonaparte, in the first of his late proclamations, when he called upon the French soldiers to rebel against their lawful sovereign, and involved their country again in the horrors of war from which it had so lately and so mercifully been delivered, reminded them that they had entered Madrid and Mosco, as if he, as well as the ruffians whom he addressed, had forgotten the crimes which they had committed in both places, and the shame with which they had been expelled from them! An expression of Larrey's respecting this expedition is worthy of notice; he says that Buonaparte was expected at Nazareth like a new Messiah!

The dispersion of this multitude secured the French for some time from any alarm on that side; it put them also in possession of abundant stores, and left them at leisure to direct their whole force against Acre. Rear-Admiral Perée was fortunate enough at this time to land some battering pieces at Jaffa, which were brought from thence with infinite difficulty. Never did any troops regard their artillery with more delight, or with greater confidence; the peasantry are said to have partaken in their joy, and while they were looking at these redoubted guns, to have exulted in the promised victory of the French, which was to punish Djezzar for his cruelties. Buonaparte at this time pointed to the place, and said to Murat, 'the fate of the East is in that paltry town; its fall is the object of my expedition, and Damascus will be the fruits.' M. Miot relates this, and other circumstances, on Murat's authority. He was now in that general's tent. Murat, being in the cavalry, had little to do, and lived as luxuriously as he could; the Commissary's account is characteristic and French:

'We rose between 6 and 7; *la toilette prenoit peu d'instans*; we breakfasted about 10, and the morning was consecrated to service. About noon we went to the camp to learn the news, or to pay visits; about three we returned, and dined between four and five, preserving the customs of our country. General Murat's table was in great request because of the wine which we had collected in our different incursions. After dinner we took Mocha coffee, and smoked Latakia tobacco, lying *al fresco* under the great tent which we had taken at the Jordan. It was not made like other tents; its walls did not touch the ground, and might be opened on different sides, so as to create a current of air while it shielded us from the sun; there we lay, our conversation almost always turned, as I have already said, upon women, pleasure, and France; these

these three were then synonymous with us, and one or other sufficed to chase away the idea of our disagreeable position. At evening we retired into the closed tent, and often during the night we had the majestic but afflicting spectacle of the fusillade which was going on under the walls of Acre; the shells which were traversing the air, and the fire-pans which the besieged every moment threw down the ramparts to throw light around the fort and preserve themselves from any surprise. At last, after having examined the interior of our dormitory to drive out the scorpions who introduced themselves there during the day, we both lay down in the sweet hope of seeing Acre taken, and our labours terminated.'

Murat, not being called upon to share in the dangers of the siege, was reserved to put in practice the Jaffa-lessons of his master at Madrid, and to bear a conspicuous part in the bloody scene which that master was preparing for Europe. But on no other occasion have Buonaparte's generals ever suffered so much as before the walls of Acre; his pride was wounded, his passions were excited, and men and officers were sacrificed with his usual and characteristic prodigality of human life. Kleber once said of this tyrant, before his character was fully developed, that he was a general of 10,000 men per week;—the expenditure has been far greater than this in some of his campaigns! Kleber said also after the first assault, that Acre would not be taken. A second had been made before the battle of Esdron, and a third a few days after it, in which General Veaux was wounded. The same tower was still the object of attack, and always with the same ill success. The engineers now began a new mine; Caffarelli, going to inspect it, leant his right arm upon the top of the trenches; the soldiers on guard begged him instantly to remove it, for they assured him that the enemy were alert in seeing and expert in aiming at the smallest mark which presented itself. The general did not attend to the warning, and presently his elbow, which was all that he exposed, was shattered. It was immediately amputated; this was the second limb which he had lost, and Larrey makes a singular remark upon the operation, saying, that he bore it with extreme courage, *et peut-être avec trop de concentration, car il ne proféra pas une seule parole.* He died on the nineteenth day after the amputation.

A heavy duty had by this time fallen upon the medical department. The first hospital was established in Djezzar's stable, being the only place where the patients could be sheltered from the weather. This shelter was almost the only advantage they possessed. They had indeed surgeons of consummate skill, but every thing else was wanting. They lay upon rushes, which could not be changed as often as was required: they had no other bedding; and wine, vinegar, and drugs, were very scarce, the ship which had the medical stores on board having been taken on its way to Egypt. Disease now began to prevail in the army; they were in a plain  
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whose slow or stagnant waters rendered it always unwholesome in hot weather ; the trenches were almost full of putrid carcasses, whom it was impossible to bury, and they had brought with them the plague. While they remained at Jaffa, the mortality was from six to fifteen per day ; and though all means were taken to keep the soldiers ignorant of the name of the disease which raged among them, the medical men affirming that it was not the plague, and exposing themselves with the utmost fearlessness, in proof of their assertions, the men were not deceived ; and every one who felt a pain in the head or the groin immediately concluded that he was plague-struck. The ordinary course of the disease was from three to five days ; if the patient recovered, the amendment took place towards the fourth. But sometimes its progress was more rapid. In these cases, there appeared no external symptom till at the moment of death, or a few moments afterwards, when the body was covered with gangrenous petechiæ. When the disease was thus violent, death was preceded by the most frightful changes. If the sufferer were on foot, he fell at once in strong convulsions and contortions ; all his features were altered and deranged ; the lips were drawn from each other and distorted : the tongue became swoln, and hung out ; a thick and fetid saliva ran from the mouth ; the nostrils were dilated, and there issued from them a copious, fetid, sanious discharge : the eyes were wide, fixed, and seemed starting from their sockets. The skin of the countenance was discoloured ; the patient writhed, uttered some dolorous cries, and expired.

Few European generals would have begun an expedition, knowing that the plague was in the army. Buonaparte acted as if he were like the Turks, not merely convinced of the doctrine of fatalism, but influenced by it. But a contagious feeling, which he dreaded more, began to shew itself in the army, when repeated assaults had been made in vain. *Le moral du soldat s'affoiblissoit*, says M. Miot : and the officers themselves began to think that he was not infallible. It was observable that there were always more men to carry the wounded to the hospitals than were necessary. They were glad of this pretext to escape for a few hours, at least, from a destructive service, where the fire of the enemy mowed their comrades down, and where the pestilential stench of the dead perpetually reminded them of the lot which they themselves were perhaps so soon to share. Having been repeatedly defeated in his attempts upon the town, Buonaparte planted his guns against the curtain to the left of that fatal spot, and ordered another mine to be directed under the scarp : the mine was ready, but powder was wanting ; and while this was expected from Jaffa, the besieged completely counterworked it. Baffled at this point, Buonaparte returned to the old breach, and made a fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth assault. In these assaults

assaults three colonels and two generals (Rambeau and Bon) were killed. Eugene Beauharnois, Lasnes, Duroc, and Arrighi were wounded; the latter had the external carotid divided at its separation from the internal, and its passage into the parotid. A gunner had presence of mind to put his finger upon the wound, and stop the hemorrhage, till Larrey came up, who by a well-applied bandage saved the patient; a result which he had not looked for, no other person having been known to recover from such a wound.

Kleber's division, which till now had remained at Nazareth, had been brought up to the last attacks. Buonaparte said, before their final attempt, *La Victoire est au plus opiniâtre*; and his characteristic obstinacy might perhaps have rid the world of its greatest curse, by putting an end at once to his projects and his crimes, if the men had not refused to mount the breach over the bodies of their unburied comrades. A Turkish squadron had arrived to reinforce the besieged; the multitude which he had dispersed in the boasted battle of Esdron were collecting once more, the Mamelukes in Egypt were taking advantage of his absence; to persevere in the attack would have been madness, and if retreat were longer delayed, it might be impracticable. 'The fortress of Acre,' says Berthier, 'did not appear inclined to surrender, and was not worth a further siege. A few days perseverance might have enabled us to take the Pacha in his palace; but Buonaparte could not spare the time!' But in breaking up a siege in which he had persisted with furious obstinacy for sixty days, Buonaparte, aware how easily men were deluded, addressed his army as if they had been victorious.

His retreat was marked with every kind of wanton devastation. 'The surrounding places,' says Berthier, 'presented a continual blaze of fire, as the columns executed the orders given to them.' But if Buonaparte was rigorous toward the Syrians, he was eminently humane toward the wounded of his own army—if M. Larrey could be believed upon any point which touches the reputation of the Emperor Napoleon. He affirms that all the wounded were sent off for Egypt, either during the siege, or at its termination; 800 crossing the desert, and 1200 going by sea, the greater part from Jaffa. *C'est au Général Buonaparte que ces honorables victimes durent principalement leur conservation, et la postérité ne verra pas sans admiration, parmi les vertus héroïques de ce grand homme, l'acte de la plus sensible humanité qu'il a exercé à leur égard.* What then will posterity say if Sir Robert Wilson's charges on this point also should be confirmed, as they have been concerning the massacre at Jaffa?—'The total want of means of transport,' M. Larrey pursues, 'reduced all the wounded to the cruel alternative of being abandoned in our hospitals, and even in the desert, exposed to perish there by thirst or by famine, or to be butchered by the Arabs. General Buonaparte ordered that all the horses be-  
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longing to the staff, without excepting his own, should be employed in transporting the wounded. In consequence, every demi-brigade having been charged with conveying those who belonged to it, all those brave fellows arrived in Egypt, and I had the satisfaction of not leaving a single man in Syria.' Nothing can be more explicit than this testimony. But M. Larrey is *Premier Chirurgien de la Garde et de l'Hopital de la Garde de S. M. I. et R. Baronde l'Empire, Commandant de la Légion d'Honneur, Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne de Fer, &c. &c.* and upon this point, these honours must be allowed to invalidate his credit as a witness.

Let us hear M. Miot's evidence. He gives it thus in the year 1804.

'The two days which preceded the retreat of the army were employed in effecting the removal of our wounded. The generals, officers, and soldiers of every division furnished their camels, horses, and asses. Among the dragoons of my division, many were unable to mount themselves, and the ordonnateur en chef himself set an example of devotion, in lifting up soldiers who had the plague in his arms. Who could have withheld in this dreadful emergency, when our unhappy comrades must have perished had they been left? The generous conduct of Daure was imitated; it was moreover a sacred duty for us. Had not Buonaparte said, concerning the Ordonnateur Michaux, who had distinguished himself by his zeal amidst the ravages of the plague at Alexandria, that a zealous commissary who properly discharges his duty, deserves the title of the soldier's father? Why did this scourge occasion the death of only two of our comrades in Syria? Why did it spare me? What then is this strange epidemic which does not indiscriminately strike with death? In this manner the removal of those sick and wounded was made, who were in a state which enabled them in some degree to assist themselves. There came afterwards those who had only a doubtful existence, men in the delirium of the plague, attacked with tetanos, in fine, in the most hopeless condition. They were put upon the waggons; and others carried in litters by peasants retained for the purpose, but who often ran away upon the road, notwithstanding a rigorous guard. Our sick and wounded being once embarked at Tentoura, what could we have to fear for them? The English could not take them; for this would have introduced the mortality into their own ships. They therefore whom M. Smith's squadron met with on the coast of Syria were not disturbed on their passage. Where then is the strange necessity for poisoning our wounded? Was the situation of the army before Acre so critical, that its retreat between evening and morning was indispensable? And if the removal of our sick to Tentoura could not be accomplished by a certain day, could not Buonaparte remain in his position till the moment when the removal should be entirely completed? What an interest besides did these heroes who were mutilated at the siege of Acre inspire! men whose sufferings commanded our gratitude. All the alleviation possible under our circumstances was granted them. When an Englishman supposes an action so gratuitous as the poisoning of our wounded, does he not wish to make it forgotten that some of his nation were

were in Acre when Djezzar tied up some Christians in sacks and threw them into the sea? Does he not aim, by his discourses, to efface the shame of the hideous crime in which the English squadron was an accomplice? Does not M. Smith write to the camp that he alone commanded within the walls of Acre? And under his command, feeble Christians, guilty because of their religion, and without any other defence than innocence, were made to endure the most dreadful punishment!

Bravo, Monsieur Miot!—you, who were an eye-witness of the proceedings at Jaffa, accuse the English and Sir Sidney Smith of being accomplices in Djezzar's cruelties; which you know they were no more able to prevent than yourself. You accuse the English of cruelty: you, who saw your countrymen deliberately butcher more than 3000 men, to whom you yourself as Commissary had distributed bread after they had surrendered! Bravo, Monsieur Miot! How is it that you failed of preferment under the Emperor Napoleon?—The charge which Djezzar brought against Sir Sidney Smith was of a very different nature: when he had made up his mind to put Sir Sidney Smith to death, if ever he had him again in his power, he said of him to Dr. Clarke,\* 'I lent him my staff; (which was a warrant of authority;) and he released all my prisoners, many of whom were in my debt, and never paid me a *para*.' This was the real conduct of Sir Sidney Smith towards Djezzar's prisoners. The men who were strangled as partisans of the French, suffered before he landed, Djezzar well knowing that he would have interfered for their preservation. And when Sir Sidney, upon the retreat of the French, sailed for Jaffa, and cañonaded a body of the enemy filing into the town, the moment he perceived that it consisted of sick and wounded men, he ordered the firing to cease, and allowed the whole convoy to pass unmolested. This was the conduct of the English. But let us hear M. Miot in 1814, when he had learnt that 'Truth appertains to history.'

'Immediately all the War-Commissaries (this, it must be remembered, was his own department) received orders to remove to Tentoura the wounded of their divisions, from which they must take such means of transport as were required. But how difficult was it to procure them! I have already said that selfishness is the feeling which predominates in an army. The officers shewed little readiness to give up their horses; and to fulfil these instructions it was necessary to take away, by main force, the cattle of the sutlers and the asses of the soldiers, who could not make their property be respected; and who revenged themselves for the violence which was practised upon them by uttering a thousand reproaches. After all, these means were insufficient; for there were in our hospitals, and particularly in Mount Carmel, sick and wounded not in a state to perform the journey in any other manner than in a litter. The greater number were attacked with

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\* Travels, vol. iii. p. 374. Second Edition.



the plague, and their removal required at least eight men to relieve each other upon the road. I know that at the time of our departure the report ran that medicines, composed expressly to accelerate the end, were administered to the patients who were despaired of, in order by a death thus adroitly prepared, to avoid that more cruel one which awaited them upon falling into the hands of the enemy. I know also it was said, that, for the uncertain preservation of a single and plague-stricken subject, we must expose eight, or even twelve men to the most inevitable effects of a scourge whose progress was so rapid. I am a witness to the horror which this fatal resolution inspired; a resolution which foresight might certainly have spared. Nevertheless it belongs to the rectitude of my feelings; it belongs to the frankness, the simplicity with which I have hitherto related all that I saw, to declare that I have no other positive proofs of the poisoning our wounded, except the innumerable conversations which I heard in the army. But if that public voice must be believed, which is too often the oracle of slow truth, which the powerful in vain may hope to stifle, it is a fact too well established that some of the wounded at Mount Carmel, a great part of the sick in the hospital of Jaffa, perished by means of the medicines which were administered to them.'

Yet more proofs from M. Miot of the humanity of the French towards their comrades.

'At Tentoura I first saw the plague in its most frightful character. Our sick and wounded were brought here from the hospitals at Kaddané and Mount Carmel. From Tentoura they were carried in small vessels to Jaffa, and from thence to Damietta. There were still in the cabins upon the shore some poor wretches who were waiting to be moved. Among them, a soldier was seized with the plague; and in delirium, which sometimes accompanies the agony, he imagined, without doubt upon seeing the army march at beat of drum, that he would be abandoned; his imagination made him perceive the extent of his misery if he fell into the hands of the Arabs. One may suppose that it was this fear which put him into so great an agitation, and suggested to him the idea of following the troops. He took his knapsack, upon which his head was resting, and placing it upon his shoulders made effort to rise. The venom of the dreadful malady, which was circulating in his veins, deprived him of strength, and, after three steps, he fell again upon the sand, headlong. The fall increased his terror, and after having lain some moments looking with wild eyes at the ranks of the columns who were on the march, he rose a second time, with no better fortune: in his third effort he sunk, and falling into the sea, remained upon that spot which fate had destined for his grave. The sight of this soldier was frightful: the disorder which reigned in his senseless speech,—his figure, which represented what is most mournful,—his eyes staring and fixed,—his clothes in rags,—presented whatever is most hideous in death. The reader may, perhaps, believe that his comrades would be concerned for him; that they would endeavour to help him; that they would hasten to support him, and help his tottering footsteps. Far from this: the poor wretch was only an ob-



of horror and derision. They ran from him as from the disease which he was enduring, and they burst into loud laughter at his motions, which resembled those of a drunken man. He has got his account! cried one. He will not march far! said another. And when the wretch fell for the last time, some of them added, See, he has taken up his quarters! This terrible truth, which I cannot help repeating, must be acknowledged:—indifference and selfishness are the predominant feelings in an army.'

An army in this state of feeling would as willingly have consented to a project for ridding themselves of the incumbrance of their wounded by poison, as of their prisoners by a massacre. No apprehension of disgusting them by such a measure would have deterred Buonaparte from putting such a purpose in execution: and in reality he himself, during his residence in Elba, has, to more than one English gentleman, admitted the fact, which he spoke of as a mere trifle, and justified upon the plea of necessity. The day will yet come when an indignant nation will say to this monster, what ought to have been said on his first overthrow—

Εἰ δέιν' ἔδρασας, δεινὰ καὶ παθεῖν τε δεῖ.—*Soph. Frag.*

The French did not commit the same error as the Turks in their retreat, but set fire to all their magazines. The granary at Tiberias was still burning, after a lapse of two years, when Dr. Clarke saw it. 'It was considered,' says the traveller, 'as a miracle by the inhabitants, that the combustion was not yet extinguished. We visited the place, and perceived that whenever the ashes of the burnt corn were stirred by thrusting a stick amongst them, sparks were seen glowing throughout the heap; and a piece of wood being left there, became charred. The heat in those vaulted chambers where the corn had been destroyed was still very great.' But Buonaparte did not confine his precautions within those limits which are prescribed by the laws of war and the ordinary feelings of humanity. His vengeance fell upon the inhabitants, and he laid all waste with fire. 'The earth,' says Miot, 'covered with ashes, presented only a picture of desolation; and while the cattle fled lowing from the flames, the affrighted inhabitants, with rage in their hearts, beheld, without being able to prevent, the disasters which marked our way. Palestine was in flames! *Quel fatal souvenir nous avons dû laisser à ce pays!*' In crossing the desert, they encountered the hot winds, by which many animals, especially the horses, were suffocated; and some of the soldiers, who had recovered from the plague, sunk under their effects: M. Larrey himself had nearly perished. Many of the persons suffered from a most unexpected danger in drinking of some pools in the desert, which contained a species of leech not thicker than a horse hair: a creature endowed with so mischievous a power of life as to remain uninjured by the heat of the human throat or stomach. La-

tour Maubourg swallowed two of these insects, and was long before he recovered from the great loss of blood which they occasioned. The remedy was to extract them with a forceps when they could be seen, otherwise to drink vinegar slightly diluted, and with a little nitre.

When the army arrived at Matharieh, it halted for two days; here they washed such of their effects as could be purified by water, and burnt such as could not, thus rendering it unnecessary to perform quarantine before they entered Cairo: it was of importance to Buonaparte that this should not be delayed, and that the entrance should affect the character of a triumph; for the natives were not uninformed of his failure, and the French themselves expected to see him return dejected and conscious of disgrace. He had said in one of his dispatches, that within three days he should be in Acre, and that when that letter was received Djezzar Pacha would be no more. The troops who had been employed in the expedition, and who had seen so many of their comrades sacrificed to his obstinacy at Acre, knew that they had been defeated, and were at this time murmuring loudly against their leader. What was their astonishment when they found that triumphal arches were erected to their glory; that the city was illuminated for their return; that General Dugua came out at the head of the garrison to meet them with the highest military honours, and that they made their entrance through the Gate of Victory, as if they had returned from the conquest of Syria!

The proclamation which, in pursuance of the same policy, he made the Divan of Cairo publish on this occasion, affords further instances of his audacious falsehoods and profligate irreligion.

‘ The well protected, the chief of the French army, General Buonaparte, is arrived at Cairo, in good health, thanking God for the favours which have been heaped upon him. He entered Cairo through the Gate of Victory, on Friday, the 10th of the month Moharram, in the 1214th year of the Hegira, with one of the grandest trains and greatest pomp. This hath been a great day, the like thereof hath never been seen. All the dwellers at Cairo went out to meet him; they have seen and ascertained that it is the same General in Chief Buonaparte in his own person; they were convinced that all which has been said concerning him is false. The troops of Djezzar fled before him as birds and mice fly before the cat. The inhabitants of Jaffa having refused his protection, he delivered them over in his wrath, to pillage and to death: five thousand have perished there—*this is the work of God, who says unto his creatures, Be, and they are.* There were 5000 of Djezzar's troops at Jaffa, he has destroyed them all. That which was decreed has taken place; the master of the universe acts always with the same justice. Afterwards he destroyed the walls of Acre and Djezzar's castle. He has not left one stone upon another at Acre—he has made it a heap of ruins, so that it will be asked whether a city has existed upon that place.

place. Behold the end of the edifices of tyrants. He is returned to Egypt for two motives; the first, to keep the promise which he made the Egyptians of returning in three months, *for his promises are sacred engagements*. Secondly, because he had learnt that divers evil subjects, Mamelukes and Arabs, were sowing trouble and sedition during his absence. His arrival has dispersed them. All his ambition is the destruction of the wicked; his desire is to do good to those who deserve well. When the general arrived at Cairo, he informed the Divan that he loves the Mussulmen; that he loves the Prophet; that he is versed in the Koran; that he studies it daily. We know that it is his intention to build a Mosque, which shall have no equal in the world, and to embrace the Mussulman religion.'

Buonaparte had scarcely been a month at Cairo before a Turkish fleet arrived at Aboukir. In announcing this to the people, he used more of those expressions by which he wished to persuade them that he was of the Mahommedan faith. 'On board that fleet,' said he, 'there are Russians who hold in horror all that believe in the unity of God, because, according to their lies, they believe that there are three Gods; but they will soon see that it is not in the number of Gods that strength consists. The Mussulman who embarks in a ship where the Cross is flying; he who every day hears the one only God blasphemed, is worse than an infidel.' Preparations were easily made against an enemy whose want of discipline would so certainly afford an easy victory. The French did not, however, reach Aboukir before the Turks had taken the fort, and put the garrison to death, in reprisal for their countrymen at Jaffa. Their numbers are variously stated, by Denon at 20,000, by Berthier at 18,000. M. Miot reduces them to 15,000, and Sir Robert Wilson, who is better authority than either, affirms that they were not quite 8000. Before Buonaparte attacked them, he said to Murat, this battle will decide the fate of the world. Murat answered, of the army at least. It appeared afterwards that he had then determined upon leaving Egypt for a wider field of ambition; and spoke from those dreams of empire and conquest which were so disastrously to be fulfilled. The victory, as he expected, was complete, but it was not easily won; the Turks had entrenched themselves, and repulsed the French with great loss; but thinking themselves completely victorious, they rushed out to cut off the heads of the wounded and slain, according to their ferocious custom: that moment was seized by Lasnes and Murat, and it became a mere carnage. According to the French accounts the whole of the Turks were destroyed; according to Sir Robert Wilson 2000 were carried off by the boats, and as many more capitulated in the fort. The French had above 800 wounded; Berthier states their killed at 150; many officers of rank fell. Lasnes, Murat, and Bertrand were among the wounded. This battle was fought on the 25th July, and on the 23d of the following month

Buonaparte embarked for Europe. The remainder of the Egyptian story belongs rather to English history than to that of the tyrant; it is both instructive and splendid, but we have no room to pursue it here.

M. Miot concludes his first account of the expedition into Syria with a remark which admits of a wider application. '*Si l'expédition en Syrie ne fut point heureuse par tous ses résultats, elle a fait connaître au monde entier ce que peuvent entreprendre des Français, et à son chef ce qu'il pourroit en exiger un jour. Quelle confiance Buonaparte ne doit-il pas avoir dans des soldats qu'il a pu éprouver si souvent ! et pourquoi cette confiance ne l'engageroit-elle pas, dans d'autres tems, à tenter des choses plus grandes encore ?*' The expedition to Egypt would indeed have shewn the world of what Napoleon Buonaparte and his soldiers were capable, even if their career had there been terminated. There his flagitious character was fully developed, and there he fleshed his followers in crimes, from which, before his baleful ascendancy, the French army would have shrunk with horror and indignation. The principles of his policy were there broadly and distinctly seen; the impious hypocrisy, the systematic falsehood, the deliberate cruelty, of this robber, this renegade, this Djezzar Buonaparte, for to him more properly than the Pacha of Acre, may the appellation be applied. He landed in Egypt with a lie upon his lips, protesting that he came as a friend of the Grand Signor. His first act was to take a city by storm, which he never summoned to surrender, and to let his soldiers loose upon the inhabitants, who were not only unoffending, but incapable of defence. His first object, after getting possession of Cairo, was to rob the caravan. He reviled Christianity in his proclamations, and affected to believe in Mahommed and in the Koran. He led an army into Syria, chiefly for the purpose of plundering Damascus. At Jaffa, after suffering his soldiers to commit every enormity upon the inhabitants, he massacred more than 3000 men in cold blood,—an act which made every individual who was engaged in its execution feel, as well as contract, the guilt of murder. He sacrificed his men by thousands to his own ungoverned temper before the walls of Acre; being beaten from thence, he poisoned his own sick and wounded; and on his return to Egypt, he proclaimed that he had been victorious, gloried in the massacres which he had committed, and declared that they were the work of God! Lastly, having brought his army into Egypt upon one of the wildest schemes of ambition that ever madman undertook, he stole away from them like a thief in the night, and left them to their fate.

Nor have these hopeful symptoms been belied by the tenor of his after-life. Amidst all his power, and all his varied fortunes, the same audacious profligacy, the same inherent cruelty, the same  
native

native meanness have been shewn. 'If you add to prudence,' says Hobbes, 'the use of unjust or dishonest means, (such as usually are prompted to men by fear or want,) you have that crooked wisdom which is called craft, which is a sign of pusillanimity. For magnanimity is contempt of unjust or dishonest helps.' Least of all men therefore is Buonaparte entitled to be called magnanimous, his policy having ever been one continued course of the vilest artifices and foulest falsehoods. But having gone on for a time, 'secured by the prosperity of his crimes,' he calls himself great, and has found people to think him so,—men whose weak understandings are dazzled by success,—or whose judgement is warped by party feelings (to which in England every thing is sacrificed)—or whose pernicious principles have perverted their moral as well as their intellectual nature. 'If,' says South, 'a man succeeds in any attempt, though undertook with never so much folly and rashness, his success shall vouch him a politician, and good luck shall pass for deep contrivance: for, give any one fortune, and he shall be thought a wise man in spite of his heart; nay, and of his head too.' This is the foundation of his reputed greatness; and his reputed wisdom is built upon the same sands. That knowledge of human nature for which he has been extolled is of the same kind as that upon which another great man formed his system of action—a great man, the history of whose greatness and final exaltation has been related by Fielding: it is such a knowledge of human nature as the Jonathan Wilds and the Dr. Solomons possess,—a knowledge of the vices and follies of their contemporaries,—of the scum which floats upon the surface. He understands enough of mankind to dazzle the weak, to dupe the vain, to overawe the timid, and to make the wicked his instruments. But of all beyond this Buonaparte is grossly and brutally ignorant. Of the strength of patriotism, the enthusiasm of virtue, the fortitude of duty, he knows nothing, and can comprehend nothing. Patriotism and virtue and duty are words to which he has never felt any correspondent emotion in his soul, which he never thinks of but in contempt, which he never utters but in profanation. Therefore in his political calculations they have always been overlooked; and Portugal and Spain and Russia, and Germany—long-suffering, but redeemed Germany—bear witness to the consequences of such error and such ignorance. '*Ce n'est rien que d'aller, il faut pouvoir revenir; ce n'est rien que de prendre, il faut savoir garder:*' thus Kleber said of the expedition to Egypt,—so would he have said of the usurpation of Portugal and Spain,—so would he have said of the march to Mosco,—so would he say of the return from Elba and the reassumption of the throne.

**ART. II.** *Dictionnaire Chinois, Français et Latin, publié d'après l'Ordre de sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi Napoléon le Grand.* Par M. de Guignes, Résident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l'Institut. A Paris, 1813.

**T**HE honour of giving to Europe the first printed dictionary of the Chinese language has been reserved for M. de Guignes. Under the auspices of 'Napoléon le Grand,' and the more effectual aid of a grant of money from the imperial treasury, he has produced a very splendid volume, which will be handed down to posterity among the number of those false and fallacious memorials of his patron's love of literature and the fine arts. Though he cares nothing for either, he judged, wisely enough, that the public money was not ill bestowed when it afforded food for the vanity of the chemists, mathematicians and other *savans* of Paris, and, at the same time, purchased their adulation in prefaces and dedications, which he knew how to receive with decorous contempt for the authors of them.

'Nol mostra gia, benchè in suo cor ne rida.'

The savans, however, as credulous as the rest of the Parisians, who believe that Buonaparte built the Louvre, thought him in earnest; and, in his disgrace, took no pains to conceal their affection for their patron. Next indeed to the perjured and rapacious soldiery, the Jacobins of the Institute were avowedly the most dissatisfied with the restoration of the ancient dynasty, and among the first to greet the tyrant's return.

'At the voice of one man,' says M. de Guignes, 'learning resumes its ordinary course, the schools are crowded, talents and the fine arts dazzle with new splendour—palaces rear up their heads—bridges cover the rivers—canals and roads reunite the provinces—activity and emulation prevail on all sides.—In short, France, but recently borne down by the weight of factions, now raises majestically her head, and calmly casts her regards upon her peaceful provinces.'

In this golden age of France, when, as M. de Guignes tells us, nothing was neglected that could give to the nation new splendour and éclat, it was impossible that the want of a Chinese dictionary should be overlooked: the deficiency was no sooner hinted at than the imperial mandate issued—Let there be a Chinese dictionary!—A foreigner was immediately engaged to repair from London to Paris to conduct the undertaking, who, after four years' residence, took a sudden departure without having even commenced it. This foreigner, we presume, was a German of the name of Hager, whose quackeries we have had frequent occasion to notice. In 1808 another foreigner was proposed to M. Cretet; but this minister, says M. de Guignes,



Guignes, 'deeming it fit that a Frenchman only should have the credit of bringing out a work for which the nation had already paid the cost of engraving the characters, refused to engage him.' M. de Guignes had the happiness of being that Frenchman, and, by a decree of Napoleon, was appointed to the superintendence of this national work; he received, at the same time, an order to complete it within *three* years. No inquiry was made as to the practicability of executing it within the prescribed time; with Buonaparte all things were possible. The limitation in point of time had the good effect, however, of stimulating those concerned in the undertaking; and it speaks not lightly in favour of the assiduity of M. de Guignes, that a work of so novel and difficult a nature, occupying more than one thousand pages of imperial folio, and consisting of nearly fourteen thousand characters, with explanations in French and Latin, should be accomplished within *five* years.

The dies or stamps for the characters, it is true, were ready cut; but they were to be examined, numbered, and properly arranged, so that the numerous references from the table of keys or indices to the page, from the verbal index at the end of the book to the characters, and from one character to another, should be made correctly; and we can venture to say that, after taking the trouble of making some thousand references, we have not discovered a single error.

It is now just one century since Fourmont commenced, by order of the French government, the cutting of those dies for the characters in question: as specimens of neat workmanship they are entitled to no praise; but they are, we believe, with very few exceptions, correctly made; in the copy, which the author has presented to the Royal Society of London, we perceive he has amended several of them with a pencil, and has added, in a MS. note at the end of the book, that the copy is free from errors. We noticed in a former article, the different hands through which the dies of these characters had passed with a view to their being compiled and classified into the shape of a regular Chinese dictionary. It is singular that the son of one of these persons, with little reputation as a learned man, and without pretensions to that character, should accomplish a task, in the execution of which the father, who was unquestionably one of the most learned and ingenious men in Europe, totally failed. M. de Guignes thus modestly speaks of himself.

'It only remains for me to solicit the indulgence of my readers, and I flatter myself I shall obtain it when they consider that the Chinese dictionary, which should long ago have been published by MM. Fourmont and De Guignes, both of them distinguished in all Europe as well for their erudition as by their respective works, is now brought out by one who would not presume to pretend to the title of being  
learned,



learned, but whose only claim is that of the honour of having been selected by His Majesty, and of being connected with a distinguished office in the state, many of whose members are highly estimable for their talents and knowledge.'

M. de Guignes's preface exhibits the same inconsistency in his estimation of the literary and moral character of the Chinese, which, in the early part of our labours, we pointed out in his '*Voyage de Pékin*,' where the frequent encomiums lavished upon this people were as frequently contradicted by the occurrences stated to have happened to himself. His narrative, indeed, coupled with the two goodly quartos of Van Braam, corroborated almost all the strictures contained in the shrewd and ingenious conclusions of the author of '*Recherches sur les Chinois*.'—Yet here again M. Pauw is attacked by our author, who seems to entertain an hostility towards him, which can scarcely have arisen from a mere difference of opinion. The late M. de Guignes wrote several elaborate essays to prove that the Chinese not only derived their origin from the Egyptians, but that their ancient records had been brought from Egypt; and that these records contained in fact the history of that country, and not of China. This favourite hypothesis was maintained by many ingenious arguments, grounded on fanciful data; and supported by a skilful endeavour to prove a close analogy between the language, the religion, the arts, the metaphysics and the manners of the ancient Egyptians and modern Chinese.\* But the philosopher of Berlin at once overturned this ingenious theory, by shewing that no two nations on earth could possibly disagree more in their moral and physical character, in their language, learning, arts, and institutions, than the Chinese and Egyptians:—perhaps—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

M. de Guignes sets out, in his preface, with the very common error of considering the Chinese as a nation of sages, at a period when all the rest of mankind were mere savages; though in the course of a few pages he proves, from their own records, that they were scarcely advanced beyond the rudest state of society, when religion and literature appear, from the Inspired Writings, to have already shed their benign influence on other nations of the eastern world. 'Among the Chinese,' says M. de Guignes, 'from the moment that a man is learned, (*lettré*,) he ceases to be classed among simple citizens; and, if he makes himself remarkable for erudition or talent, he may obtain a high consideration, and even arrive at the first offices in the state.' Now if this were as true as we believe it to be the reverse, is China, we would ask, the only country in the world where the influence of learning and talents is felt and encouraged? When we look at the exalted characters which in all times have filled, and continue to fill

\* Histoire de l'Académie des Inscript. Art. Mém. de Littérature.—Tom. xxix. xxxiv. et xl.

'the first situations' in our own government, *we*, at least, see no occasion to envy the good fortune of the learned men of China, millions of whom enjoy neither consideration nor office, while, on the other hand, thousands are employed who can boast of neither learning nor talent. The late Emperor Kien-lung made a common soldier, with whose appearance he was struck while standing sentinel at the palace gate, his prime minister. This man soon found the means of governing his master and all China; and such was the influence which he had acquired, by filling all the higher offices in the state with his friends and relations, whether learned or unlearned, that the present emperor, on succeeding to the throne, did not think it safe to suffer him to live. The Tartars, when they conquered China, were unacquainted with its language and literature, yet all the high offices were immediately filled with Tartars; and still continue to be so. We might go still farther back, and adduce the celebrated barbarian Gengis-khan, who could neither read nor write *any* language; yet he and his posterity contrived to govern China for nearly a century, by filling the subordinate offices with Chinese, who merely knew how to handle a pencil, and transact the most ordinary details of business.

But though M. de Guignes overrates the learning and virtues of this ingenious people, for ingenious they certainly are, we must do him the justice to observe that he is by no means carried away with the absurd and exaggerated accounts of the early jesuit missionaries, as we find them in Père du Halde and the Abbé Grozier: though he thinks them *lettered*, he neither mistakes them for men of science, nor believes in the reports of their profound knowledge in astronomy, mathematics, &c. of which, he assures us, not one word is to be found in the only records of the country that can be called ancient. We must analyse the singular and picturesque language in which these are shut up, if we would know the truth, and not confide in the periphrastic translations, interpolations and alterations of the missionaries. Without meaning to level a general censure against these devout men, it may be safely averred that if we absolve them of wilful misrepresentation they cannot be acquitted of weakness; since they appear to be led away by every idle tale that the artful Chinese imposed on their credulity.

The readers of the Asiatic Researches will recollect how successfully the crafty pundits of Benares supplied the zealous Wilford with the whole genealogy of Noah; how accurately they furnished him with the identical names of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, all of them legitimately registered in the Devanagari character. Père Gaubil, however, was the dupe of his own forgeries: having assented to the discovery of Noah in the person of *Fo-she*, the supposed founder of the Chinese empire, it became necessary, in the next place,

place, to supply the accompaniment of the universal deluge, without which the identity of the new Noah could not be maintained. The Chinese sages had nothing to fabricate—they merely referred him to the *Shoo-king*, where a dreadful inundation is described to have happened in the time of Yao, who (supposing their annals to be authentic) reigned about thirteen hundred years subsequent to Noah's flood. This little discrepancy, however, in point of time was easily adjusted by making Yao to speak retrospectively of the deluge that overwhelmed all China, though the very next sentence uttered by him is an inquiry after some skilful person to repair the damage under which they were then suffering. M. de Guignes proves, by a close examination of the characters, that the meaning of the passage has been totally perverted by the missionaries, and that it has no other reference than to the frequent occurrence of the Yellow river having burst its embankments.

The analysis of the characters further shews that this *Emperor Yao* of the missionaries, with his *provinces*, and *cities*, and *palace* was only the *chief of a tribe* inhabiting a small *district* where his people lived in *camps*, and he himself in a *house* covered with *thatch*. A Chinese city is, in fact, at the present day, little more than a collection of tents, distributed into a regular encampment and surrounded by a high wall.

With regard to the sciences, there is nothing in their books that warrants the translations of Gaubil and the other French missionaries, which tell us 'that *Hoang-ty* was a great astronomer, and that he appointed officers to observe the heavenly bodies.' The character *chen*, which they render to *observe*, simply means to 'foretell future events'—so that these state officers were a sort of astrologers or fortune tellers, as indeed they still are. But (say they) *Hoang-ty* caused a celestial sphere to be made; and, lest the truth of the exploit should be called in question, we are favoured by Grozier with an exact drawing of it, made about 4,500 years ago, with its equinoctial and ecliptic, its tropics, colures, meridians, &c. as neat and accurately executed as if the whole had been taken from a globe by Messrs. Adams or Dolland. The character *kay*, out of which this celestial globe has been constructed, has no other significance than *a cover—an abstract—a compendium*.

With regard to arithmetic they never had, nor can have, the least knowledge of it beyond the mechanical operations performed by the *swan-pan* or abacus. It is remarkable enough that the character by which these operations are represented is composed of a demon-spirit repeated—a double devil—in allusion, perhaps, to the rattling of the powers of the balls on the wires of the *two* compartments of the *swan-pan*, which is, in fact, a table of notation and multiplication: their numeral characters are, notwithstanding, when written  
incapab

incapable of being applied to arithmetical operations, without a total change of their present notation, and the introduction of the cypher or zero, of which they have not the least conception; but without which their symbols are deprived of that power of location which characterises the Arabic numerals. In the notation of 28, for instance, we have *three* characters to express *two* powers, thus,

$= + 八$ , *ul-she-pa*; while 100, of *three* powers, is noted

by *one*,  $\overline{百}$ , *pé*; as is 1000, of *four*,  $\overline{千}$ , *tsien*. ‘They are great

lovers of the mathematics,’ says honest Père Samedo; ‘but, to say the truth, they know but little about them.’ We may assent to this without much hesitation, when we read in the *Pekin Gazette* of May, 1800, an Imperial Edict, announcing the intended marriage of the Princess *Hojie*, and ordering the *Tribunal of Mathematics* to select a fortunate day for the celebration of the nuptials.

Without arithmetic, and without a single principle of geometry, it is absurd to talk of their early skill in the calculation of eclipses; there is not, in fact, any such word, nor any character in the whole *Shoo-king* that can by any meaning, direct or metaphorical, be twisted into such a signification. The first eclipses are those recorded by Confucius, in the *Tchun-siou*—not as predictions from calculation, but as events that had occurred—three of which, however, never happened any where, and two others could not have happened in China. ‘May we not, therefore, suspect,’ asks M. de Guignes, that these ‘eclipses have been observed elsewhere, and that Confucius, to enhance the merit of his country, inserted them in his history as having happened in China?’ Without thinking quite so ill of Confucius, such a trick would be consistent enough with Chinese vanity; but the error, we believe, has arisen from the imperfect and confused state of their chronology.

What knowledge, indeed, could a people possibly possess of the abstract sciences, at a time when, it would appear, from their own records, that a great portion of them lived in woods and caverns; that their lands were undivided, and without culture; that they had neither markets nor medium of exchange; neither canals, nor roads, nor boats, nor carriages; whose country was so overrun with thickets and jungle, and so abundant in noxious reptiles, that the common mode of salutation, on meeting, was a hope that the person addressed had not been bit by the snakes!—*You-to-hou*.—

Such, however, was China, according to the strict letter of Chinese books, at the very time they were making celestial globes, astronomical observations, calculations of eclipses, and settling the precise point where the ecliptic intersected the equinoctial, by means

means of gnomons!—such were the forefathers of a people, who, not three centuries ago, firmly believed the earth to be a vast square, in the midst of which was their favoured country—who never doubted that eclipses were occasioned by a monster devouring the sun or moon, and whose learned men and state-officers, on such occasions, turned out with drums and gongs and trumpets, making all manner of hideous noises to frighten the monster away, and liberate the suffering luminary—in which, in due time, they always succeeded—who, having lost an intercalary moon or two, were in no little danger of inverting the seasons, and happy, in their dilemma, to employ the Jesuit missionaries to set their almanac right, and to keep it so.

But then their music!—In this divine art we must allow them to excel:—Père Amiot has written almost a whole volume to prove that the voice of Hermes Trismegistus, compared with that of *Lyng-lun*, was no better than the drone of a Scotch bagpipe, and that Amphion's lyre was a mere Jew's harp to the *kin* of *Pimou-kia*. These worthies, eight centuries before Greece was cheered with a musical tone, were, as Grozier can testify, by a single touch of the *kin* and the *ché*, turning the course of rivers, making rocks dance, and causing the wild animals to leap for joy. Père Amiot however confesses, like an honest man, that notwithstanding all he had written, he could not forbear observing that the perfection of Chinese music consisted in figurative or metaphorical harmony—in sounds as silent as those of the spheres:—while Vossius, who had imagined the encomiums bestowed on the Chinese, by preceding missionaries, to be real, did not hesitate, in his usual way, to pronounce the relics of it to be so excellent, that, 'for their perfection in the art, the Chinese may impose silence on all Europe.' He goes on to lament most feelingly that the *tibia*, so superior to all stringed instruments, is now mute, 'excepting among the Chinese, who alone excel on it.' This *tibia*, we presume, was a kind of whistle, made of the shin-bone of a sheep, by *Chin-nong*, or some of the early pastoral chiefs whom the Jesuits, in their translations, dignify with the name of *Emperors*, and such as the Caffres still employ to call their cattle together; but no inquiry into its nature became Isaac—Our reverend commentator loved the marvellous; and, as Charles II. said of him, never refused to believe any thing, but his Bible.

When the Chinese shewed the most marked indifference for Lord Macartney's band of music, they coolly observed that English music was not made for Chinese ears; but they were perfectly astonished, when the gentlemen of the embassy drove the theatrical band from their lodgings, that Chinese music did not make its way to English hearts; though the highest object of comparison at which

which it was rated by our countrymen, was 'the confused jingle and jargon of Bartholomew fair.'

Cordially, then, do we concur in the opinion of M. de Guignes that, to appreciate the claims of the Chinese to a high antiquity, and to an early acquaintance with the sciences, we must understand their language and study their books; but, to form a true estimate of their moral character, we are equally persuaded we must study themselves alone. The materials of which this multitudinous people are composed appear to be of the best kind; they are ingenious and industrious in a very high degree; they are peaceable and abstemious; respectful and submissive; but, overlaid as they are with maxims of morality—preached by their magistrates, printed in their books, and painted on the walls of their apartments—they are, in fact, destitute of sentiment and moral feeling; a want that can only be occasioned by the practical vices of the government acting on the people, and by the palpable inconsistency between the letter of the law and its execution—between what they hear and read, and see, and what they are made to feel. Separated as they are from all other nations, and utterly ignorant of every language but their own, they are taught from their infancy to consider themselves and their country as the only civilised nation in the world. Hence the edge of curiosity, so natural to mankind, is taken off, and all admiration entirely suppressed. Set down one of those Chinese who occasionally visit England, at St. Paul's, and he will walk on without once stopping to cast a look at this stupendous building; should he condescend to turn his head, it will be merely to see what obstructs the light:—ask him what he thinks of it, and his answer will probably be, 'Chinaman house hab more fine.'—Such is the influence of national pride, and a vicious education!

The written character of the Chinese language is well calculated to keep the people in a state of ignorance. The most learned among them may be said, indeed, to employ their whole life in learning their *letters*—to know at sight the name and signification of ten, twenty, thirty, &c. thousand characters, made up by so many different combinations of a very few lines and commas. In endeavouring to explain to our readers the mechanism of the Chinese characters, and to make the present dictionary easy and familiar, it will not be necessary to follow M. de Guignes in his account of the supposed origin and progress of this extraordinary language; nor shall we stop to canvass the justness of his notions respecting the transition from hieroglyphic to alphabetic writing, because we have already recorded our opinion on this intricate but interesting subject; that transition, we agree with him, is not likely to be made by the Chinese, because they have already passed the limit of the hieroglyphics,



phics, reached the wide field of alphabetic writing, and, instead of entering it, turned aside into the inextricable labyrinth of signs and symbols, from which they are never likely to disengage themselves. When we say reached, we mean that if a distinct set of marks or characters, employed solely to represent sounds, can be called an alphabet, the Chinese have long been in possession of one; but the only use to which they have applied it is that of forming a third monosyllabic sound, by dividing two other monosyllables in the manner pointed out in our review of Mr. Marshman's Introduction to the Chinese Language. In fact, the use of an alphabet could not co-exist with the present symbols of the Chinese language; give them the one, and the other is destroyed.

Before we open M. de Guignes's dictionary, it may be necessary to give a short explanation of the principles upon which this singular, we had almost said, philosophical language, is constructed. The elements that constitute it are few and simple—a straight and a curved line, whose position is perpendicular or horizontal, turned to the right or the left, with points or commas variously interspersed, not amounting, according to the Chinese, to more than six, comprehend the whole of these elements, which they write in this shape,

┌ ㄥ ㄨ ㄩ 丨 一, but which, however, are so varied in composition, as to admit of being employed, as the Chinese say, in 56 different ways.

The whole of the Chinese characters (which, according to some, amount to no less than 80,000, though 30,000 are perhaps the extent of those that are really useful) are classified under 214 particular characters, which may be considered as the keys or roots of the language. These keys are divided into seventeen classes; the first of which consists of the six elements abovementioned, with one or two others of a single stroke or line. The second class of keys contains all those of two elements, as 十, 人, &c. the

third three, as 大, 口, &c. the fifth of five, as 禾; the

ninth of nine, as 脊; and the seventeenth of seventeen, as

龠

, the number of the class always expressing the number of elements in each key of that class. The greatest number of keys

will



will be found in the classes from 2 to 8 inclusive; the fourteenth class has only *three* keys in it, the fifteenth and sixteenth only *two*, and the seventeenth or last class only the single character above-written, which signifies a *flute*.

Since, then, there can be no character in the language, into the composition of which some one or other of the 214 keys does not enter, it is quite obvious that little progress can be made by the learner until he has acquired a perfect knowledge of those keys, so as to be able to discover them at once as the component part of any character he may meet with. Some practice will be required to do this with facility and certainty, as several of the characters contain two, three, or even four keys. The difficulty of discovering the right one is further increased by there being no fixed place in or near the character where the key is to stand. Sometimes it is met with on the right, sometimes on the left, frequently at the top, less frequently at the bottom, of the remaining part of the character: perhaps, however, we shall not err greatly in saying that it will most commonly be found on the left side or at the top. Thus

𠂇, *jin*, a *man*, a key of the second class, which serves for the index of a multitude of characters, will be found, with about half a dozen exceptions, on the *left* of the character, as thus 𠂇大, a *great*

*man*; whilst 刀, *tào*, a *knife* or *sword*, generally abbreviated

thus 刀, will most commonly be found on the *right* of the character.

宀, *mien*, a *cover*, the *roof* of a *building*, a key of the third class, is invariably placed at the top; but 日, *je*, the

*sun*, 月, *yeu*, the *moon*, keys of the fourth class, 口, *koo*, the *mouth*, of the third class, and many others, are sometimes found at the top, sometimes at the bottom, frequently on the right, perhaps more frequently on the left, and sometimes even in the middle of characters. On the whole, however, we should say, that the keys of more than two-thirds of the Chinese characters are placed on the *left*.

It may be useful to mention those keys that govern the greatest number of characters. Supposing a dictionary to contain 30,000 characters, more than double the number of those in M. de Guignes's work, the following keys and their corresponding characters will be pretty nearly as under:—

Keys.		No. of Chara
手 or 扌	shoo, a hand - - -	1,
木	moo, wood or tree - - -	1,
水 or 氵	swee, water - - -	1,
艸 or 艹	tsao, plants, grass, &c. -	1,
心 or 忄	sin, the heart - - -	
口	koo, a mouth - - -	
言	yen, a word, speech - - -	
火	ho, fire - - -	
肉	jo, flesh - - -	
女	nieu, a woman - - -	

The keys signifying *man, sun, gold, metals, a gate or door, fishes, birds, shells, horses, dogs*—the *head, the feet*—a *carriage*—to *walk, to travel*, with some others, may be joined with from three to five hundred characters.

We are now prepared to open the Dictionary. Suppose character 口言 occurred, of which we were desirous to know name and signification, we should scarcely hesitate in this instance to consider the key to be 口, *koo*, mouth. Turning then to table of the 214 keys, and looking in that column of it under 'Clefts de trois traits,' we shall soon discover it there with number 30 immediately under it, (that being its appropriate place in the table,) and under that number the word 'page 77.' Turning to page 77 we shall accordingly find the commencement of character

chapter in which all the characters are placed that have the key in question as their root or index. At the head of the chapter the key and the explanation stand as under.

30<sup>e</sup> Clef.

‘

*keou*


 Clef de la bouche: bouche.



*keou*

(1109)

Clavis oris: os, numerale buccellarum. *Seng*—*x*, animalia domestica; *x*—*ky*, modus proprius loquendi patriæ; *y*—*x*, una buccella; *ho*—*x*, ostium fluminis; *hou*—*x*, ostium lacus; *hai*—*x*, maris ostium; *kia*—*x*, homines unius domus; *ho*—*tsong*—*x*—*tchu*, *ping*—*tsong*—*x*—*y*, infortunia ex ore exeunt, morbi per os intrant; *chy*—*x*, maledixi.



The marginal number (1109) is the numerical place of the character in the Dictionary, which is exceedingly useful as a reference to synonyms, and also as a ready and convenient reference from a catalogue of Chinese monosyllables at the end of the book to their respective characters in the Dictionary. The letter *x* is substituted for the marginal word *keou* to avoid the repetition of it.

We have only as yet, however, turned to the key. We must now count the remaining number of lines and points in the character we are in search of, which in the present instance is *seven*. Proceeding then to that division of the chapter of characters arranged under the key , which has for its title ‘7 traits,’ we shall find the identical character standing about the 20th from the commencement of this division as under.

‘  Faire un compliment de condoléance à quelqu’un sur la perte de quelques parens ou d’une dignité.

*yen* Aliquem, sive ob dignitatem amissam, sive ob con-  
(1264) sanguineos vitâ functos, invisere et consolari.’

If we should take the literal sense of the two component parts of this character to be the true sense in which it is meant, (the one part being *mouth* and the other *word*,) we might infer that ‘compliments of condolence in China were mere mouth words’—but more of this presently. Let us take another example to explain the use of the Dictionary.

Suppose we should meet with these two characters  and , whose component parts are precisely the same though

differently arranged; those parts too, it will be obvious, are both of them keys, the one being *je* the sun, the other *moo* wood or tree; looking in the table for the key 日, we are referred to page 274;

and as the remaining part of the character 木, *moo*, has four strokes, we proceed to that division of the chapter of characters under the key *je* marked '4 traits,' and in this division we find only 22 characters, none of which are either of the two characters in question. The real key therefore, we may conclude, is not *je* but *moo*; and turning to the page directed in the table of keys and to the division '4 traits,' (the number in the remaining part of the character,) we first find

日  
木

Clair, blanc.

Clarum, album, patens.

*kao*

(4109)

And the very next to it,

木  
日

Grand, obscur.

Amplum, obscurum, profundum, quietum.

*yao*

(4110)

As *moo* is the character which represents the planet Jupiter, it may be presumed that the opposite meanings of those two characters have some metaphorical allusion drawn from the relative situations of the sun and this planet.

Another example may be sufficient. In this character 水王,

we need scarcely doubt that the key is 水, *swee*, water. Turning then to that key in the table and to that page in the Dictionary pointed out under the key, and proceeding with the eye till it meets the division '4 traits,' we shall find our character standing the third from the top, as under.

水王

Eaux profondes et étendues, débordement d'eaux, inondation, surnom.


*ouang*

Aquæ profundæ et amplæ, aquarum exundatio, inundatio: cognomen. *x—tchy*, lacus; *x—yang*, mare; *x—x* dicitur de lachrymas continente.

In this way the discovery of any other character in the Dictionary is sufficiently simple and easy, provided we are acquainted with the key; and though all the keys are printed as they occur at the top of the page, which alone would be sufficient to guide the search to any required character, yet the numeral reference from each key


to






to the page greatly facilitates the operation. The Dictionary, however, is not so complete as it might have been made. The remaining part of every character, besides the key, should either have been explained immediately after the explanation of the whole character, or by a number referring to some other page, where, as a character, the explanation of this remaining part might be found. This assistance would not only have given additional facility to the learner in acquiring the sense of the characters, but would have contributed greatly to make the study of the language more interesting, as he would then see at once whether the general sense of the character had or had not a relation to its constituent parts.


In the next place as words or sounds are so ambiguous in the Chinese language, it would have been proper, in the illustration of the meaning of characters, by examples of two or three words joined together to give also the written characters of the additional words employed. In the Latin explanation, for instance, of the character , *ouang*, above extracted, we have no means to discover the separate signification of the word *tchy* of the compound *x—tchy* or *ouang—tchy*, which, collectively, are stated to signify *a lake*. The vocabulary of Chinese monosyllables at the end of the book will not help us much; for on referring to that vocabulary we shall find a host of *tchys*, amounting to no less than 231: they are classed, it is true, into 8 divisions, each having a different mark or accent; but dividing 231 by 8, there will still remain 29 to exercise our doubts which of them to select for reference to the Dictionary; and after all, having referred to the whole 29 characters, we may still doubt which of them is the character in question. Looking for *yang* in the compound *ouang-yang*, the *sea*, in the same example we find 45 *yangs*, or so many different characters so called; but as one of them singly signifies the *sea*, we may presume *that* to be the word in question, and the number under it will direct us immediately to the corresponding character in the Dictionary.



Generally speaking, however, we do not see the least use in this vocabulary of Chinese monosyllables; we are not enabled by them to trace a character from its sound, or to write a character from having its name, which is one great object of a Dictionary. In the present form of M. de Guignes's work, we may, it is true, be enabled to read and translate a Chinese book; but it affords us no assistance to turn any other language into the Chinese character. Had he given us a Latin—or French-Chinese as well as a Chinese-Latin-and-French dictionary, the work would have approached nearer to perfection, and have been far more useful.


From the few examples which we have given, it cannot fail to be

observed that the meaning of the key governs the sense of the character. If this was found invariably to be the case, the Chinese might truly be considered as a philosophical language; as one then approached more nearly than any attempt hitherto made, to an 'Universal Character,'—in fact, as the only practical system of pinyin that promised success. The principle of the structure is, indeed, admirable; but the plan has been sadly marred in the execution. In the first place the greater number of the keys have been ill chosen to represent the roots or indices under which corresponding ideas ought to be classed. They are not such as are suited for generalization of objects or ideas; such as ought to embrace grand features of nature, whether animate or inanimate; to represent the leading qualities and circumstances, the actions, passions and affections, so as to shew at a glance the general character of the picture employed—we call it picture, because there are so many grounds to believe that in the origin of the language each character was a rude representation of the object intended to be represented. It is however no longer the picture-language of the ancient Egyptians and the Mexicans. Père Amiot, in his letter from Peking to the Royal Society of London, brings forward a number of ancient characters where the object intended to be expressed is evidently attempted to be represented; as well as some others still in use which he thinks the object may yet be traced,—for instance a man, thus , though the legs only remain. A river,

thinks, may still be recognised in , and fire in , one being intended to represent waves and the other sparks. The sun he says was once , but has been changed, for the sake of convenience, to ; and the moon, which once was  to

Something too resembling the object is fancied in , a

but more distinctly seen in , a cultivated field; in  a

and in  to shoot with an arrow. Faint as these resemblances

are, they are but few in number, and lead not to any effectual purpose for understanding the language. We shall do much better to consider all the characters as composed of certain conventional marks, out of which 214 have been selected as so many gen-

and under which all our ideas are to be arranged and classified, forming so many *species* belonging to each genus.

That the *genera* are ill-chosen will at once be seen, when we mention that the *nose*, the *teeth*, *old age*, *obedience*, *hemp*, *salt*, *vases*, the *face*, the *voice*, the *bones*, a *dragon*, a *tiger*, a *tortoise*, and many others equally incapable of generalization, are among the number. There are seven or eight different keys to represent the act of *walking*: the numeral *eight* is a key, under which is arranged the numeral *six*. About two-thirds of the keys being the representatives of such limited and individual objects, it is obvious that the language must be imperfect, uncertain, and obscure: where the keys are well chosen, the signification of almost every character governed by them has a direct affinity with the meaning of its key. Thus under the *heart*, all the characters will be found to express some passion, sentiment, or affection of the mind, as love, hatred, joy, grief, fear, courage, malice, &c.; under trees or wood, all manner of buildings, ships, machines, and implements made of wood, as well as all trees of every kind for use or ornament; under water, all that relate to seas, rivers, lakes, ponds, canals, &c. and also to rain, dews, liquors, and all humid substances.

In the next place, the characters connected with the keys appear for the most part to have been ill selected; so that no human ingenuity can trace the connection between the *species* and the *genus*. We shall first give a few specimens where the direct and palpable meaning from the connection is obviously pointed out; then of those whose signification is as obviously metaphorical, and lastly, a few of those bungling specimens of composition, where the author could have possessed no feeling or conception of the beauty and accuracy of expression of which his materials were capable.

1st, Those of obvious signification. 水, *ouang*, a sheet of deep water, is composed of *water* and *majestic*:

囚, *tcheu*, a prison, a *man* in a *square*, a person shut up within four walls. *Water* and *mother*, the sea, the mother of all waters. *Mouth* combined with *great*, makes *uproar*, *noise*. *Man* added to *great*, makes a great man, a man in power. A *tree* and *great*, a great tree growing alone. *Good* with *word*, is praise. *Tears* are expressed by *water* and *eye*.

The repetition of a character denotes plurality, as 人, *man*, 人人, a multitude; thus, *to* signifies many; *to to*, all; *moo*, a tree; repeated, a thicket; thrice repeated, a forest.



2dly, Those characters used metaphorically are much more numerous. In this way we should suppose the number, where the allusion is pretty obvious from the separate signification of the component parts, may perhaps amount to about one-fifth part of the language. Of these the following are a few examples:

信, *chong*, faithful, a *man* and *word*; *fire* and *water* express

calamity; *fire* and *sword*, the same; and, what is singular enough, the *broken reed*, from which we, and the Latins, &c. before us, took the idea, is, with the Chinese also, expressive of misfortune and calamity; probably from the very extensive use of the *arundo bamboo*.

悶, a *heart* and *door*, grief, oppression; 聞, an *ear* and

*door*, to listen; a *heart* and *slave* signify wrath, wrangling, contention; a *heart* and *knife*, affliction; a *heart* under the *point* of a *sword*, patience; a *heart* and *middle*, fidelity; a *heart* and *field*, meditation; *words* and *fine* or *grand*, deceit; *heart*, *truth*, and *words*, sincerity; a *bargain* or *contract* is a *word* and a *nail*; a *kingdom* is a *mouth* and *warlike instruments* within a *square*, *arms* and *counsel* being the best protection of a state; *mouth* and *ten* make *antiquity*, to which, if *words* be added, the character implies the doctrine of the ancients. *Time*, twice repeated, is *eternity*.

Some of the allusions though local and peculiar, may yet be explained; as, for instance, the character *woman*, combined with that of *son*, signifies *good*, *agreeable*, because it denotes affection, and because the want of children is considered as a reproach. A second, or assistant wife, (called by the missionaries a concubine,) is denoted by *woman* and *honour* or *exaltation*. The character of *woman* repeated is *strife*; thrice repeated, inordinate desire, falsehood. Quiet, silence, are expressed by *woman* and the *inner apartment* of the house. A *spinning wheel* is composed of the *wheel* of a carriage and *royal*, being an allusion to the wife of Hoang-tie, the inventor of spinning silk. A *king* within a *door* or *gateway* is the character expressing the intercalary moon, because on this occasion the king or chief came and stood in the door. A *mouth*, added to a *sage* or *learned man*, expresses virtue, happiness, gain, because the words of a sage lead to those results. In these allusions the language may certainly be considered as characteristic of the nation. We observe, for instance, that the combination of the character *woman* is almost universally employed sarcastically or in a bad sense, which is perfectly consistent with a people among whom females are held in little consideration; thus, slavery, wrath, contention, deceit, falsehood, are all arranged under the key for woman; quiet, ease, rest,

is a woman shut up, and happiness, comfort, &c. is expressed by a woman under a roof or cover, which can only mean the grave, over which a roof is generally built.

3dly, This class, of which Europeans can trace no relation between the meaning of the separate parts and the whole, composes the great mass of Chinese characters, of which we shall give a few examples.

A heart under the character heaven, thus 天, signifies shame, dishonour. Moon repeated is a friend or companion, perhaps one of two months acquaintance; a hand combined with the sun is to dig the earth; with the moon, to open, to break. The

key water joined to the key or character woman, thus 女, is the personal pronoun thou or ye. The key wood or tree above the

key or character mouth, thus 木, is an apricot, but under the

mouth, thus 口, a stupid ignorant fellow; and through the mouth,

thus 束, it signifies to bind, to stop, the number ten, &c. The

key wood, before the character west, is the sleep of birds, rest in general; but under the character west, is a chesnut tree, and also to be afraid. By what possible combination of circumstances or al-

lusion the key horse and the numeral ten, thus 十, can be

made to express a one-year old horse, would probably puzzle a Chinese to explain. We shall mention but one more: the key which signifies a tortoise, of sixteen 'traits,' joined to another character composed of forty-eight, making altogether sixty-four strokes, is employed to express a talkative person.\*


This almost general deviation from the principle on which the language was originally formed, would induce us to conclude that these characters were never meant for the Chinese; but that they had received them from a people more ancient than themselves, and in fitting them to their monosyllables, had wholly misapplied them. It was the opinion of M. Bailly and the Abbé Roussier,

\* For a more detailed account of the construction of this singular language, we must refer our readers to Art. I. No. VI. of the Quarterly Review.

after the long and elaborate researches made by the one into their astronomy, and by the other into their musical science, that the Chinese were themselves the remains of some ancient and civilized nation, who had preserved the fragments of a true system, without preserving the principles on which it had been grounded; a conjecture which, if admitted, would at once account for the non-progressive state of the sciences for so many ages.

The characters must, we think, originally have belonged to a polysyllabic language, each component part of every character being a significant syllable. This is far from being the case as we now find them. The separate parts, as we have observed, have not in a great majority of the characters the least affinity to the signification of the compound; and, in general, the *name* of the compound character, which is invariably a monosyllable, has no relation to any one of the *names* of the several parts of which it is

compounded. For instance, we find no trace of , *yao*, ob-

scurity, in , *moo*, a tree, or *je*, the sun, whose combination would naturally have suggested *mao-je*; nor can it be conceived by what possible association of ideas *je*, the sun, and *yué*, the moon, when combined, should have been called *ming*; there not being a single letter in *ming* common to either of the other. *Ming* is a syllabic sound that might have existed in their spoken language before the introduction of any written character, expressive of brilliancy and splendour; and in fitting the compounded character of the sun and the moon to this old monosyllable, they followed the dictates of common sense: but this is rarely the case; for in general we meet with associations which chance or caprice only could have formed. We believe that there is no instance of the Chinese having created a new *word*; but new characters are added to the language every year; hence it necessarily follows that old names must be given to them, and hence the want of connection between the sound and the meaning of the new character, or any of its parts. In fact, we can conceive nothing either in art or nature so perfectly discordant and ill-suited to one another, as the written and spoken languages of China. Most certainly they were never meant to be brought together, or to be made use of by one and the same people. Whence they had these characters, or what circumstances led to the adoption of them, their history does not say, though we believe there are numerous volumes in their language which treat on the origin of them. We pretend not to be prepared for such deep research; but we would recommend it to the new professor of the Chinese language at Paris, who

who was just placed in the chair by Louis XVIII. when that monarch was driven from his throne by the basest treachery that ever disgraced a civilized people. Had M. de Guignes lost it by his homage to Buonaparte? With all our abhorrence of this man, and all our contempt for his adherents, we should be sorry if that were the case; and we merely put the question from a conviction of the great superiority which De Guignes possesses over M. Abel de Remusat who, we perceive, betrays, on the very threshold, an unpardonable ignorance of his subject, by broadly asserting in his introductory lecture on the Chinese language, that the English have done nothing in it since the time of Hyde. Has then this new professor never heard of the Translation of the *Ta-tsing-leu-lee*; the Code of Laws of the Chinese Empire, by Sir George Staunton? a work that yields in nothing to the Laws of Menu, by Sir W. Jones, who had the aid of a learned pundit, whereas Sir George Staunton had no assistance, in a language infinitely more difficult and obscure than the Sanscrit?—Has he never heard of Mr. Marshman's valuable Introduction to the Chinese Language, and his ponderous volumes of translation from Confucius?—nor of Morrison's *Horæ Sinicæ*, or his translation of the whole of the New Testament into the Chinese language?—nor, yet more, of the *Ly-tang* and the Conquest of the *Miao-tsé*, two imperial poems of *Kien-Lung*, and the *Siao-tsee-lin* and the Chinese Genesis, and last and best, the translation of *Fan-hy-cheu*, a moral tale, all of them by the Rev. Stephen Weston, F. R. S. and F. A. S.? Surely Mr. Professor Remusat must have dreamt away the present century, to be so grossly ignorant as to assert that Hager is the only person who has done any thing in Chinese literature in England! Did he never hear of Montucci, the bold and successful antagonist of this high German doctor? He hints something indeed rather obscurely of the conscription having interrupted his Chinese studies; perhaps—but this is conjecture—he may have been dragged away to the army; if so, it will account at once for his total want of information on a subject on which he has undertaken to deliver lectures.

With all the imperfections of M. de Guignes's Dictionary, we are thankful for it in its present form. Whether Mr. Morrison will give us a better, or (if it be true that the Directors of the East India Company have taken the alarm, and thought it prudent to dispense with his services) whether he will give us one at all, we consider as very doubtful; but if Mr. Marshman would undertake to print a translation of Kang-hy's dictionary, we are fully persuaded that it would supersede all others, and be the most acceptable present which he could possibly make to the cultivators of Chinese literature in Europe.

Europeans find a great obstacle to the dissemination of Chinese literature

literature from the inconvenience and expense of cutting the blocks or single dies for the impressions of the characters. An attempt was made, and is stated to have been partially successful, to print them by types in the ordinary manner, by arranging the component parts of the characters as the compositors do the letters of the alphabet, and joining those parts together so as to compose the character required; but this we conceive to be a hopeless undertaking. The compositor, unacquainted with the multitude of parts and their endless combinations, would unavoidably commit innumerable errors, and consume a great deal of time in effecting little progress: but there is another, and, we believe, an insurmountable difficulty; the parts of the characters cross each other in all directions, which would make it impossible to put them together in the fount; for

instance, how could the two parts 弓 and 大 be put toge-

ther, thus 考, in the frame? yet this is a simple character in

comparison with the general mass of characters that occur. The best way unquestionably is that of the Chinese, who have one block of wood for each page. It is liable however to this inconvenience, that for a popular work, such as an Encyclopedia, of which the Chinese have a very voluminous one, it would require a whole warehouse to preserve the blocks for future editions. After all, it is neither more nor less than our recent *invention*, as we are pleased to call it, of the stereotype.

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ART. III. *A Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn up from the Communications of the Clergy.* By William Shaw Mason, Esq. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 652. Dublin. 1814.

WE have received this volume from the sister kingdom with great satisfaction. It has long been a reproach cast against us by the Irish, that we are grossly ignorant of all that relates to Ireland; and we do not pretend to deny the fact—though we must deny that it affords any peculiar ground of censure; for, we will ask, are the Irish themselves better informed on this interesting subject? Local details, undoubtedly, which fall under the observation of each individual, are known almost exclusively to the inhabitants of any particular country; but we are really at a loss to name that Irishman, to whom we could venture to refer for a general and enlarged view of the situation of his native country, in respect to the great objects which constitute the essence of national prosperity. We are sure that no books exist to which we could appeal for information.

We

We have seen some pamphlets which appeared to us liberal in their views and candid in their judgments; but slight declamations, however eloquent, are not the fountains of knowledge.—On the other hand, we have had thick octavos of statistics, and heavy quartos of laborious detail, so disfigured by the ignorance, the presumption, and the political rancour of the writers, that we turn away from what they call *facts* with doubt and perplexity, and from what they would pass off as *reasoning*, with contempt or disgust.

Under these circumstances we cannot but feel, that the readiness with which the Irish impute to the English an ignorance of their country,—which is common to themselves, and which, either with regard to themselves or to us, they have taken so little pains to remove,—partakes rather of the querulousness of those who know themselves to be in the wrong, and are ashamed to confess it, than of the candid desire of attracting the notice of intelligent inquirers.

Under these circumstances also, we are inclined to be satisfied in Irish statistics with much less than we should have expected from a similar work relating to England or Scotland;—nay, we are inclined to be pleased even with the deficiencies which are so obvious in Mr. Mason's reports. It could scarcely be hoped, under the present state of Ireland, that one comprehensive yet accurate representation could be obtained of its political condition and national character—to have executed such a work is much beyond the powers of any individual, and we do not believe that any society of authors could be found so far agreeing, even in general facts and opinions, as to concur in the preliminaries necessary to such a conjoint undertaking.

We, therefore, approve the modesty and good sense of Mr. Mason, who contents himself with rendering a less brilliant, but a more solid benefit to his country. He does not aspire to any higher title than that of a collector and editor of a series of statistical tracts on the several parishes, which (in consequence of a circular application) he is in the course of receiving from the parochial clergy of Ireland; and we think that nothing could be more judicious than the application which Mr. Mason addressed to the clergy, and nothing more honourable to themselves, and more pregnant with advantage to their country, than the manner in which, it seems, they are disposed to answer this call. Mr. Mason asked not political or philosophical disquisitions, which many could not have given, which many would have declined to give, even if they could, and which, if given, could not have failed to partake of a party spirit, or a tone of political discussion unfavourable to the cause of truth, derogatory to the character, and dangerous to the comfort of the minister himself. The readers, therefore, of these tracts must not be surprised to find sometimes a dry, and what may, at the first glance, appear an uninte-

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uninteresting statement of facts : on a more mature consideration, he will see in them the evidences of the present state of national character and civilisation, and the materials of the future history of the people ; and he will be pleased to find that many of the reports are distinguished by much accuracy of inquiry, force of reasoning, and very eminent literary ability.

The following is a table of the sections in which the account of every parish is arranged ; and without entering into any discussion whether the arrangement is sufficiently scientific or comprehensive, we think we may assert, that it includes all the great objects of inquiry, and that, at all events, nothing can be more satisfactory, and ultimately advantageous, than the general adoption of *one fixed scale* or formula, even though it should be in some degree imperfect in its theory.

‘ I.—The name of the parish, ancient and modern ; its situation, extent, and division, climate and topographical description.

‘ II.—Mines, minerals, and all other natural productions.

‘ III.—Modern buildings, both public and private, including towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, inns, &c.—the roads, scenery, and superficial appearance of the parish.

‘ IV.—Ancient buildings, monastic and castellated ruins, monuments and inscriptions, or other remains of antiquity.

‘ V.—Present and former state of population ; the food, fuel, and general appearance ; mode of living and wealth of the inhabitants ; diseases and instances of longevity.

‘ VI.—The genius and dispositions of the poorer classes ; their language, manners and customs, &c.

‘ VII.—The education and employment of their children, schools, state of learning, public libraries, &c. collection of Irish MSS. or historical documents relating to Ireland.

‘ VIII.—State of the religious establishment, mode of tythes, parochial funds and records, &c.

‘ IX.—Modes of agriculture, crops, stocks of cattle, rural implements, chief proprietors' names, and average value of land, prices of labour, fairs and markets, &c.

‘ X.—Trade and manufactures, commerce, navigation and shipping, freight, &c.

‘ XI.—Natural curiosities, remarkable occurrences, and eminent men.

‘ XII.—Suggestions for improvement ; and means for ameliorating the situation of the people.

‘ APPENDIX.—Consisting of statistical tables, containing the value of the stock, annual produce of the parish, &c. &c.’

The volume now before us (the first of a series) contains the accounts of twenty-nine parishes, arranged in the foregoing order. It is not our present purpose to enter into any criticism of the abilities with which the parochial clergy have filled up the outline traced to them by Mr. Mason. Indeed, we are anxious to avoid any



any thing which might tend to repress the zeal of individuals to contribute to this work; and we might do ultimately more harm than good, by observing, with the distinctions of praise or censure, (which, however, we have not failed to make in our own minds,) upon the exertions of persons who publish,—not for fame, nor for money, but—gratuitously, and in the execution of what they conceive to be a duty befitting their stations, and advantageous to the great interests with which, as Christian pastors, they are charged.

But though this feeling forbids us to descend to the minuteness of criticism, and though the very nature of the work disables us from offering to our readers in extracts, any view of its merits or defects, yet perhaps we may be allowed to make a few general observations in the sincere desire of contributing to its improvement.

In the first place, we must lament that Mr. Mason has not thought himself justified in using somewhat of an editor's privilege, either in suppressing irrelevant or tautological observations, or in adding (by the way of *notes*) supplementary information—the correction of mistakes—references to scattered passages relating to the same matter—and, finally, some endeavour, at least, to reconcile or explain contradictory statements.

To the *text* of the original reports we certainly should not wish him to add any thing: but surely it cannot be necessary to print them *literally* as they are transmitted to him. In such a body as the clergy of Ireland there will be found men of very different tastes, habits, and talents; and—all having the best intentions—some undoubtedly will not at first hit upon the best way of executing them. It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of Mr. Mason to endeavour to persuade his reverend correspondents that this or that passage was misplaced, or liable to misapprehension, or unnecessary; and if it should be his ill fortune (as perhaps it cannot fail to be) sometimes to encounter an author so blind as not to see his own faults, and so obstinate as not to adopt his editor's advice—we trust that Mr. Mason will not feel himself obliged to print, merely because another has written, a dull, bigoted, or mistaken report, but that he will endeavour to obtain from some other quarter a statement more worthy of his work and of the public.

We could wish, for instance, that the account of one parish had not been interrupted by the insertion of a ballad written by a farmer on a village sempstress; or that of another, by a translation of the first ode of Horace, by a mountain bard. Verses ought to be very good or very curious, and should, in either case, be immediately connected with localities, to be admitted to a place in such a work. We hope Mr. Mason will be more strict on this point in future.

We regret, also, to perceive some instances of mere *declamation*—that against absentees, for example—in which, let us venture to say

say it, the reverend writer transgresses his functions, and is unconsciously betrayed into false principles and inflammatory verbiage, which cannot but injure the work to which he is a contributor, and excite doubts concerning his own temper and talents. We touch this point lightly and generally, not only because we really wish to avoid giving offence, but because it would not be possible, in an article of a review, to define the limits where necessary or natural *observation* ceases, and where useless and injurious *declamation* begins; 'therein' the editor 'must minister unto himself,' and to the public; it is his own good sense which must decide in such cases, and we make these remarks chiefly with a view of strengthening his hands against his coadjutors;—the public, we assure him, will complain, and his work will undoubtedly fail altogether, if he does not exercise a wholesome restraint over the self-love of his correspondents.

So much for redundancies—but there is ground also to complain of some deficiencies; for instance, such observations as these not unfrequently occur:

'Section IV.—There is nothing worthy of remark in this way, except the ruins of a church and two old castles.'

Surely it is of the essence of such a work that we should have some fuller account of these ancient churches and castles—their history—documentary, if it can be obtained,—but at least, oral and traditional. We attach particular value to information of this kind in a country like Ireland, of which the domestic history is in a state of profound obscurity, though the face of the country is studded over with the ruins of churches and castles, of each of which the history lives at least in the memory of its neighbours, and if written and compared with other collections of the same nature, would furnish a most curious and copious fund of local intelligence.

We are sorry also to see that the *statistical tables* are not all on the same plan; this will be found hereafter exceedingly inconvenient, as it will render it impossible to collect and combine these particular returns into general results, which is the only object worth attaining. In only one parish of the twenty-nine are the relative numbers of the Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Protestant Dissenters stated; this is a double subject of regret to us—regret that information so very valuable should be withheld in so great a number of cases, and that it should have been given in *one* in which the proportion of Protestants over the Catholics greatly exceeds the general rate of the country. This has an air of bad faith, which cannot but do injury to the work. We would earnestly request Mr. Mason to direct the attention of his correspondents to this important point, on which, perhaps more than any other, they will find

find the fullest employment for their candour and impartiality. As the returns, as far they relate to the Catholic population, must be for the most part matter of estimate, great differences of opinion will undoubtedly arise; all that we can expect from the clergy is, that each should give his honest and unbiassed judgment on the subject; it may be to him a subject of regret that the disproportion on the side of his own church should be so considerable as it will frequently be found; but we confidently hope that this will never be permitted to affect his calculations.

On the parts of the publication which are peculiarly Mr. Mason's, we have a few suggestions to make. The first is, that we could wish that some kind of *order* had been preserved in the arrangement of the parishes, either alphabetical, provincial, or diocesan. The twenty-nine parishes stand, we admit, in this volume in the *alphabetical* order of their names; and it is perhaps intended that the same practice shall be observed in future volumes; but this we must be allowed to say will, in the end, be no order at all. Mr. Mason's work, in its present form and style of printing, would probably consist of fifty volumes; and if each volume is to contain parishes of all counties, of all dioceses, and of names beginning with every letter from A to Z, it is clear that it would be just as well to let the printer place them according to his own fancy. We venture to suggest to Mr. Mason the propriety of adopting the *ecclesiastical* arrangement by *archiepiscopal provinces* and *dioceses*; in each diocese it might be proper to arrange the parishes alphabetically.

The objection to this has not escaped us; namely, that the publication must then be delayed till all the materials have been collected. Now this we think an objection which, if Mr. Mason and we do not greatly over-rate the zeal of the clergy, cannot be of any considerable weight. The history of one parish could not occupy much more time than that of another; and if the task of the editor be only, or little more than, to arrange the reports which he receives, the publication might surely go on sufficiently quickly. But where is the necessity for this prodigious haste? We have already said that we think the editor has something more to do than merely to receive the reports and correct the press, and we see no reason why he might not look to extend the period of his labours to three or four years. We are aware of the impatience of the Irish character, but this we think would be sufficiently gratified, and public interest kept alive, by the publication of a volume every six months.

Of the shape too of the publication we beg leave to say, that for such an object the *octavo* size seems to have been inconveniently adopted. *Quartos*, printed as quartos used to be of old, upon paper not too expensive, appear to us the best form for a work of such

magnitude. Nor should we despair of seeing, by due economy of space, the reports from each of the four provinces brought into one volume.

The quarto has also the advantage of affording a more suitable size to the plates with which Mr. Mason may present his readers; but we regret to be obliged to say that the execution of the plates which have been published in this volume is utterly disgraceful—we fear that the Irish artists are not very able; certain it is that nothing can be worse than those engravings, and that even in the mere mechanical process of *striking-off*, the negligence of the workman appears to have rivalled the incapacity of the artist.

It may seem doubtful whether it be worth while to go to the expense of a map of each parish—we are of opinion that it is; and that these maps should enter as far as may be possible into local details: but then we would have no other engravings; no coins, no tombs, no landscapes, which even if well executed would not compensate for the increase of expense; but executed as they are in this volume, throw an appearance of vulgarity and ridicule over a respectable and valuable work.

On the whole, we earnestly recommend that the volume now published should be considered in the light rather of a Prospectus, than as the foundation of a work, and that Mr. Mason should with all diligence endeavour to prepare a publication, in quarto, of one of the archiepiscopal provinces. If this change of system should create any additional expense, we are quite sure it would be more than compensated by the superior value which the work would acquire; but if it should be necessary, we trust that the liberality and public spirit of the Irish government would be able to find some means of contributing to the expense of a work, the risk of which might become too great for an individual like Mr. Mason to bear, and the pecuniary responsibility of which could not fail to harass and distract his mind from his literary part of his undertaking.

We are glad to learn from the dedication that Mr. Mason's work has the countenance of Mr. Peel, the chief secretary of the lord lieutenant. It is well becoming a young man of generous feelings, of high literary attainments, and of enlarged views of his political duty, to exert the influence of his station for the local advantage of that part of the empire with which he has become officially connected; and when we see him endeavouring to encourage a spirit of literary inquiry into useful objects, and assisting with his support the humble labourers in the field of local history, we cannot refuse to offer our tribute of applause, and to express our satisfaction that Mr. Mason prosecutes his useful work under such favourable auspices.

ART. IV. *Roderick, the last of the Goths.* By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. London: Longman and Co. 1815. Two vols. 12mo.

**N**O poet in our language, or perhaps in any other, has been more the object of contemporary criticism than Mr. Southey. The frequency and boldness of his flights astonished those who could not follow him, and who, naturally enough, when they saw him enlarging the range of his art beyond their conception, solaced themselves with an opinion of his having deviated from its rules. If poetry has any fundamental rules but those which best exhibit the feelings of the human heart, we confess that we are strangers to them. It is in proportion to his knowledge of these, and to his power of developing and delineating their action and effects, that the world in general will bestow their tribute of approbation upon the poet. Whether he lays his scene in heaven or earth, his business is with human sympathies, exalted perhaps by the grandeur of the objects which excite them, or called into existence by the circumstances which he creates, but still in their nature, progress, and ends, in every sense of the word, human.

*These* must be the main springs and active principles of a poem; and, compared to them, the power of all other machinery is weak and puerile. Our notions of divinity (unassisted by the light of Revelation) must be founded on the experience of what we ourselves feel and think. The gods who are to be introduced into a poem must have a shape and a tangibility. We can invent no form more agreeable to the eye, or more complete and adequate to all known purposes, than our own; and we can imagine no mode of intellectual existence different from that for which our own minds are constructed. By increasing the size, the beauty, and majesty of these deities, we endow them at once with a personal superiority; and by heightening in them the attributes of our own nature to a degree beyond that in which we ourselves possess them, we obtain an idea of beings of enlarged powers and intelligence. These may serve for gods to those who will be contented to take them as such; but in fact they are only mortals highly endowed. The poet can oppose them to each other, and allot to each what portion of power he pleases; but when they are called in as auxiliaries they merely rob the real characters in the poem of their interest without exciting any for themselves. No one in reading the *Iliad* cares much about the party feelings that distract the parliament of Olympus. Hector is not a favourite with the reader because the side on which he fights is that of Mars and Venus. We love him

him for his own sake, not for that of his patrons. When Mars, indeed, descends into the field, his presence serves to heighten the brilliancy of the scene, and to make the tempest of war rage with increased fury; but for the main interest nothing is gained by this interference. If he were made to exert his super-human powers, his antagonists could have nothing to oppose to them; and as the contest would be unequal, and the result foreseen, it would excite less attention than a contest between mere mortals; if these powers are suspended in the god during the struggle, he can only fight like any other hero of the poem, whose place he would usurp for the time.

When Diomedes is obliged to quit the field in consequence of the manifestation of the wrath of Jupiter, who does not see that the sublimity of the passage consists in the quickness with which the intelligence passes between the god and the mind of the hero?

————— Τυδείδης δὲ διανδιχα μερμήριξε  
 Ἴππυς τε σρεψαι, καὶ ἰναήϊδιον μαχίσασθαι.  
 Τρὶς μὲν μερμηριξε κατὰ φρενα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·  
 Τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὄρεων κλυπε μήλιτα Ζεὺς,  
 Σῆμα τιθεὶς Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἔπειραλκεα νίκη. *Ιλ. Θ. 167.*

Here the communication is immediate, and without the intervention of any subordinate agent. The machinery if such it may be called, which Mr. Southey has employed in all his former poems, is of this nature. It is a machinery of intelligence and the passions, and it forms the distinguishing feature of his composition. In Joan of Arc he has made all the great events to result from the enthusiasm and virtues of his heroine. Her communications with heaven are carried on through the medium of an exalted feeling to whose dictates her prowess is to be attributed. The consequences which follow the display of it are just and natural. Her character is sufficiently elevated above common life to make it worthy of the lofty tones of poetry, yet not placed above the sphere of human sympathies, nor degraded by being made the puppet of a set of imaginary agents.

In the romance of Thalaba the same system is preserved; and though it is a tale of entire fiction which requires that the reader should admit the existence of magic for its basis, yet Thalaba is assisted by no power which might not be more than equally the protector of his antagonists; and so far from being superior in preternatural means, when he has cast off the ring which Mohareb reproaches him for wearing, he opposes only to the sorcerer

—— the enthusiast mind,  
 The inspiration of his soul:

and when he asks the penitent angels Haruth and Maruth for the talisman







travagant and unwieldy of all mythologies, there is no interference on the part of beings of a higher nature than the actors in the scene, but the end is accomplished by agents with whose operation we are at least acquainted, if we are not familiar with its extent. Innocence is opposed to vice, patience to cruelty. The moral interest rises as the poem proceeds, and moral justice crowns its conclusion.

It is not surprising that minds educated in the habit of classifying should confine their notions of poetry within certain limits, which, because they had not been passed, were deemed impassable, or that they should censure as transgressions any deviations from the beaten path. Certainly each deviation must be daring, but an authority may be derived from its success. Without detracting from the merits of the ancients, we may yet hesitate to pronounce that no other models can be produced. Beautiful and majestic as all must confess them to be, we may still be permitted to examine into the latent causes of our approbation; and if we find that this arises from lending ourselves to a belief in their fictions, and yielding to the superstition founded on them, we are not far from discovering that the system is adapted only to the subject. The preternatural agency introduced into the poems of the ancients was suited to the people who believed its influence in real life. Homer had his gods, and Shakspeare his witches and ghosts. We look at them still with wonder and awe, but much of the charm of their effect must necessarily be lost upon an enlightened and incredulous age, and it is only by transporting our imaginations and feelings back to the periods of their fancied power that we can render ourselves at all susceptible of their influence. But this subjection, whether it be voluntary or the consequence of education, does not by any means oblige us to close our eyes to other sources of delight, or to straiten the sphere of our enjoyment.

Nature offers a boundless range to observation in all her productions animate or inanimate, and it would be bold to assert that any of them are below the attention of genius. Before vulgar optics they pass without notice; but the poet sees them decked in the forms and colours with which his 'mind's eye' invests them, gives them a body which they possessed not before, and presenting them in their new characters seems to create and to people a world from his own imagination.

Critics who exercise their trade according to precedents only, and who would exclude all models but those sanctioned by antiquity and use, may deny the existence of this power, or censure the employment of it; but experience tells us that it exists, and taste and judgment are gratified by the exercise of it. They have for ages drawn their canons from these examples, and with a notable zeal for the confirmation of their dominion, have established a school  
and

omulgated its laws in the spirit of intolerance. The unenter-  
and the dull have not been galled by the restraint; but real  
must have felt with indignation the pressure of the fetters  
art had forged and prescription rivetted.

Southey has shewn the validity of his system in the poems  
ch we have thought it due to him to take a cursory view;  
ether he has drawn from the inexhaustible sources of his  
agination and created both his personages and the world  
he has given them to inhabit, or set before us pictures of ele-  
humanity, his principle has been true to nature, and his ap-  
on of it consistent through even the wildest of his fables.  
poets may have drawn down the gods and mingled them in  
ory; but he has planted a divinity in the very breasts of men,  
ough the invisible agency of passion, moved them by springs  
more natural and more powerful than have ever been obtained  
e inconsistent and treacherous aid of classical fictions. He  
before the public now with his system proved and matured:  
ch to fame has been regular, and he has made himself master  
ground over which he has passed.

history of *RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs*, is in-  
in so much obscurity, and so confounded with legendary  
hat little of its truth can be discovered. We hardly know  
han that in the beginning of the 8th century the Moors, at  
tation of Count Julian, governor of Ceuta and of Andalusia,  
l Spain, and after a continued battle of eight days, defeated  
aniards on the plain of Xeres.

ccounting for the treason of Count Julian, the historian is  
l to take tradition for his guide; and, though the politician  
philosopher may find more probable and more plausible  
s for the crime, the Spaniards will continue to ascribe it  
irst of vengeance for the honour of his daughter violated by  
ck.

short preface Mr. Southey has told us of the enmity be-  
the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba. Theodo-  
re younger son of the former, had been defeated and de-  
of his sight by Witiza, who was of the family of the latter.  
the brother of Theodofred, was murdered at the instigation  
wife, by Witiza, with whom she lived in adultery, and who  
her son Pelayo into exile. Roderick recovered the throne  
ather, and retaliated upon Witiza the cruelty inflicted upon  
fortunate Theodofred; but he spared Orpas the brother, or,  
ng to some, the son of the tyrant, and Ebba and Sisibert  
duce of the adulterous connection with the mother of Pe-  
This mistaken clemency allowed the seeds of disorder to  
t; and when the Moors made their appearance they found

in a divided kingdom no lack of cowards and traitors to yield them obedience and succour. In the disorder which followed the defeat at Xeres, the king quitted the car in which he rode, and mounted his horse Orelia for flight: his real fate was never known, but his crown, his robe, and the royal steed were found on the banks of the Bætis, and it was supposed that 'the last of the Goths' had perished in its stream.

The fabulous Chronicle of Don Rodrigo relates, that after the battle he stripped off his royal attire and wandered to the court of Portugal. Here he found a hermit, with whom he abode three days, at the end of which the anchorite died, after having prescribed a rule of life to the fallen king. He remained in this solitude one year, subject to as violent temptations as St. Anthony, and like that holy person resisting them all. At the end of this time he was directed by an immediate command from heaven to follow a white cloud which should conduct him to the spot where his penance was to terminate. He obeyed the injunction, and his supernatural guide stopped over another hermitage. The elder of the place, the only one remaining of a brotherhood which had been dispersed after the defeat of the king, assisted him in his devotions and obtained from heaven a revelation of the ultimate penance enjoined. With the aid of this good father, Roderick was to inclose himself alive in a tomb with a two-headed serpent, and in that situation to await his death patiently. The chronicle goes on to state that the tomb was discovered in the 13th century, and that it bore this inscription, *Hic jacet Rodericus, ultimus Rex Gothorum*. Mr. Southey is inclined to credit the fact of this discovery, as there do not appear to have been any interested motives connected with the assertion of it, or any 'intention of setting up a shrine' to enrich the monks of the place.

The poem opens with a brief statement of Roderick's offence, the Moorish invasion, and the disastrous result of the battle on the plain of Xeres.

The character of Roderick is immediately brought forward. He is represented with the rudiments of greatness and goodness in his nature, but betrayed into error by uncontrouled passions, while his virtues render him doubly susceptible of the pangs which his conscience inflicts upon him. In a state of excitement and elevated feeling which, though they do not produce actual disease of intellect, prepare him for self-deception, he imagines that he is called upon by heaven to preserve his life and to repent.

He quits the field of battle disguised in the weeds which he strips from the dead body of a peasant. The night is passed in a feverish contest between hope and despair, and the morning presents to his view the sad effects of his crime, in the desolated and deserted country

This act may be considered as the beginning of his penance, and not the least difficult portion of it. The poet has shewn his judgment and his skill in human nature, by the mode in which he has represented the performance of this act, which gives us a clear and early insight into the character of his hero. Roderick struggles with himself before he can make a successful effort to speak.

The confessor and his penitent then leave the monastery; and as they catch a last sight of its walls see the Moorish army advancing in the distance. They cross the Tagus and the Zezere, and reach the sea at Nazareth, where they take up their abode in a hermitage in which they find a cross planted upon a grave.

The effects of solitude now return upon the penitent with redoubled force, and he is struck by the thought that when he shall have laid himself in this narrow house, there will be no pious hand to perform for him the rites of sepulture; but that, instead of enjoying Christian burial, he shall become the prey of the sea-birds, even in the helplessness of his extremity. Other temptations assail him in their turn. Self-justification in the weakness of human nature,

nature, and shame, thus prompt him to suicide. But this the alarms and rouses him, and he seeks refuge from its horrors in prayer. While stretched upon the grave of Romano, he addresses himself to the spirit of his departed friend in a strain which is the high-wrought character with which the poet has endowed him.

‘ Oh point me thou  
Some humblest, painfullest, severest paths—  
Some new austerity unheard of yet  
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands  
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow  
With thorn, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,  
Tracking the way with blood; there, day by day  
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,  
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed  
Hang with extended limbs upon the cross,  
A nightly crucifixion!—any thing  
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,  
Labour and outward suffering, any thing  
But stillness, and this dreadful solitude!’

Exhausted with this agony, he falls asleep on the grave, and the consolation for which he had prayed comes to him in his dream.

‘ Roderick, it said,  
Roderick, my poor unhappy, sinful child,  
Jesus have mercy on thee!—Not if heaven  
Had open’d, and Romano, visible  
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer:—  
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced  
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart  
With such compunctious visitings, nor given  
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice  
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep  
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs;  
Counsel’d, with anguish and prophetic tears,  
His headstrong youth. And, lo! his mother stood  
Before him in the vision; in those weeds  
Which never, from the hour when to the grave  
She follow’d her dear lord Theodofred,  
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face  
A sorrow that bespoke a heavier load  
At heart, and more unmitigated woe:—  
Yea, a more mortal wretchedness than when  
Witiza’s ruffians, and the red hot brass  
Had done their work, and in her arms she held  
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat  
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;  
Cool’d his scorch’d lids with medicinal herbs,  
And prayed the while for patience for herself

And him, and pray'd for vengeance too, and found  
 Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,  
 Groaning he kneels before her to beseech  
 Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay  
 A benediction on him. But those hands  
 Were chained, and casting a wild look around,  
 With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break  
 These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,  
 Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm  
 Is withered.—Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?  
 And thou, Pelayo, thou, our surest hope,  
 Dost thou too sleep?—Awake, Pelayo!—up!  
 Why tarriest thou, Deliverer?—But with that  
 She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!  
 Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody cross  
 Gleamed on her breast-plate, in her shield display'd  
 Erect a lion ramp'd; her helmed head  
 Rose like the Berecynthian goddess crown'd  
 With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword  
 Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon, the tramp  
 Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes  
 Moving to mortal conflict, rung around;  
 The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,  
 War-cries and tumults, strife and hate, and rage,  
 Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,  
 Rout and pursuit, and death; and over all  
 The shout of victory—Spain and Victory!  
 Roderick, as the strong passion master'd him,  
 Rush'd to the fight rejoicing: starting then,  
 As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,  
 He found himself upon that lonely grave,  
 In moonlight and in silence.'

The dream however works upon him, and he interprets it into a revelation of 'the will of heaven. It opens to him also the hope that his mother yet lives, and he resolves to leave his hermitage and seek the chiefs whose exertions may yet save his country. Having beheld the image of the Virgin in a cleft of the rock, with the pious enthusiasm which religion prompted, he sets forth on his journey. The third book begins with a very beautiful picture of the early rays of the sun darting through the intricacies of a forest. We give Southey full credit for the truth with which he has delineated a scene he must have witnessed and noticed with the eye of a painter and the feelings of a poet. As Roderick draws near to Leyria, now in the possession of the Moors, he finds that the alteration of his person by grief and penance affords him a complete disguise. The Mussulmen, among whom maniacs are considered as sacred, treat him with compassion, and ask his blessing.

' A Christian

' A Christian woman, spinning at her door,  
 Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,  
 She laid her spindle by, and running in  
 Took bread, and following after called him back,  
 And placing in his passive hands the loaf,  
 She said—Christ Jesus, for his mother's sake,  
 Have mercy, mercy, on thee !'

He passes the Arunca and the Mondego in his way to Coimbra, Guimaraens, and Bracara. Here on every side his eyes are struck with the ruin brought upon his country, and the religious feeling which is one of the main springs of his character, is excited to indignation by a view of the profanation to which the Christian temples are subjected by the celebration of Moorish ceremonies.

Prepared for the horrors that await him, he reaches Auria, the picture of which is evidently drawn from the actual state of Zaragoza in 1809.

' Prostrate in the dust  
 Those walls were laid, and towns and temples stood  
 Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame  
 Had left them, black and bare ; and through the streets,  
 All with the recent wreck of war bestrewn,  
 Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,  
 Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay,  
 Each where they fell ; and blood flakes, parch'd and crack'd,  
 Like the dry slime of some receding flood ;  
 And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far  
 The wolf and raven, and to impious food  
 Tempted the houseless dog.

A thrilling pang,  
 A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul  
 Came over Roderick. Soon they past away,  
 And admiration in their stead arose,  
 Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,  
 With wrath, and hate, and sacred vengeance now  
 Indissolubly link'd. O valiant race,  
 O people excellently brave, he cried,  
 True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the last ;  
 Though overpower'd, triumphant, and in death  
 Unconquer'd ! Holy be your memories !  
 Blessed and glorious now and evermore  
 Be your heroic names !—Led by the sound,  
 As thus he cried aloud, a woman came  
 Toward him from the ruins. For the love  
 Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while  
 Thy charitable help !—Her words, her voice,  
 Her look, more horror to his heart convey'd  
 Than all the havock round : for though she spake  
 With the calm utterance of despair, in tones

Deep-



Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice  
 Pour'd forth its hymns in extasy to heaven.  
 Her hands were bloody, and her garments stain'd  
 With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.  
 Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,  
 Had every charm of form and feature given;  
 But now, upon her rigid countenance  
 Severest anguish set a fixedness  
 Ghastlier than death.

She led him through the streets  
 A little way along, where four low walls,  
 Heapt rudely from the ruins round, inclosed  
 A narrow space; and there upon the ground  
 Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,  
 Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore:  
 A venerable ancient; by his side  
 A comely matron, for whose middle age  
 (If ruthless slaughter had not intervened)  
 Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time, might well  
 Have many a calm declining year in store;  
 The third an armed warrior, on his breast  
 An infant, over whom his arms were crost.  
 There—with firm eye and steady countenance,  
 Unfaltering, she address'd him—there they lie,  
 Child, husband, parents—Adosinda's all!  
 I could not break the earth with these poor hands,  
 Nor other tombs provide—but let that pass—  
 Auria itself is now but one wide tomb  
 For all its habitants—what better grave?  
 What worthier monument?—Oh cover not  
 Their blood, thou earth! nor ye, ye blessed souls  
 Of heroes and of murder'd innocents,  
 Oh never let your everlasting cries  
 Cease round the eternal throne, till the Most High,  
 For all these unexampled wrongs, hath given  
 Full, overflowing vengeance.'

Roderick assists her in digging a rude grave for the bodies; and he then tells her story. She was the daughter of the governor of Auria. Amid the entire massacre of the inhabitants, a captain of the Indian host had bidden his men reserve her for an hour of dalliance; but she had contrived to divert him from his intention, and catching her opportunity when he slept, put him to death, and returned to Auria to perform the last duties to those she loved. The effect of this unexpected instance of patriotism and devotedness on Roderick, just emerged from solitude and despair, is portrayed in these nervous and majestic lines.

‘As thus she spake,  
 Roderick, intently listening, had forgot

His crown, his kingdom, his calamities,  
 His crimes—so like a spell upon the Goth  
 Her powerful words prevail'd. With open lips,  
 And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watch'd  
 Her features, caught the spirit that she breathed,  
 Mute and enrapt he stood, and motionless.—  
 The vision rose before him; and that shout,  
 Which, like a thunder peal, victorious Spain  
 Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul  
 Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow  
 The pride and power of former majesty  
 Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified;  
 Duty and high heroic purposes  
 Now hallow'd it, and, as with inward light,  
 Illumed his meagre countenance austere.'

Struck with the sudden alteration, and seeing in it the promise of a similar effect wherever her wrongs shall be made known, she vows to consecrate her life to the God who has preserved it, and to her country. Roderick catches the flame from her example, resolves to devote himself to the same purpose, and to work out his own redemption by redeeming his country, concluding his vow with a triumphant prophecy of its result. Adosinda now demands his name, but he evades the question, in a way that shews the painful recollections which it calls up. She therefore gives him the name of Maccabee, and directs him to Visonia, to consult with the Abbot, which of the chiefs still faithful to their country is fittest to be made king.

He finds Odoar the prelate with Urban another priest, and tells what he has seen at Auria. The interest which he takes in the message he delivers, and the knowledge which he displays of the characters of the chiefs, excites the surprise of his auditors, who, in their turn, demand his name, but he gives only that which he had assumed.

' Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,  
 As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be  
 Familiar thus with chiefs and thoughts of state.  
 They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace  
 Betray'd the royal Goth: sunk was that eye  
 Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek  
 Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn  
 Their furrows premature, forestalling time,  
 And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows  
 Than threescore winters in their natural course  
 Might else have sprinkled there.'

Urban then directs him 'to seek Pelayo at the conqueror's court,' and to bid that chief take upon himself the command of the patriots.

patriots. The fourth book concludes with the solemn confirmation of the sacred mission and priestly character with which Roderick is now formally invested.

On his way to Cordoba he falls in with a company of travellers, seated round their evening fire. Their conversation is of the general distress, of the apostasy of the queen, Egitona, of Orpas and other members of the royal house; and their lamentations conclude with curses on Roderick as the cause of it. One old man only of the party enters upon his defence, and the fallen king recognizes in his voice his foster-father Siverian. The pleasure of meeting with him is however damped by the apprehension that his mother Rusilla is no more.

Departing alone on the next morning, he has an opportunity of offering up the first fruits of his vow. He is struck by a Moor, who finds him restoring the form of a mutilated cross, and Siverian comes up at the moment that he has revenged the insult by the death of the miscreant. The old man, delighted to find a similarity of feeling in his unknown companion, whose 'face is of a stranger, but whose voice disturbs him like a dream,' immediately communicates to him that the purpose of his own errand to Cordoba is to inform Pelayo, by the command of Rusilla, of the dangers that threaten his house by the apostasy of his sister Guisla. The landscape in the neighbourhood of Cordoba is painted with uncommon richness and attention to truth, and the beauty of the scenery calls forth the following apostrophe from Siverian.

‘ O Cordoba,  
Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,  
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!  
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles  
Sees not in all his wide career a scene  
Lovelier nor more exuberantly blest  
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales  
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers  
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these  
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now  
Recal in me such thoughts of bitterness.’

As they approach the city, Siverian is involuntarily drawn to visit the tomb of Theodofred, whose bones repose in the chapel of a palace which he had built there in his youth. It is also the burial place of Pelayo's guilty mother. At sight of this edifice, he takes occasion to chant the praises of his beloved foster-child, and to detail his recollection of the entrance of Roderick into the house of his father.

‘ Here drawn in fair array,  
The faithful vassals of my master's house,

Their

Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,  
 Spread their triumphant banners ; high plumed helms  
 Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds  
 Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice ;  
 While yonder towers shook the dull silence off  
 Which long to their deserted walls had clung,  
 And with redoubling echoes swell'd the shout  
 That hail'd victorious Roderick. Louder rose  
 The acclamation, when the dust was seen  
 Rising beneath his chariot wheels far off ;  
 But nearer as the youthful hero came,  
 All sounds of all the multitude were hush'd,  
 And from the thousands and ten thousands here,  
 Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth,  
 Yea whom all Bætica, all Spain pour'd out  
 To greet his triumph,—not a whisper rose  
 To heaven, such awe and reverence master'd them,  
 Such expectation held them motionless.'

The whole of the sixth book is taken up with the overflow  
 of the old man's heart at these recollections, and the sad cont  
 which he now witnesses. Roderick acquires further claims u  
 the attention and regrets of the reader, as the book proceeds,  
 at its conclusion he and his companion enter the church and p  
 trate themselves at the tomb of Theodofred. Pelayo himself  
 at that very time holding his accustomed vigils on the anniver  
 of his mother's death, and offering up the prayers which her  
 words had entreated at his hands in expiation of her crimes. '
 mingled feeling of filial love and horror of her guilt is descri  
 with an accuracy and force of language which is at the comm  
 only of such a genius as can place itself in the situation of the ob  
 that it means to pourtray.

Siverian delivers his message from Rusilla and Gaudiosa, and  
 derick repeats to Pelayo the circumstances which he had witnes  
 at Auria, and informs him of the mission with which he is charged  
 Odoar and Urban, to persuade him to assume the crown. Peh

'Stretching forth  
 His hands toward the crucifix, exclaim'd,  
 My God and my Redeemer ! where but here,  
 Before thy awful presence, in this garb,  
 With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,  
 Could I so fitly answer to the call  
 Of Spain ; and for her sake, and in thy name  
 Accept the crown of thorns she proffers me !  
 And where but here, said Roderick in his heart,  
 Could I so properly with humbled knee  
 And willing soul confirm my forfeiture ?  
 The action follow'd on that secret thought :

He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and cried,  
First of the Spaniards let me with this kiss  
Do homage to thee here, my lord and king!

On his return into the town he finds a female waiting his arrival. He adjures him for the sake of his mother's and of Roderick's souls grant the request she is going to prefer. Upon demanding her name,

'She bared her face, and looking up, replied  
Florinda!—————

Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen  
Count Julian's daughter, since, in Roderick's court,  
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,  
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved:  
More like a poet's dream, in form divine,  
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,  
So lovely was the presence,—than a thing  
Of earth and perishable elements.  
Now had he seen her in her winding sheet,  
Less painful would that spectacle have proved;  
For peace is with the dead, and piety  
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn  
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,  
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,  
Came like a ghost, which in the grave  
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,  
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue  
Fail'd in its office; and could only speak  
In under-tone compassionate her name.

'The voice of pity sooth'd, and melted her,  
And when the prince bade her be comforted,  
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er  
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile  
Past slowly over her pale countenance  
Like moonlight on a marble statue.'

She tells him that she is solicited in marriage by the renegade Moors, whose ambition is to reign as a Moor where the priestly character would have excluded him from the throne as a Christian. Her father, anxious for the continuation of his line, favours the proposal of the traitor, and she now beseeches Pelayo to send her away that she may reach a land where 'Christian rites are free.' The prince accedes to her request, and bids her hold herself in readiness to join the little company that evening, and prepare to depart with him.

In the opening of the tenth book we find Pelayo with Florinda under his care, and Alphonso with his attendant Hoya, setting out directly from Cordoba to join Roderick and Siverian who are waiting

ing for them among the hills. The characteristics of a summer's night in Spain are brought in to embellish and give truth to the description of their march.

‘ The favouring morn arose  
To guide them on their flight through upland paths,  
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,  
Forest and mountain glen: Before their feet  
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,  
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;  
‘The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,  
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;  
And far below them in the peopled dale,  
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,  
The distant watch-dog’s voice at times was heard  
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night  
Among the hills they travelled silently,  
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour  
The breath of heaven is coldest, they beheld  
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,  
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously  
Look’d for the appointed meeting.’

Oppressed with fatigue and anxiety, sleep steals upon the party—all except Roderick, and Florinda who, finding herself in the company of a priest, rejoices in the opportunity that is offered for confession. Hitherto, it is to be remembered, he had not seen her face, nor knew who was his fellow-traveller. She reveals herself—and the effect upon Roderick is painted with a strength of language peculiar to this poet.

We must not trust ourselves to make extracts from the exquisite scene which follows, for we should not know where to stop. Florinda takes upon herself the blame of Roderick’s offence; tells of her own ardent though pure passion, kindled by the contemplation of his virtues and cherished in her knowledge of the unhappiness of his domestic life;—she pleads his cause in her own accusation, and reproaches herself with the curses which her high and indignant spirit breathed in a moment of vengeance upon the man she loved best, and which had been so fatally and so widely fulfilled. Roderick, however, in her ingenuous love, finds only an aggravation of his guilt and an increase of his misery. He lays no ‘flattering unction to his soul,’ that may cheat him into self-forgiveness. He only seeks to know whether she recalls the curse, and pardons him on her own account; for himself—he passes on his transgression the severe and irrevocable sentence which conscience, and a sense of remorse that solicits no palliation, appear to dictate.

We have heard it observed (and with a most imposing air of sagacity) that there is little other passion in the poetry of Mr. Southey than

than what is found in the natural affection of fathers and daughters, or brothers and sisters, and in that calm, pure, subdued sort of love which may be indulged by dutiful children under the inspection of their parents. But we would confidently ask of those who have accompanied us thus far in the poem, whether, in its strongest and most undisguised form, in its most varied workings and effects, love was ever painted with a more powerful hand, or with more fidelity to nature, than in this masterly delineation? We confess, we know not where to look for a parallel either of the situation in which he has placed his personages, the language in which he has made them speak, or the skill with which he has developed the character of his hero in this extraordinary scene.

The eleventh book brings the travellers to the castle of Count Pedro at Cangas, in Asturia. Here his vassals are awaiting him to put himself at their head—

‘ His war horse in the vacant space  
Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,  
And gazing round upon the martial show,  
Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,  
And snorts and champs the bit, and neighing shrill  
*Wakes the near echo with his voice of joy.*’

In this preparation we trace the influence of Adosinda, though she does not appear. Favinia, the wife of Count Pedro, whose character in this instance is well contrasted with that of Gaudiosa, tries to dissuade her husband from his enterprise, urging that Adosinda ‘is crazed with grief,’ and that the safety of their son Alphonso will be endangered by it. Pedro’s banner however is waving for its lord, and at the moment that he declares his fixed resolution to follow it, Alphonso reaches the castle, and leaps from his horse into the arms of his parents.

In the following book the youth receives his knighthood. The ‘maimed rites’ are performed, with as much solemnity as the occasion allows, by Count Pedro and Pelayo. Nor is Roderick an idle spectator. As soon as the youth has received his honours, he steps forth and tenders to him the oath which is to bind him to the service he has undertaken. His exhortation is delivered in the same spirit which breathes through the whole poem, and gives it action and life. The character of the Goth, his royalty, his enthusiasm, his patriotism, are never lost sight of.

‘ Ne’er in his happiest hours had Roderick  
With such commanding majesty dispensed  
His princely gifts, as dignified him now,  
When with slow movement, solemnly upraised,  
Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,  
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,



And carried to all spirits with the act  
Its effluent inspiration.'

The ceremony is scarcely complete when an alarm is given of approach of the enemy, to whom intelligence had been conveyed the escape of Pelayo and Alphonso. The youth redeems his place in the conflict, and the infidels are discomfited.

Count Eudon, whose wavering conduct had created distrust both parties, falls into the hands of the conquerors. The conversation in his interview with Count Pedro is highly dramatic, we are a little inclined to think that the poet has intended it to convey more than appears at first view. The indignation with which the patriotic chief receives the proposal to mediate for *honourable* terms of peace, and the representations of the enormous power of insolent and overwhelming foes, are capable of application to a long posterior to the age in which the scene is laid. At any rate, a lesson is held up by which all ages may profit, where the question lies between virtue and cowardice, honour and pusillanimity. There is a noble and characteristic frankness in Pelayo's confession that the country is too weak to call 'for service with the voice of sovereign will,' and a stimulating appeal to the highest sense of patriotism, in the declaration that the common and ordinary code of duty being dissolved, each man is free to consult his own conscience for the rule which is to guide his choice between submission and exertion. With this hint Eudon is dismissed to ignominious seclusion, and at the conclusion of the thirteenth book the troop reach at midnight the deserted castle of Pelayo. They are met by a multitude in whose van are female forms discernible by the glimmer of torches. The traitress Guisla, who had been rescued, or rather intercepted, in her flight to join the Moor, was among them.

' But who is she that at her side,  
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,  
Holds the loose rein with careless hand? A helm  
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;  
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;  
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well  
It may be seen that sword hath done its work  
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve  
Is stiff with blood.'

We recognise in this passage the heroic Adosinda, who comes both to witness and to improve the effects of her call upon her countrymen. Roderick here sees his mother, though unobserved by her, and she tells Pelayo of the safety of his wife and children, who resolves to seek at break of day.

' The nightingale not yet  
Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark

Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince  
 Upward beside Pionia took his way  
 Toward Auseva.—Roderick too had watch'd  
 For dawn, and seen the earliest streak of day,  
 And heard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince  
 Went forth, the melancholy man was seen  
 With pensive pace upon Pionia's side  
 Wandering alone and slow: for he had left  
 The wearying place of his unrest, that morn  
 With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow,  
 And with its breath allay the feverish heat  
 That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn  
 Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!

He is anxious, yet dreads, to meet his mother, and when he is informed by Siverian, who had been sent in quest of him, that she requires his presence, the invitation comes 'like a knell

To one expecting and prepared for death,  
 But fearing the dread point that hastens on.'

Roderick has no reason to think that his mother recognises him in the interview which takes place; but he hears the expression of her affection mingled with the forgiveness of Florinda, who is also present, and oppressed by a sorrow still keener than 'the grief which wastes away her mortal frame,' the apostasy of her father. Upon his account she asks for the prayers of Roderick; and the tears which he suffers to fall appear to flow from compassion for her misery—they are however excited by another cause.

'The dog who lay  
 Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long  
 And wistfully, had recognised at length,  
 Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,  
 His royal master. And he rose and lick'd  
 His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up  
 With eyes whose human meaning did not need  
 The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once  
 To court and chide the long withheld caress.'

Roderick perceives this recognition to be dangerous, as the feelings it is calculated to excite in himself may betray him; alarmed, but not overcome, he retires from the presence of his mother and Florinda

'Into the thickest grove; there yielding way  
 To his o'er-burthened nature, from all eyes  
 Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,  
 And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,  
 While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known  
 Thy poor lost master,—Theron, none but thou!

An incident so extraordinary will not fail to bring to recollection our old acquaintance Argus. Homer's dog, however, is introduced for no purpose connected with the poem. He merely makes his appearance to shew that he remembers his master, licks his hand, wags his tail, and then—

*Ἄργον δ' αὖ κατὰ μοῖρ' ἔλαβεν μελανὸς θανάτοιο.*

Theron plays a nobler part. His recognition confirms the intrusive feelings of a mother, in Rusilla's breast, and quickens the more than half-formed suspicions in which Siverian had indulged when he found him 'resting his head upon his master's knees.'—This circumstance Mr. Southey has certainly turned to very great account; he has made it introductive of some of the finest writing in his work, where the old man is bursting to give utterance to the hope which forces itself upon him, yet dreads to find it discouraged by communication. He indulges it, however, till he at last works himself up to perfect conviction that the royal Goth did not perish in the defeat at Xeres.

The anxious and agitated feelings here called forth, are tempered by a description of Pelayo's visit to the retreat of Gaudiosa and her children in the mountains of Covadonga. They introduce him to their different apartments in the cave, and this gives the poet an opportunity of exhibiting still farther those powers of description which he has exerted in the representation of this spot of high importance in the poem, as the valley of Covadonga is the scene of the final battle.

On his return to his friends, in the eighteenth book, Pelayo finds the whole of the patriotic band drawn up 'in fair array' to greet him with the royal title. The ceremony of acclamation is illustrated by the mention of those rites which are omitted as much as of those which are observed, and all that is wanting in splendour of the actual celebration is amply compensated by the spirit which is manifested. The martial appearance of Urban the primate is perfectly suitable to the occasion.

*'Bare of head*

*He stood, all else in arms complete, and o'er  
His gorget's iron rings the pall was thrown  
Of wool undyed—he held a natural cross  
Of rudest form, unpeel'd, even as it grew  
On the near oak that morn.'*

He performs the ceremony of inauguration, and pronounces a blessing upon the prince, which, for sublimity and solemnity, has, in our recollection, no rival.

*"Lord God of Hosts,"*

*Urban pursued, "of angels and of men*

*Creator*

Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,  
 Ruler of earth and heaven—look down this day,  
 And multiply thy blessings on the head  
 Of this thy servant, chosen in thy sight!  
 Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,  
 His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his strength!  
 Crown him with justice and with fortitude!  
 Defend him with thy all-sufficient shield!  
 Surround him every where with the right hand  
 Of thine all-present power! and with the might  
 Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid  
 Thy unseen angels forth, that potently  
 And royally against all enemies  
 He may endure and triumph! Bless the land  
 O'er which he is appointed; bless it with  
 The waters of the firmament, the springs  
 Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which sun  
 And moon mature for man, the precious stores  
 Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts  
 Of earth, its wealth and fullness!"

Roderick brings forth the shield on which Pelayo is to be elevated. The apostrophe in which he is addressed by the poet places him before us as the principal personage, even at the instant when, by the honours of the new king, he might otherwise have been involved in a momentary eclipse; and a well-timed recurrence to his vision on the grave of Romano—and an allusion to his present feelings of confidence, recal our attention to him individually, and to the exalted and inspiring principles of enthusiasm and energy whose operation the whole course of the poem is calculated to display.

At the conclusion of this book the poet quits the plain road of narration, and, suddenly bursting into a lyric strain, mingles himself with the throng. This stroke of art is admirably substituted for the mode of prophecy employed from time immemorial. It gives life and reality to the picture. The mind of the reader is involved in the business before him, for he is hurried along with the tumult and made a partaker in the action. While we feel ourselves called upon to bestow its full share of praise upon this expedient, we cannot but express our surprise, and in some measure our disappointment, that Mr. Southey has made no allusion to the late war in the peninsula, except a very slight and cursory mention of Zaragoza, either in this place, which seems so pre-eminently suited to its introduction, or in any other part of the poem.

The ceremony which confirms the abdication of Roderick is no sooner over than he hastens to the presence of his mother, confident that the sacrifice which he has made will obtain for him her

forgiveness, and the restoration of her esteem. Rusilla proves herself worthy of her son. She feels that he has established a character for himself higher and more permanent than that with which the accidents of rank and splendour could have invested him, and she bestows her blessing upon him with delight, proud in his heroic humiliation.

The twentieth book brings us to the Moorish camp, displaying the baseness of the renegades, but particularly that of Orpas, who endeavours to sow dissension between Abulcacer and Julian, secretly accusing the latter of perfidy, and of connivance at Florinda's flight from Cordoba. Julian, whom the poet has skilfully represented with much nobleness of nature, mingled with those baleful passions to which he yields himself, perceives the magnitude of the crime he has committed against his country, and the precarious tenure of the disgraceful favour in which he is held by the invaders. He sees too the danger to which his daughter will be exposed if he continues to countenance the selfish and ambitious views which Orpas entertains in his union with her. He therefore obtains from the Moorish chief an absolution from his promise of Florinda's hand to Orpas, and permission to have her brought to an interview with him. The softening of the rugged warrior's heart under the operation of these feelings is strongly painted, and the gleam of natural virtue which passes over him forces us to involuntary pity.

In the opening of the twenty-first book we find the apostate count performing his evening ablutions in a fountain, by the side of which his tent is pitched at a short distance from the camp. As he rises from his devotion, his daughter stands before him, and by her side

‘ A meagre man  
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands  
On a long staff, bending his head, like one  
Who, when he hears the distant Vesper bell,  
Halts by the way, and all unseen of men  
Offers his homage in the eye of heaven.’

Roderick had accompanied Florinda to the interview, evidently in the hope of still farther retrieving the consequences of his crime by rousing the conscience and repentance of Julian. The conversation is carried on between the three in the language partly of argument and partly of passion. It is apparent that Julian is but half convinced of the efficacy of the creed which he has adopted, and that in his excuses he rather seeks than feels his justification. Roderick, bold in the purpose which brought him to the spot, braves the displeasure of the count, and is not disheartened by his declaration of eternal enmity.

We

We should certainly consider it as no easy task to mould the arguments of controversy conformable to the language of poetry; but Mr. Southey has contrived to throw into those which he has adduced in favour of choice and conscience, of liberty and responsibility, a spirit not inferior to the more impassioned parts of the poem, though tempered by the solemnity and importance of their subject. The reasonings, and the whole conduct of Roderick in this interview, are full of the gentleness and tenderness of piety. The influence of Florinda's character is brought in to aid them; and her concluding speech naturally lowers the high tone of passion which prevails throughout the book, to that state of tranquillity which is felt to be necessary at its termination. While the mind of Julian is evidently affected by the topics upon which he had held such 'high converse,' she seizes upon the accidental presence of a common and natural object to enforce the arguments of Roderick, with the quickness and inspiration of genius.

' If sore experience may be thought  
To teach the uses of adversity,  
She said, alas! who better learn'd than I  
In that sad school! Methinks if ye would know  
How visitations of calamity  
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!  
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky  
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career  
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,  
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;  
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs  
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes  
The orb with richer beauties than her own,  
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

' Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate  
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,  
'Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light  
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil  
Of spirit, as by travail of the day,  
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.  
The silver cloud diffusing slowly pass'd,  
And now into its airy elements  
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth  
Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues  
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams  
Shining upon the silent hills around,  
And the dark tents of that unholy host,  
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,  
Take their last slumber there.—

And now the nightingale, not distant far,  
Began her solitary song; and pour'd

To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain  
 Than that with which the lyric lark salutes  
 The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song  
 Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach  
 The soul, and in mysterious unison  
 Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.  
 Their hearts were open to the healing power  
 Of nature; and the splendour of the night,  
 The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,  
 Came to them, like a copious evening-dew  
 Falling on vernal herbs that thirst for rain.'

Orpas has now poisoned the mind of Abulcacem against Julian, and when his counsel is asked upon the conduct of the war, the opinion which he gives in favour of delay is construed by the Moor into a proof of treachery. Orpas seizes the opportunity to advise the assassination of the count in the battle, when the blow may be supposed to come from the enemy. This piece of policy completes the character of the treacherous renegade, and the Moor does not hesitate to adopt it.

The twenty-third book is founded, if not upon the most authentic history, at least upon the belief of all good Spaniards, that a great Moorish army was destroyed in the Vale of Covadonga, by Pelayo, and his allies, the Virgin Mary and a mountain, who rendered him most effectual service upon the occasion;—the Virgin counteracting the whole system of projectiles by stopping the arrows of the Moors in their flight, and returning them with increased force into the faces of the invaders; and the mountain sacrificing a large portion of its bulk, and detaching a formidable body of earth, rock, and tree, to harass and overwhelm the flying enemy.

Mr. Southey, who certainly would be a very good Spaniard if he were not, as we have reason to believe, a very good protestant, has rejected the interference of the Virgin, and substituted a miracle of his own in the management of the incident. Half the Moorish army halts at the entrance of the valley, retaining Count Julian and his men, that they may bear the brunt of the onset, and that his assassination may be more easily effected. The remainder, under the command of Alcahman, acting on the information which Guisla had given them of the place where Gaudiosa and her children were secreted, enter the straits under the treacherous protection of a fog, which conceals their numbers and the danger which awaits them. Pelayo had stationed a large force on the heights where they had been employed in felling the trees and loosening the rocks, which, at a preconcerted signal, were to be precipitated upon the devoted host. Count Pedro and Alphonso, with the main army, were stationed at the opposite end of the valley to be



ready to take advantage of the confusion and disorder. The altation and confidence with which the Moors enter the pass is portrayed in their taunting and ironical conversation amongst each other. The little respect with which they treat their prophet in his discourse is conformable to the character of the times, (for many of the Ommyade Caliphs were notorious unbelievers in Mahomed,) and shews that free-thinking is not confined to philosophers of a later age, or incompatible with the grossest superstition.

The silence, the eager and breathless expectation which reigns among the mountaineers, as the 'passing tramp of horse and foot heard,' is well described, and all the effect of the legendary miracle is given by the introduction of natural accidents and objects. The mist suddenly begins to clear as the leader of the enemy reaches this spot—but the poet must speak for himself.

' As the Moors

Advanced, the chieftain in the van was seen  
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice  
Pronounced his name—Alcahman, ho! look up,  
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,  
It had divided there, and opened round  
The cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,  
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,  
A canopy of silver light condensed  
In shape and substance. In the midst there stood  
A female form, one hand upon the cross,  
The other raised in menacing act: below  
Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast was arm'd,  
And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,  
For on the walls of Auria he had seen  
That well-known figure, and had well believed  
She rested with the dead. What, ho! she cried,  
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell  
At Auria in the massacre, this hour  
I summon thee before the throne of God,  
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,  
Moor, miscreant, murderer, child of hell, this hour  
I summon thee to judgment!—IN THE NAME  
OF GOD! FOR SPAIN AND VENGEANCE!

The last words contain the expected signal; Pelayo passes it, and runs through the whole line. The implements of ruin are instantly loosened, and a destruction follows like that of which we have an example in modern times, when the patriotic Hofer employed a similar stratagem to crush a detachment of Lefebvre's army in the Tyrol.

While the work of death is going on in the defile, Alphonso has been carried, in the ardour of pursuing a 'prowling band,' near to the

the quarters of Julian, and is followed by his father Count Pedro; but before either of them meet in actual hostility, the fatal messenger of Abulcacer and Orpas arrives, and plunges a javelin into the side of Count Julian. The blow is instantly retaliated upon the murderer by one of his captains; and Julian, after directing his army to join the standard of Pelayo, desires to see his daughter with the priest who has accompanied her, and to be carried into the church to make his confession, and die in the religion which he had forsaken. The priest receives his confession, absolves the penitent, administers the sacrament, and then, to the astonishment of the father and the daughter, throws himself on his knees before the dying count, prays in his turn for forgiveness, and owns himself to be 'Roderick!' He obtains the pardon of Julian who, with his last breath, informs him that his queen is dead, and that Florinda may now be united to him. But a higher destiny awaits the virtuous daughter; she has seen all she wished accomplished, her father reconciled to the church, Roderick fulfilling her idea of his character—

‘ On the Goth she gazed,  
While underneath the emotions of that hour  
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,  
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all—  
All—in one hour!—and round his neck she threw  
Her arms, and cried, My Roderick! mine in heaven!  
Groaning, he claspt her close, and in that act  
And agony her happy spirit fled.’

We are now arrived at the twenty-fifth and last book. As Roderick comes from the church he meets Count Pedro, to whom he relates the death of Julian and Florinda. At this instant Orpas advances from the Moorish ranks to solicit a parley with the soldiers of Julian, but Roderick recognizes the horse which carries him for his favourite steed Orelia. Indignant at the sight he forgets in a moment the priestly character, and, with a speech of bitter irony, seizes the bridle, reins back the horse, ‘to that remember’d voice and arm of power, obedient,’ and, dislodging the rider from his seat, tramples him to death under the hoofs of his charger. He then vaults into the saddle, calls for a Spanish sword, and receives the weapon of Count Julian. Thus equipped, he plunges into the thickest ranks of the enemy, scattering dismay and death on every side. A trait of national character is introduced in the exulting pride with which the Spaniards behold their champion—they see the interposition of heaven in their favour—the Moor, on the contrary, reads his fate in the omen, and resigns himself to its decrees. We here learn the death of Guisla and Count Eudon, by the hands of those to whom they had devoted themselves; and Sisibert and Ebba, ‘the viperous sons of Witiza,’ are called by the chief to stem the

torrent of destruction. Roderick has now cut his way through enemy, and approached near enough to Pelayo and Siverian to be recognised in the achievements which confirm their suspicions, their long lost friend and master. He has just time to tell them the death of Julian and Florinda; to desire that, if he falls, he may be buried with them; to exchange his weeds for the armour of the man, and to bequeath Orelia to his care.

‘Dost thou not marvel by what wonderful chance,  
Said he, Orelia to his master's hand  
Hath been restored? I found the renegade  
Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down  
Headlong to the earth. The noble animal  
Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake  
His recreant burthen off, and trample out  
The life which once I spared in evil hour.  
Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons  
In yonder field, and then I may go rest  
In peace——my work is done!’

He then rushes again upon the enemy, and sets up his ancient war-sword, ‘Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!’ The shout runs through the host, and rouses the acclamation of hope. He dispatches Sisibert at a single blow, and then makes his way ‘through the thickest ranks’ in quest of Ebba, whom he finds ‘performing all a soldier's part:’ the contest, which ends with the death of the renegade, is judiciously and minutely described, serving as a point for the imagination to rest on, and giving an air of individuality to that part of the picture. The Moors are completely routed, and the slaughter is only stopped by the approach of night. The recalled, the victors return to their standards.—But where is the champion who has headed them?

‘Upon the banks  
Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs  
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smear'd  
With froth, and foam, and gore, his silver mane  
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,  
Dispersed like dew-drops: trembling there he stood  
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth  
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,  
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd  
To call the master whom he loved so well,  
And who had thus again forsaken him.  
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass  
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain  
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand  
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?——  
Days, months, and years, and generations pass'd,

And

And centuries held their course, before, far off,  
 Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls,  
 A humble tomb was found which bore, inscribed  
 In ancient characters, King Roderick's name.'

The critic who undertakes to give an epitome of a poem of so high a rank as '*Roderick*,' has little to do but to point out in the mass of admirable matter those things which strike him as most worthy of admiration. Original in its plan, true in its fundamental elements, and consistent in its parts, it rouses the feelings, and stimulates those powers of the imagination, which rejoice in the consciousness of exertion. When we rise from the contemplation of a work, which has so involuntarily called forth the vigilance of attention by its development of character, its display of the capabilities of human nature, and by the interest which it creates, we are made to feel that our intellectual and moral existence is enlarged. This effect is produced, in the first instance, by the character of *Roderick*. His remorse, which awakens us to a horror of his crime, and holds out, even to 'the full-fraught man, the best endued,' a profitable example of the evils into which inordinate passions may betray him in an unguarded moment, proves the ingenuousness of his mind, and, while he is lowest in his own esteem, gives the first and surest earnest of his future energy and virtue. When, by an effort consistent with his character, he rises above the despair in which he feels it disgraceful to be involved, we recognize the salutary workings of repentance in the self-devotedness with which he seeks to retrieve the consequences of his faults. From this point he springs into a new state of moral existence, and his progress, though rapid, is regular and consistent. In solitude and in contemplation he has obtained a knowledge of his own heart, and acquired self-controul; the powers with which nature has originally endowed him, enable him to controul others, and strengthen the influence of his enthusiasm over all within the sphere of his example. The priestly form in which he appears may be considered as necessary for all that passes with *Florinda* and *Julian*. His sacred character secures attention, while the remoteness of the era in which the action of the poem is placed, and the obscurity of its history, preclude the necessity for tying him down to the observance of any particular order. Every incident in the poem is brought about by his direction, the energies of all the actors are kindled by his influence, and the victory, which effects the consummation of his wishes, is ensured by his example.

The person next in importance is *Adosinda*. The story of her injuries first gives a form to the sentiment with which *Roderick*'s mind is occupied. The evidence of her sufferings operates as a powerful call upon him to revenge them, and suggests to his imagination

gination the universal distress of his country. It required no small management to derive from her services all that was necessary to the author's plan, without suffering her to trespass upon it; and to drop or suspend her office without appearing to have neglected or forgotten her. We think that Mr. Southey has steered clear of these difficulties. We recognise her exertions, without seeing her, in the eleventh book; she makes her appearance again in the fourteenth, where she is enabled to fulfil the prophecy she made when parting with Roderick at Auria; and in the twenty-third a part is allotted to her worthy of herself, and of the expectations entertained on her behalf.

The character of Count Julian, and the situation in which he is placed, are of material importance in furthering the object of the poem. The consciousness of shame which he tries to conceal by obstinacy; the self-justification which he vainly endeavours to establish by sophistry; the suspected light in which he is viewed by his adopted friends; the injuries which he and his followers are made to endure at their hands;—all these hold forth a lesson, if one were wanting, to shew that he who forgets the natural obligations of duty, and forsakes his country and its cause, must never hope for refuge in the approbation of his own heart, nor in the confidence or esteem of others. The better part of his character serves to illustrate and exemplify the principles whose operation is developed throughout the poem; and which, as we have observed, furnish its most efficient agency—the retrieving power of virtue, the force of enthusiasm and will. Julian, at his death, rewards the filial piety of his daughter; and in his reconversion to his country and his God, the triumph of her constancy and goodness is acknowledged.

Of the *manners* of the poem, or at least of their authenticity, we can say but little—as little of what may be called its costume. We believe that there are no Gothic buildings existing in Europe from even the ruins of which the author could have collected materials for embellishment; still less can we look for any record of the habits of life of a people who have so long since disappeared, and of whom so few literary monuments remain. Where, however, any notice of them could be gleaned, they have not escaped the observation of Mr. Southey. With regard to the Moors, history has afforded more ample materials, and we have, therefore, portraits of them which we can recognise, because, as their habits are less liable to change, tradition and continued customs have brought them more nearly within our view. Great praise is due to the poet for the introduction of that difference in the manners of the two parties, which he has made to result from the difference of their creeds. On the side of the Spaniards,

Spaniards, we find a spirit unbroken by adversity, hope enlivened by the justice of their cause, the courage of action as well as sufferance, enthusiasm in the leaders, and confidence in the people. The Mussulmen are actuated by more sensual motives—the desire of worldly possessions, a spirit of conquest, and the hope of success in this life, as an earnest of reward hereafter. The Christian clings to his faith, with full trust in its support and assistance, and lights up all his other passions from the altar of his adoration. The Mussulman, in his reliance on the decrees of Providence, loses concern for results, without feeling his ardour for exertion paralysed. Each has something of that vanity universal among mankind, which ascribes to the special favour of heaven the natural effects of ordinary causes; but it is most apparent on the side of Spaniards, where it is sanctioned by superstition and strengthened by credulity.

These are the materials out of which Mr. Southey has constructed his poem. We trace in it the same hand that produced his former works, but improved in skill, and power of application to topics introduced. It has not the variety of *Madoc*, nor are there in it those examples of tenderness, and the more humane feelings with which that work abounds. The object of the poet seems to have been to display the intensity of passion, and the action of the severer virtues. Those milder affections, in the description of which he has sometimes indulged himself to an extent that has weakened the effect of their beauty, have found a place here only in the retirement of *Gaudiosa* and her children, where the solitude and the stillness of the scene has prepared the mind of the reader to receive them. The high and tumultuous tide of feeling which flows through the whole poem, would admit of no interruption or distraction, even by allusion to sentiments of a softer nature. The very love, which Florinda confesses for Roderick, partakes of the same lofty character; it is founded upon admiration and sympathy, and, though concealed by female pride and a sense of duty, it rises to the utmost pitch of passion, and reigns predominant in her breast.

Of the versification which Mr. Southey has employed we have given our readers sufficient specimens to enable them to judge for themselves. The variety of its cadences gives a spirit which alleviates its grandeur, and the redundant syllable at the end of many of the lines prevents the majesty of its tone from oppressing the ear. The language is such as the best authors of the best era of our literature would acknowledge, nor can we give it higher praise than to say that its standard worth would be admitted in the time of Queen Elizabeth's age. Many words corrupted by familiarity have been here restored to their original meaning, and rescued from the  
ver

on to which they have been subjected by fashion or negligence. the mode in which Mr. Southey has treated his subject he alone answerable; it is built upon no model, there is nothing which even age for classification can class with it, nor has it any thing which makes of the character of a 'school,' except it be that school in which the moralist and the philosopher pursue their studies of the human heart, and learn to record their observation and experience. We must now take our leave of Mr. Southey, congratulating upon the success of his labours, which will form an epoch in the literary history of his country, convey to himself 'a name durable on earth,' and to the age in which he lives a character need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded.

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. V. *A new Covering to the Velvet Cushion*. 8vo. pp. 180. London: Gale, Curtis, and Fenner. 1815.

THE fate of the Church of England is somewhat singular. By a memorable exertion of her courage and learning, she delivered herself from the corruptions of the papacy, and proved the necessity of a separation. The vindication of her cause went while the blood of her martyrs was shed; and at length her constancy was rewarded with that legal settlement which folded and justified her claims to a national independence. Such a settlement could not but call forth the bitterest hostility of the church which she had departed. Accordingly, in the vocabulary of the church, every degrading, every opprobrious term has been heaped upon protestantism. It is the fountain of all mischief, civil and religious. In the one case, it has loosened the ancient bonds of unity through the encouragement given to resistance; and in the other; it is the parent of ecclesiastical dissension. Nor are these abuses confined to the age which gave birth to them. They subsist; and we are viewed by Roman Catholics, even in our country, with the same odium which fell, though with a more effect, upon our forefathers.

It while these consequences have arisen from the assertion of independence on a foreign church, accusations of the most shocking nature have been brought against us at home, and we are treated by many of our sectaries, as if we were still immersed in the corruptions of the papacy! When we issued from the bosom of Rome, we asserted together our freedom and our principles; the ancestors of churchmen and dissenters were happy to live in one communion. On the foundation then laid for her, the Church of England has always stood; and her constancy is secured by the continuance of her government and discipline, and



by the uniformity of doctrine maintained in her Liturgy. But the love of change soon began to appear, and the influence of another foreign church, reformed on different principles, soon became visible in our own. Alterations were first demanded in unimportant matters, in the dress of the officiating minister, in the posture of the worshipper, and other circumstances which hitherto had been unnoticed, or were not deemed of sufficient consequence to require a separation of communion. The impulse, thus excited, rapidly increased. The smallest points were soon swelled, by the spirit of party, into cogent reasons of dissent. Doctrines too, which had been hitherto acknowledged as scriptural, and deemed satisfactory to the conscience, were declared unholy or imperfect. Enthusiasm was promoted, and separate congregations were formed; till at length the Church of England was doomed to hear, from those who had now withdrawn from her communion, the same charges which they had once justly poured in common on the Church of Rome! This spirit of innovation still subsists, and with more than its former noxiousness. The original ground of our Reformation was national. This principle is now denied: and, in the present age, the liberty of dissent is become so wanton, that the privilege has been claimed as merely personal, and any individual professing opinions, never yet held by himself or any other, is his own church.

These principles appear in all their insolence and malignity in the publication before us. In our last number some account was given of the Velvet Cushion; and thither we must refer our readers for the plan and object of the work. The present professes to be an extension of its history and a correction of its principles. The Cushion had related the events which had befallen it during the chief part of the period from the Reformation to the present age. But whatever was its experience, it was left within the pale of an ecclesiastical establishment. It is deemed necessary, therefore, to remove it from thence to a more evangelical situation, and for this purpose the Cushion is made to continue its tale.

“If any person should hereafter discover this series of papers, which before terminated rather abruptly, he will perhaps conclude from the motto which I have chosen to prefix to the following narrative, that my views of things have been completely and somewhat suddenly changed. Such is, indeed, the fact; and though certain persons, in fashion may possibly start with horror at the idea of any body changing their religion, and think that I am either become insane or enfeebled in my faculties by the palsy of extreme old age, I must assure them that neither is the case—no derangement has occurred; for though the vicissitudes I have suffered might naturally enough be supposed like to produce such an effect on stronger heads than mine, it is my happiness to enjoy all the vigour of renovated youth. A cursory survey

my exterior will prove that I have fallen into new hands, whose magic touch has clothed me afresh—concealed the decays of age—and I assure you cured them too by the dexterous application of a new neat covering. I feel like the fabled phoenix rising from the ashes, or the eagle new fledged with the feathers and pinions of youth and beauty, at the end of a hundred years. The fast rooted prejudices of centuries seem burnt down or mouldered away, and new sentiments, new feelings, new pleasures, have proved the happy results of a *new covering*.”—pp. 48, 49.

These glories are not obtained by the Cushion till after several removes, and its final happiness is, to be purchased by a ‘committee of dissenters.’ Of course, it is far more pleased with this than with any former situation. Now too it has the happiness of attracting converts from the establishment itself. The very ‘churchwardens,’ who had so long loved it, and regretted its removal, come to ‘gaze upon its altered aspect;’ and others are, by degrees, allured within the ‘dissenting walls.’ Here, indeed, the Cushion wishes to repose as in its final home; and it witnesses the only pure and true doctrine in the ‘pulpit of the Reverend Mr. D——,’ the present much esteemed minister of the congregation.

Such is the general outline of this publication. As to the manner in which it is written, it is difficult to say any thing favourable. The work of which it is the continuation was sufficiently wanting in good taste; but all its improbabilities, its wildness of plan, its fatiguing conversations, and quaintness of phrase, are here carried to the extremity of endurance:—and those who are fond of denying that the sectaries of our country are apt to be hostile to literary talent as incompatible with their notions of faith, may be convinced of their error by the present volume. Still this would be tolerable, did we not observe the most decided marks of that ignorance and rashness of judgment so often betrayed by dissenters, when they speak of the Church of England. If we are to believe this writer, we might have spared ourselves the trouble of an imperfect reformation; and, in effect, we are still within the verge of popery! We have creeds which cannot be proved to have issued from the mouth of Christ or his apostles. We have forms of worship established by human authority, and we are called upon to determine whether we will follow the ‘King, the Parliament, the Church, or Jesus.’ In our Liturgy too, among other enormities, the minister is permitted to pronounce absolution to the repenting sinner; and over all our departed brethren, when laid in the earth, is pronounced the same hope of the ‘resurrection to eternal life!’—To the more vulgar part of these objections it would be a needless waste of labour to make a particular reply. We may securely leave to any understanding, not perverted by party feelings, the interpretation of the principle on which the Church of England places its declaration of the forgiveness of sins. There is no assumption

sumption of personal power, as in the Church of Rome : no Grand Penitentiary absolves in the name of a Pontiff. Every thing is resolved into the will and mercy of God ; and the occasional form permitted in the ‘ Office for the Sick,’ is fully explained by the general absolution in the standing service of the church. The same judgment will be formed, by any mind not incapable of candour, concerning the expression in the Burial service. This writer has, indeed, misquoted it for the sake of making the offence which he cannot find ; but our ‘ sure and certain hope’ is declared, in the passage which he has mutilated, not concerning the individual, on whom no sentence is pronounced, but concerning the resurrection of all good men to eternal life. Yet were it otherwise, what offence could fairly be taken, if the hope were openly expressed, as it is in another passage, that even the sinful brother whom we lay in the earth may be forgiven, and that he may also become the object of divine mercy, at the resurrection of the just ?

Leaving therefore these minuter points, we will rather bestow some attention on the general principle now at issue between the Church of England and those who dissent from it, a principle on which depends the whole character of our Reformation. The objection to our establishment is conveyed in the description given by this writer of the nature of true evangelical liberty.

“ A church of Christ is any particular community of professed Christians, voluntarily associated for the purpose of keeping the divine commandments, as appointed in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The object of their union is not worldly, but spiritual. They are attracted together by the *love* of Christ, actuated by the *spirit* of Christ, and obedient to the *authority* of Christ. They acknowledge ‘one Lord,’ and they have ‘one Master.’ They do not take their religion from the pretended successor of Peter—or from reformers, however illustrious—or from human statutes, however commanding—or from governments, however excellent, or from kings and heads of the church, however unexceptionable in private character, or revered as civil magistrates—‘CHRIST is all and in all.’ The term Church is never used in Scripture in a *national* sense.”—pp. 170, 171.

This is followed by a similar attack on our forms of worship, on the order of bishops and their pretension to communicate, by ordination, ‘ any kind of gift, talent or qualification not previously possessed ;’ and the whole is closed with certain reflections which may be regarded as issuing from the common body of our separatists.

“ What errors then have subsisted in the world ! How many *human traditions* have intruded into Christian worship ! What a cloud of *inventions* has darkened the holy light from heaven, that sheds its glory in the sanctuary ! How many Uzzahs have put forth a feeble and an impious arm to prop the ark of God, imagining it required *their* support ! How many have disfigured, while they intended to decorate religion,  
by

authorised pomp and ceremony, and demeaned while they professed to dignify the Son of God, by stripping him, so to speak, of the robe of 'a man of sorrows,' and arraying him in the purple of an emperor's potentate!"—p. 173.

On this we reply with all confidence, that we wholly disclaim any authority, of any kind, as the foundation of the faith and discipline of the Church of England. These rest altogether on the authority will declared in the Scripture; nor do we accept the support of human authority unless as subsidiary to Revelation, and in accordance with it. On this principle was planted our Reformation, and it is the ignorance or the scorn of this truth which has led many to conclude, that the public maintenance of a religious establishment is incompatible with the 'love of Christ.'

When it became necessary to deliver our church from the domination of the See of Rome, and from the corruptions which had infected the pure profession of the Gospel, two methods of proceeding were presented to the agents in that great work. On the one side, was the unrestrained freedom of private opinion, which has been so fatally indulged by our later sectaries—opinion freely and arbitrarily adopted without ecclesiastical learning, without search into the ancient practice of the Christian Church, and without a careful provision of the means of forming an enlightened sentiment. On the other hand was the propriety of deriving assistance from the religious institutions of the primitive ages in connection with the study of the Scripture—institutions which, on account of their proximity to the times of the apostles, might appear best adapted to the wants of a church desirous of re-establishing itself on the purest models. The preference was justly given to the latter mode, since it offered the surest standard of faith and discipline, and, while it satisfied the conscience as to the more important points relating to God, held out the best defence of the Church of England against its enemies. And unquestionably, in the subsequent age of our establishment have the literature and history of the first three centuries of the Christian Church, from the times of the apostles, been so effectually studied and so carefully sought as in the period immediately following the first acts of reformation. It was indeed one distinguished mark of divine providence, that so many materials had been preserved as the basis of ascertaining the points in question. These were to be found for in the mixed mass of the histories and controversies of the church, as well as in the evangelical doctrines positively taught in the early ages; and they were amply furnished in the long and illustrious list of writers, from Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp to Eusebius and Sulpicius Severus, to Chrysostom and Ambrose, to Basil, the Gregories, and Jerom. Hence resulted the  
discovery

discovery of the usages and sentiments of the early church in illustration of the letter of Scripture and the labours of the apostles. Now was ascertained the general reception of that doctrine and discipline which, from so early a prevalence, must be supposed most consonant with the views of the inspired founders of the original churches. Of this the more prominent points were the Divinity of Christ, with the solemn remembrance of his death, resurrection and ascension; the baptism of infants in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; the sole worship of the Deity thus interpreted; the free use of the Scriptures, and the establishment of collective assemblies of the faithful; the celebration of the Lord's Day, and the episcopal government, visible in every region of the world to which the Gospel had been carried;—a government however exhibiting no traces of the tyranny of one over the ecclesiastical rights and just independence of different and distant nations. These may be called the common notions of the primitive church; and they had on the minds of our reformers that influence which was due to so prevalent and so unsuspected a testimony. They were in full agreement with the Scripture itself, and hence they drew the authority which was attributed to them. That there were shades of difference indeed, on certain points, between several of the writers of those ages, is not to be doubted; but these do not affect the conclusion which was drawn; nor can it be denied, that from the primitive writings taken together, the general state of the Christian Church is satisfactorily ascertained during the ages in question. If it be asked, whether there were not individuals in those ages who set the example of that license which is now so loudly claimed, and who ventured to produce their private opinions on the ground of personal choice alone,—we answer that there were several; but that their cases have the most powerful tendency to discredit the cause which they are intended to support: for who were they?—persons on whom the brand of heresy was fixed by the general judgment of Christian antiquity; and hence we are enabled to discover, beyond contradiction, the sentiments and condition of the church at large in its earlier and purer state, before the papacy was formed, and before the intermixture of civil and religious interests under an establishment could have produced those evils which some are so prone to attribute to any secular maintenance of the gospel. This fully appears from the writings of Irenæus, Epiphanius, Tertullian, and others who were expressly engaged in the refutation of heresies: and their testimony is still more valuable, as they were only the precursors of those councils which were afterwards assembled, when certain private opinions began to threaten a wider mischief, and when it became necessary to protect the purity of the faith by the collective judgment

t of bishops summoned together from the whole Christian d. It is impossible therefore, with any regard to truth, to stain that the articles of faith declared by those councils were an inventions, or imposed merely by human authority; since obvious that the anxiety of the councils was to place them on original foundation of Scripture, and to appeal to the general opinion of them by the church before the heretical opinions rising up, against which their judgment was directed. This was entirely proved in the councils of Nice and Constantinople. The standard to which they had recourse was that of Scripture and Christian antiquity: they appealed to the latter as exhibiting the testimony of the interpretation of the Scripture in the ages immediately following that of the apostles; they declared that no doctrines subversive of the truth should be admitted, and in one of its canons professed that this was done through an unshaken attachment to the ancient tenets and usages of the church.—Τὰ ἑκείνη ἔτη κρατεῖται. Can 6. Nic. Syn.

This general statement of the principles of our Reformation may be sufficient to expose the ignorant malevolence of the writer before us. We will only add, that perhaps it is Daillé, who has taught any of our sectaries to believe, at least to affirm, that the government and discipline of our church were invented in a comparatively late age, and that their principal support was human authority.\* But persons are too much heated to make an obvious distinction. The testimony of early writers, and of councils, as to the state of the church, is no proof, in itself, of the human origin of ecclesiastical discipline. On the contrary, it appears from the same testimony, that the faith and government, which it is now attempted to destroy, had been in full vigour from the times of the apostles; and the arguments in support of this fact are a convincing argument, not of the late creation of the tenets of the church, but of their apostolical descent.

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Daillé openly professes his admiration of the Church of England and its Reformation. ‘Anglicanam ego ecclesiam exoticis, pravis, superstitiosis cultibus, erroribusque piis aut periculosis egregie ex scripturarum cœlestium norma purgatam, tot tantisque martiriis probatam, pietate in Deum, in homines caritate, laudatissimorum operum exemplis abundantem, lætissimo doctissimorum ac sapientissimorum proventu jam a Reformationis principio ad hodierna usque tempora florere, e quidem eo quo debui loco ac numero habui hactenus, ac dum vivam habebō: honores, nomen, laudes semper apud me manebunt.—Testes meæ hujus de præstantissima ecclesia existimationis possum laudare non paucos, neque contemnendos viros, atque, qui hac mente, hoc animo hactenus fui, non potui non judicare insignem injuriis fieri injuriam qui mecum sic agant quasi de Britannica, vel Ecclesia, vel Reformatione, male sentiam.’—*De Cult. Lat.* It is true, that in his zeal against the See of Rome, Daillé himself must be answerable; but it is proper that those who will not see but abuses should yet know, that no acknowledgments more positive, no more splendid can easily be drawn from any writer than those which are bestowed on this idol of sectarian spleen on the Church of England.



**ART. VI.** *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the Year 1805. By Mungo Park. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed an Account of the Life of Mr. Park.* London. 1815.

**SOME** of our readers may require to be told that the African Association and the African Institution are two distinct societies, whose views and objects are altogether different; both of them, however, composed of the most respectable and enlightened men that this country can boast, and both engaged in African objects—the Association being no less distinguished for its exertions in promoting the extension of geographical discovery on this long neglected continent, than the Institution for its unwearied efforts in abolishing the odious traffic which for three centuries the people of Europe have carried on, in buying and selling its unhappy inhabitants.

Mr. Park's first journey into Africa was performed under the authority, and at the expense, of the Association; who, on his return, allowed him to publish an account of his travels for his own benefit; in the composition and elucidation of which he was assisted by some of its most able and distinguished members. His second journey was undertaken by the immediate orders, and at the expense of, government; at the suggestion, however, of some of the leading members of the Association, and with the same views as those of the former mission. It was stated in his instructions, that the great object of the journey was that of pursuing the course of the Niger 'to the utmost possible distance to which it could be traced;' and, among other matters, to 'discover whether any and what commercial intercourse could be opened with the natives of the interior of Africa.' It was natural therefore to conclude, that the documents relating to this last mission, which were officially transmitted to the Secretary of State, would by him be placed in the hands of those members of the African Association under whose superintendence, and by whose aid, the former volume had been published with so much credit to the author, and received with so much satisfaction by the public. This, however, was not the case—they were put into the hands of the Institution—probably, through inadvertence—by design it could scarcely be, as that would seem to convey a kind of censure on the members of the Association. On the question of fitness, it will not be necessary for us to decide in whose hands documents of this nature would most advantageously be placed—in those of Sir Joseph Banks and Major Rennell, or of the Duke of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce.

The determination once taken, that the original and official documents should be printed, and, as it would appear, without alteration,



ition, it became of less moment into whose hands they fell; but we are rather puzzled to find out a satisfactory reason why their appearance has been so long delayed. However limited the additional information contained in them might be, there could be no doubt of the propriety of laying it before the public. It was but common justice to the family of the deceased, that they should enjoy the benefits accruing from the publication of the work, and we could fain hope that no delay was occasioned by any difference of opinion on that point. It was also proper, indeed it was but just to the memory of a man who had sacrificed his life in the service of science and discovery, that some account of that life should accompany his labours—but it was neither just nor proper, that the memory of one who had thus devoted himself should be calumniated, not for acts done or omitted to be done, but for being *suspected* of entertaining *opinions* on a subject which had no bearing on the special service on which he had been employed.

‘It is painful,’ says his biographer, ‘after bestowing this well-merited praise, to be under the necessity of adverting to two circumstances unfavourable to Park’s memory, connected with the history of this publication. These are, first, an opinion which has prevailed, that Park was a supporter of the cause of slavery, and an enemy to the abolition of the slave trade; and, secondly, a report equally current, that the travels, of which he was the professed author, were composed, not by Park himself, but in a very considerable degree by Mr. Bryan Edwards.’

The connection which either of the circumstances here mentioned may have ‘with the history of this publication,’ we confess our utter inability to discover; and can only regret, with the biographer, that ‘topics,’ which he admits to be ‘thus personal and invidious,’ and which he ‘wished to decline,’ had not been avoided; our regret is the greater, since it would appear that ‘he did not feel himself at liberty to suppress them.’ Unwilling as we are to entertain sentiments derogatory to the character of the African Institution, and with every disposition to believe that the individual, who has undertaken to prepare this volume for the press, is, as he informs us, alone responsible for whatever else is contained in it besides the official documents,’ yet as the publication of it was avowedly entrusted to the directors of the Institution, and as it is elsewhere stated, that the task of writing the life of the traveller ‘was confided by the Institution to one of its directors,’\* we find it difficult not to identify them with the anonymous writer of the ‘account of the life of Mungo Park.’ Knowing, too, as we do, the impression that will necessarily be made by a sentence of condemnation, sup-

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\* *Edinburgh Review.*

posed to proceed from so numerous and powerful a body, armed with a more than ordinary influence over the feelings and opinions of the public, we are the more anxious to remove, as far as we are able, the unmerited stigma which is here attempted to be fixed on the memory of Mr. Park.

The two charges, left as we have quoted them, might serve only to excite a smile at the solemn manner in which they are brought forward. Park is employed by a small but select society of literary characters, at their own expense, to ascertain a geographical fact, which had divided the opinions of the western world for more than two thousand years; in this he completely succeeded, after unparalleled difficulties, and at the imminent risk of his life. In the prosecution of further discoveries in the same branch of science, by the recommendation of the same society and under the immediate auspices of government, he actually lost his life; but another society, which sets up no pretensions to science or discovery, gets possession of the papers, and *one of its directors* avails himself of the occasion to attack the memory of the traveller, because he had not deemed it proper to go out of his way to volunteer opinions on a subject with which he had no concern—the abolition of the slave trade.

This charge is rather curiously made out. First, Bryan Edwards was the friend and adviser of Park—therefore, Park must think as Bryan Edwards did. 2dly, Bryan Edwards was the advocate of the West India planters, and the supporter of the West India interests, and in the House of Commons a leading and systematic opponent of the abolition of the slave trade—therefore, Park was also a systematic opponent of the abolition. 3dly, As secretary of the African Association, Edwards had constant communication with Park; and the latter even visited him at his country-house—therefore, ‘Edwards *must* have seen the advantage to be gained for the slave trade by a skilful use of the influence which his situation gave him.’ 4thly, As ‘the first object of Edwards *must* naturally have been to gain the services of Park in the direct support of the slave trade’—therefore, he gave that support, as is incontrovertibly proved, *by his silence*—‘which,’ says his biographer, ‘was in itself a sufficient proof of a bias existing in the mind of the writer, unfavourable to the abolition.’ Once, however, he admits, and but once, the mention of the slave trade does occur in Park’s Travels, but then it is ‘hastily dismissed with a slight and unmeaning observation,’—‘a truism,’ he calls it, ‘of no practical value or importance.’—The passage is this—

‘If my sentiments should be required concerning the effect which a discontinuance of that commerce (the slave trade) would produce on the manners of the natives, I should have no hesitation in observing,  
that

in the present unenlightened state of their minds, my opinion is, effect would neither be so extensive nor beneficial as many wise and by persons fondly expect.'

his cautious opinion is construed by his biographer into an intimation 'that the zeal manifested in favour of the abolition originated solely in ignorance and enthusiasm'—an inference which we give cannot fairly be drawn from the premises. The friends of abolition are extremely zealous, as all the world knows, and with reluctance to any opinion that tends to damp their ardour; but we can easily conceive that men of a less sanguine temperament, with an equal abhorrence both of the principle and the practice of trafficking in human beings, may have derived, from their experience of the state of society in the interior of Africa, a conscientious conviction, 'that the particular circumstances to which this traffic owes its origin, and the difficulty of abruptly interrupting its progress, have, to a certain degree, lessened the probability of continuing it.\*' It is possible that a traveller of this description may have been satisfied in his own mind, that greater evils were to be apprehended from an immediate and total abolition, before any progress in civilization, than those arising out of the continuance of a gradually diminishing trade, keeping pace with a gradually increasing civilization. That such would have been the just conclusion in the early stages of the question, when he visited Africa, we are free to declare our entire conviction; but their own experienced governor, Mr. Ludlam, tells them, some years afterwards, when the total abolition had been accomplished, that these 'wise and worthy persons' would be disappointed. It is therefore the more unfair towards Park's memory, that he should be censured in the year 1815, when circumstances had greatly changed, for an opinion formed from actual experience on the spot in the year 1796.

We view the slave trade with feelings of utter abhorrence, and cordially rejoice in the prospect of its universal abolition; but cannot shut our eyes against the truth, nor subscribe to the principle, that because an author does not volunteer an opinion against this traffic, he is to be traduced while living, and reproached when dead. With regard to Park, we are unable to discover the least reasonable cause of offence he can have given to the Institution.

They admit that 'the principal illustrations of the arguments in favour of the abolition have always been derived from the statements contained in Park's Travels'—what would they have more? admitted too, and the biographer says he can state with great confidence, 'that he uniformly expressed a great abhorrence of

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\* Declaration of the Plenipotentiaries assembled at Vienna.

slavery and the slave trade ;' but that ' he considered the abolition of the slave trade as a measure of *state policy* ; and that it would be improper for him to interpose his private opinion relative to a question of such importance, and which was then under the consideration of the legislature.' Such forbearance one would think might have taken off the edge of censure—but not so ; it has exposed him, on the contrary, to the imputation of meanness and duplicity ; by sacrificing his feelings, and lending his aid to the support of a cause which his heart abhorred, in order to secure the patronage of Mr. Bryan Edwards. And how is this charge supported ? First, by an accusation of saying nothing—and then of saying too much.

The second charge, we apprehend, is brought forward to strengthen the first, though, if true, it would in fact totally destroy it ; but it is true ; the fact was notorious to the whole world ; and was neither denied nor attempted to be concealed either by Park or Edwards : but it is also true, that, materially as the latter assisted the former in the composition of his work, he never attempted to influence a single opinion, nor ventured to insert a single circumstance that was not either on record in the Journal, or obtained from the traveller in the course of conversation. It would be mere malice (of which we fully acquit the biographer) to bring forward a charge at this distance of time, so unconnected with the ' history of the present publication,' and so unimportant, unless it were meant to supply some proof of the existence of that influence which Edwards is alleged to have ' skilfully' exercised over Park, but of which this solitary surmise only is offered. As a principle, we cannot allow that it is unfavourable to a traveller's reputation to accept assistance in preparing his observations for the public eye. We are not aware that it was ever considered as injurious to the fame of Commodore Byron, the Captains Wallis, Carteret and Cook, or to that of Sir Joseph Banks, because, from the journals of the former, and the notes and observations of the latter, Hawkesworth compiled the voyages vulgarly called after his name. Captain Wilson was never, we believe, deprived of the merit of discovering and describing the Pelew islands, though every one knew that the narrative was drawn up by Mr. Keats ; and Lord Anson was not deemed unfit to fill one of the most important offices in the state, because his chaplain first reduced into some order, and Mr. Robins afterwards corrected and amended, the account of his voyage round the world. Why then should the assistance of Bryan Edwards be deemed ' unfavourable to the memory' of Mr. Park ?

With the exception of this ungenerous attempt to depreciate the memory of Park, the life of that unfortunate traveller is written with good taste, feeling and judgment ; and we cannot but hope, for

or the sake of justice, and a due regard to his fame, as well as to the feelings of his friends, that, in a second edition, the editor will meet with no obstacle in his wishes to suppress the obnoxious passages to which we have alluded.

It is now time to give some account of the volume. It consists of a Life of Park, with an Appendix of six articles, the Journal of his last mission as far as Sansanding, and the Journal of Isaaco, a Mandingo priest, who accompanied him to that place in the capacity of a guide, and was afterwards sent to Sego to ascertain his fate.

The story of Mr. Park's life is soon told. He was born in 1771, of respectable parents, his father being a yeoman of Ettrick forest, and was the seventh of thirteen children; he received his education at the grammar-school of Selkirk; was intended by his father for the Scottish church, for which his serious turn of mind well fitted him, but made choice of the medical profession; served his time with Mr. Anderson, a surgeon, in Selkirk; went through the usual course of studies, and attended the usual lectures during three successive sessions at the University of Edinburgh; and, in the summer vacations, gave all his leisure to botanical pursuits, in which he was assisted by his brother-in-law, Mr. James Dickson, a distinguished botanist; was afterwards by him introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, who recommended him as an assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman, in which he proceeded to Bencoolen, in 1792.

On his return from India the following year, the Association for Promoting Discoveries in the Interior of Africa was looking out for a proper person to supply the place of Major Houghton, who had been sent out to explore the course of the Niger, and to penetrate, if possible, to Tombuctoo and Haoussa; and of whose death intelligence had recently been received. Park, caught with the prospect which such a mission held out for gratifying his passion for travelling and his taste for natural history, and sensible of the distinction which was likely to result from new and important discoveries in the geography of Africa, offered himself for this service; and, after some inquiry into his qualifications, the offer was accepted by the Association.

He sailed from Portsmouth in May, 1795, and arrived at the Gambia on the 21st of the following month, proceeded to Pisania, a British factory about 200 miles up that river, where he was most kindly received by Dr. Laidley. Here he remained for several months, collecting information respecting his intended journey, and learning the Mandingo language.

Leaving Pisania on the 2d December, 1795, with the view of proceeding easterly towards the Niger or Joliba, he soon found it necessary, in consequence of a war between two chiefs of the interior,

terior, to make a detour to the northward, towards the territory of the Moors, and, on the 7th March, was taken prisoner by Ali, a Moorish chieftain: after a series of unexampled hardships he escaped with great difficulty, in the month of July following; and, after wandering for three weeks through an African wilderness, arrived at Sego, the capital of Bambarra, situated on the bank of the Niger, and said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants. The first sight of this river, the grand object of his journey, amply repaid him for all his previous sufferings. Few things, indeed, can be supposed to carry more gratification to a mind ardent in the pursuit of truth, than to have ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the extraordinary fact that the course of this great stream was from west to east, as Herodotus had pronounced it, though controverted by the geographers of the middle age, whose opinions were followed by almost all modern writers, with the exception of a few, and particularly of those two distinguished geographers D'Anville and Major Rennell, who maintained the correctness of the ancient opinion, now firmly established by Park.

Finding it unsafe to remain at Sego, he proceeded about seventy or eighty miles down the river to another large town, called Silla. Here he soon discovered that the obstacles to his farther progress were insurmountable, and being reduced to the greatest distress, was reluctantly compelled to abandon the design of proceeding eastward. He therefore left Silla on the 3d August, 1796; pursued the line of the Niger, against its stream, to the westward, and about the 23d of the same month, arrived at Bammakoo, the frontier of Bambarra; at which place the river ceases to be navigable. From hence he travelled over a mountainous and difficult country, for several weeks, on foot, encountering all the horrors of the rainy season, and on the 16th September reached Kamalia, in the territory of Manding, worn down by fatigue and in a reduced state of health, which brought on a severe and dangerous fit of sickness, that confined him at this place for more than a month. The preservation of his life was entirely owing to the hospitality and benevolence of a negro, of the name of Karfa Taura, who received him into his house, and whose family attended him with the kindest solicitude. This humane and benevolent creature, on hearing of a white man travelling through the country, during Park's last mission, and concluding it to be his former guest, took a journey of six days to meet him, and expressed the utmost joy at seeing him again.

He had still five hundred miles to traverse, the greater part a desert, before he could reach any friendly country on the banks of the Gambia; and no opportunity occurred that afforded any chance of accomplishing so long and perilous a journey, till, on the 17th April, 1797, he joined a caravan of slaves moving to the westward, and,



ter a journey of great labour and difficulty, on the 4th June d the banks of the Gambia; arrived at Pisanía on the 10th, whence he had departed eighteen months before, and was re- by Dr. Laidley 'as one risen from the grave.' On the une he embarked in a slave ship bound to America; was by stress of weather into Antigua; sailed from thence on th November, and on the 22d of the following month arrived mouth, after an absence from England of two years and seven is.

mediately on his landing, he hastened to London, anxious in the st degree about his family and friends, of whom he had heard g for two years. He arrived before day-light on the morning of mas-day, 1797; and it being too early an hour to go to his brother-, Mr. Dickson, he wandered for some time about in the streets in uarter of the town where his house was. Finding one of the en- s into the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he n and walked about there for some time. It happened that Mr. on, who had the care of those gardens, went there early that ng upon some trifling business. What must have been his emo- on beholding, at that extraordinary time and place, the vision, as t at first have appeared, of his long lost friend, the object of so anxious reflections, and whom he had long numbered with the —*Life*, p. 15.

tiring to his native spot on the banks of the Yarrow, he osed the account of his travels, of which it is not necessary here to speak. It was received with applause, and is still, biographer observes, 'a popular and standard book:' after its ation he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Anderson, of Sel- with whom he had served his apprenticeship. For two years ears to have led an inactive life; and at length, with appa- eluctance, went to reside at Peebles, in order to exercise his sion, where it would seem he met with full employment, but a difficulty in reconciling himself to the humble drudgery of ntry practitioner of medicine and surgery. He therefore eager- ight at a hint from Sir Joseph Banks that, in consequence of ace of 1801, another mission to Africa might be under- , and if so, that he would be recommended as the proper per- o be employed for carrying it into execution; but nothing r transpired till the autumn of 1803, when he was summoned nd the secretary of state for the colonial department, the result ich was an offer from Lord Hobart to be employed on this e. He requested a short time to consult with his friends, eturned for that purpose to Scotland; but the point was ly decided in his own mind. From the moment of his in- w with Lord Hobart his determination was in fact taken; stily announced his acceptance of the proposal; employed a few



few days in settling his affairs and taking leave of his friends; and in December, 1803, left Scotland for London. On his arrival, he found that the expedition had been postponed to the end of February, 1804; and a change of administration taking place, it was further put off till September. In the mean time, he employed himself in learning the Arabic language and the use of astronomical instruments.

Lord Camden having now succeeded to the office of secretary of state for the colonies, called on Mr. Park for a written statement of his opinions as to the plan and objects of the expedition, which was accordingly delivered on the 4th October; but his instructions, grounded upon his own memoir, in the shape of a letter, which could not have employed half an hour in writing, were not ready till the beginning of January following—a delay which was fatal to Park and to the expedition.

On the 30th January, 1805, he left Portsmouth in the *Crescent* transport, and arrived on the 8th March at Porta Praya, in St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde islands, for the purpose of taking on board a supply of asses; left it on the 21st, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of the same month.

At Goree, Lieutenant Martyn, of the royal artillery corps, and thirty-four soldiers of the garrison, volunteered their services on the expedition; the Captain of the *Squirrel* allowed two of his seamen to do the same, which, with Mr. Anderson, his brother-in-law, a respectable surgeon, Mr. Scott, a draughtsman, both from Selkirk, and four ship-carpenters, who had volunteered from England, made up the number of forty-three Europeans.

‘They jumped,’ says Park, ‘into the boats in the highest spirits, and bade adieu to Goree with repeated huzzas. I believe that every man in the garrison would have embarked with great cheerfulness; but no inducement could prevail with a single negro to accompany me.’

From Kayee, a small town on the Gambia, he writes to his relation, Mr. Dickson, as follows:

‘Every thing at present looks as favourable as I could wish; and if all things go well, this day six weeks I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, *the day is won*.’

Notwithstanding these apparent high spirits, he must have been fully aware of the positive certainty that he would have to encounter the excessive tropical heats, the violence of the tornadoes or hurricanes which always precede and follow the rainy season, and that

that this would, in all probability, overtake him long before he could reach the nearest point of the Niger. It is greatly to be lamented, that the journey was not put off till the rainy season was over. We cannot conceive how the 'expectations of government' could have been 'disappointed,' much less how any 'censure' could attach to either for a delay which its own tardiness alone had made necessary: every reasonable man would not only have pronounced his justification, but applauded his resolution. He adopted, however, says his biographer, 'that alternative which was most congenial to his character and feelings; and, having once formed this resolution, adhered to it with tranquillity and firmness.'

The melancholy result of this expedition, of which the details are recorded in the Journal, is summed up in the following letter addressed to Lord Camden.

*'On Board of H. M. Schooner Joliba, at Anchor off Sansanding,*

*'My LORD,*

*'Nov. 17, 1805.*

'I have herewith sent you an account of each day's proceedings since we left *Kayee*. Many of the incidents related are in themselves extremely trifling, but are intended to recall to my recollection (if it pleases God to restore me again to my dear native land) other particulars illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, which would have swelled this bulky communication to a most unreasonable size.

'Your lordship will recollect that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it.

'We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals, or any other accidents, and yet I am sorry to say that of forty-four Europeans, who left the Gambia in perfect health, there are only at present alive; namely, three soldiers, (one deranged in mind,) Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.

'From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state, but I assure you I am far from desponding. With the assistance of one of the soldiers I have changed my large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the East with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the true course of this mighty stream; but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end no where but in the sea.

'My dear friend Mr. Anderson, and likewise Mr. Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I could but succeed in the object of my journey I would at last die on the Niger.

'If I succeed in the object of my journey I expect to be in England the month of May or June by way of the West Indies.

‘ I request that your lordship will have the goodness to permit my friend Sir Joseph Banks to peruse the abridged account of my proceedings, and that it may be preserved in case I should lose my papers.

‘ I have the honour to be, &c.’

To Mrs. Park, two days after, he writes,

‘ I am afraid that, impressed with a woman's fears, and the anxieties of a wife, you may be led to consider my situation as a great deal worse than it really is. It is true, my dear friends, Mr. Anderson and George Scott, have both bid adieu to the things of this world, and the greatest part of the soldiers have died on the march during the rainy season; but you may believe me I am in good health. The rains are completely over, and the healthy season has commenced, so that there is no danger of sickness, and I have still a sufficient force to protect me from any insult in sailing down the river to the sea.

‘ We have already embarked all our things, and shall sail the moment I have finished this letter. I do not intend to stop or land anywhere till we reach the coast, which I suppose will be some time in the end of January. We this morning have done with all intercourse with the natives, and the sails are now hoisting for our departure for the coast.’

From this moment all authentic information concerning the unfortunate traveller ends. These letters and his Journal were brought back from Sansanding by Isaaco the Mandingo priest. Numerous reports, however, were spread abroad, and most of them of an unfavourable nature. Colonel Maxwell, then governor of Senegal, with the consent of government, engaged Isaaco to undertake a second journey to ascertain the truth. He left Senegal in January, 1810, and returned on the 1st September, 1811, with a confirmation of the story of Park's death, though by no means satisfactory. He kept a journal in the Arabic language, the translation of which is properly enough printed in the volume, though a most tedious and uninteresting document, excepting in that part which relates to Park and his companions after their departure from Sansanding. Near this place he meets with Amadou Fatouma, the guide he had recommended to Park, and the same, we presume, whom Park, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, mentions as having hired at Sansanding to accompany him to Kashna. ‘ On seeing me,’ says Isaaco, ‘ and hearing me mention Mr. Park, he began to weep, and his first words were “ They are all dead;— they are lost for ever, and it is useless to make any further inquiry after them.” I told him I was going back to Sansanding, and requested he would come the next day there to meet me, to which he agreed.’ Here Isaaco's journal is interrupted, and this guide's account of their proceedings is inserted, from Sansanding to Yaour in Haoussa, whither, he says, he had agreed to accompany Park, and

and where he left him to proceed on his voyage. This part is exceedingly interesting.

‘Next day Mr. Park departed, and I (Fatouma) slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the king to pay my respects to him; on entering the house I found two men who came on horseback; they were sent by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the king, “We are sent by the Chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away without giving you or him (the chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both.” The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning early the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of the slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing, but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing their weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, “Stop throwing now, you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself, therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don’t kill me.” They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king.

‘I was kept in irons three months; the king released me and gave me a slave (woman.) I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said that nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was; he said the king took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it.’

Thus the fact of Park’s death rests entirely on the credit that may be due to Isaaco, and to the statement made by Amadou Fatouma; that statement is called ‘a journal:’ but we apprehend it was verbally given to Isaaco six years after the events it relates had happened, and the most material of which Fatouma himself had from the only surviving slave at an interval of three months after the transaction.

transaction. The biographer observes that the story is not ill told, but that some of the facts are very questionable ; and that the circumstance of Park and Lieutenant Martyn leaping hand in hand with the soldiers into the river, is much too *theatrical* to be literally true. The Arabians we know are the best story-tellers on earth, and the description of the scene of action is not unworthy of Sinbad the Sailor. It is, however, but a translation from Arabic, and in all probability not the most pure. Of the main fact of Park's death there can now be no doubt ; and that he fell somewhere in the Haoussa country, to the eastward of Yaour, is also probable, for Isaaco, as appears from the continuation of his journal, confirmed the story of the belt. ' I immediately sent a Poule to Yaour to get me the belt by any means, and at any price,' and he staid at Sansanding waiting eight months for his return. ' He brought me the belt, and said that he had bribed a young slave girl belonging to the king, who had stolen it from him, and that he could not get any thing more, as nothing else was to be found which had belonged to Mr. Park or his companions.' ' This Amadou,' says Isaaco, ' being a good, honest, and upright man, I had placed him with Mr. Park ; what he related to me being on his oath, having no interest, nor any hopes of reward whatever, after obtaining the belt, I thought it best to return to Senegal'—with the belt we take for granted, though Governor Maxwell in sending the Journal neither transmits nor mentions it.

Of the merits of a Journal written under every conceivable disadvantage, and never meant in its present shape for the public eye, we shall say nothing. Under the afflicting circumstances in which the writer of it was placed, we are only surprized he preserved the fortitude to make any record of his proceedings. Of this sad and melancholy tale of sickness and sorrow our notice must be brief.

The party, we have already mentioned, left Kayee on the 27th April ; their course for the first 400 miles was precisely the route of Mr. Park's return from his first journey as far as Fankia ; the incidents are but few, and those not very interesting. At Jindey he observed the natives dying very fine blues with the indigo leaves, by a very simple process, and without using any mordant whatever ; it consisted chiefly of repeated dipping of the cloth in a lye called *sai-gee*, which is a solution of wood ashes made from two different species of mimosa filtrated through straw, with the leaves of indigo immersed in it either fresh from the plant or dried in the sun.

On approaching the Simbani woods, Isaaco took alarm lest they should be attacked by some of the Bondou people, who were in a state of civil war, owing to a disputed succession ; but having laid a black ram across the road, repeated a long prayer over it, and then

then cut its throat, all apprehension was at an end, and no further doubt entertained of a prosperous journey. The Gambia at Kussai, near 300 miles from its mouth, is a hundred yards across, and had a regular tide, rising about four inches. It swarmed with crocodiles and hippopotami, thirteen of the former being seen at one time and three of the latter. At this place, John Walters, one of the soldiers, fell down in an epileptic fit, and expired in about half an hour. At Bady they had some squabbling with the chief and the people, who seized Isaaco, tied him to a tree, and flogged him; but a little present, as usual, set all right. At Becreek they met with a more serious adventure, which had nearly been fatal to the expedition.

‘ We had no sooner unloaded the asses at the creek than some of Isaaco’s people, being in search of honey, unfortunately disturbed a large swarm of bees near where the cattle had halted. The bees came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily most of the asses were loose and galloped up the valley; but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper in all directions. The fire which had been kindled for cooking being deserted, spread and set fire to the bamboo, and our luggage had like to have been burnt. In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have completely put an end to our journey.’—p. 87.

The result of this attack was three asses missing, two killed, and one unable to proceed, the horse of the guide lost, and many of the people very much stung.

At Dentika they smelt iron from the ore, and the flux used for this purpose is the ashes of the bark of the *kino* tree. This tree produces the drug long known under the name of the *gum kino*, and used by Doctor Fothergill as a specific in certain complaints; the origin of it was not known till the present journey; from a specimen sent home to Sir Joseph Banks it is now ascertained to be a new species of *pterocarpus*.

On the 8th June they encountered a heavy tornado with much thunder and lightning; one of the carpenters died in the night, and the following day five of the soldiers, who had slept under a tree in the rain, fell sick. On the 10th, they had two tornados, accompanied with drenching rain that covered the ground three inches deep.

‘ The tornado which took place on our arrival had an instant effect on the health of the soldiers, and proved to us to be the *beginning of sorrow*. I had proudly flattered myself that we should reach the Niger with a very moderate loss;—but now the rain had set in, and I trembled to think that we were only half way through our journey. The rain had not commenced three minutes before many of the soldiers were affected with vomiting; others fell asleep, and seemed as if half intoxicated. I felt a strong inclination to sleep during the storm; and as soon as it



was over I fell asleep on the wet ground, although I used every exertion to keep myself awake. The soldiers likewise fell asleep on the wet bundles.'—p. 54.

At Shrondo, Park obtained permission of the Dooty or chief magistrate to visit the gold mines, which he found to be nothing more than wells or pits about ten or twelve feet deep on 'a small meadow spot of about four or five acres extent.' The gold was obtained in minute particles by washing, of which there is given a particular description with figures. (p. 56 et seq.) At Dindikoo were similar pits, but the search for gold did not seem to interfere with the more important pursuit of agriculture; for the mountains were cultivated to their very summits. They are described to be of a coarse, reddish granite, composed of red felspar, white quartz and black shorl.

'The villages,' says Park, 'on these mountains are romantic beyond any thing I ever saw. They are built in the most delightful glens of the mountains; they have plenty of water and grass at all seasons; they have cattle enough for their own use, and their superfluous grain purchases all their luxuries; and while the thunder rolls in awful grandeur over their heads, they can look from their tremendous precipices over all that wild and woody plain which extends from the Falemé to the Black River.'

Lieutenant Martyn and half the people were now (June 13th,) either sick of the fever or unable to use exertion, many of them slightly delirious—'very uneasy,' says Park, 'about our situation.' Having reached Fankia, they here quitted his former route and struck off to the northward. In the steep and rocky pass of the Tamboura mountains they had a sad scene of confusion; 'loaded asses tumbling over the rocks, sick soldiers unable to walk, black fellows stealing; in fact it certainly was *uphill work* with us at this place.' At Serimanna, two of the soldiers were so ill that they were obliged to leave them in the care of the dooty. On the 18th, Park himself became very sick, and from this time scarcely a day passed but some of the party lay down unable to proceed. The country, however, was beautiful and romantic beyond description; 'the whole,' says Park, 'between the *Ba-fing* and *Ba-lee* is rugged and grand beyond any thing I have seen;' but the people seemed to have little compassion for their situation, of which, indeed, they took advantage by robbery and extortion at every village they approached.

In crossing the *Ba-fing*, at Konkromo, a canoe, in which were three soldiers, upset, and one of them was unfortunately drowned. It was here a large river, and full of hippopotami. At this place Isaaco had a ring made of gold which was smelted, and worked with some dexterity; 'but the people here are *all thieves*;' they stole



stole their baggage, and every thing they could lay their hands on.

On the 30th June, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Scott fell sick of the fever ; several of the party had died, or were left behind in a dying state. Tornados were frequent, and at night they were disturbed by the roaring of lions prowling about the tents. One of the seamen became so ill, that he begged to be left in the woods. A loaded pistol was placed by his side, and some cartridges put into his hat.

In crossing the *Ba-Woolima*, Isaaco met with a strange, and nearly a fatal adventure. In attempting to drive six asses across the river, just as he had reached the middle, a crocodile rose close to him, and instantly seizing him by the left thigh, pulled him under water. With wonderful presence of mind, he felt the head of the animal, and thrust his finger into its eye ; this forced it to quit its hold ; but it soon, however, returned to the charge, and seizing him by the other thigh, again pulled him under water. Isaaco had recourse to the same expedient, and thrust his fingers a second time into its eyes with such force, that it again quitted him, rose to the surface, floundered about as if stupid, and then swam down the stream. Isaaco, in the mean time, reached the shore, bleeding very much ; the wound in his left thigh being four inches long, that on the right somewhat less, but very deep, besides several single teeth marks on his back. In six days he recovered, so as to be able to travel ; but this delay of six days brought them so much deeper into the rainy season. Park himself continued very sick, and unable to stand erect without feeling a tendency to faint, and 'all the people either sick, or in a state of great debility, except one.' While they halted at this place, however, to their great astonishment, the seaman, who had been left behind in the woods, came up, perfectly naked, having been stripped of his clothes by three of the natives. The poor fellow died a few days afterwards.

On the 11th July, travelling N. West, they reached Keminoom, or Maniakorro, a strong fortified town, surrounded by walls and a ditch. The people here were all thieves, and especially the king's sons, one of whom had the impudence to snatch Park's musket out of his hands, and ran off with it ; and while he was pursuing him, another of the royal descendants had made free with his great coat. They attempted to steal the asses, and succeeded in carrying off various parts of their baggage. Some of the people who had accompanied them told those of Mareena, to which place they were now approaching, 'that the Cofle was a *Dummulafong*, a thing sent to be eaten ; in English, *fair game* for every body.' The inhabitants of Mareena were therefore resolved to come in for their share, and accordingly stole five of the asses during the night.

Mr. Scott and Lieutenant Martyn were now so ill, that they lay down by the side of the path, unable to walk. Isaaco's people, however, brought them up to the town. On the 22d they reached Bangassi, a large and populous town, better fortified than even Maniakorro. Here one of the people died, and another was left in a dying state; and scarcely had they left the town, when three of the soldiers, and one of the carpenters, lay down under a tree, and refused to proceed. 'Found myself (says Park) very sick and faint, having to drive my horse loaded with rice, and an ass with the pit saws. Came to an eminence, from which I had a view of some very distant mountains to the east- $\frac{1}{2}$ -south. The certainty that the Niger washes the southern base of these mountains made me forget my fever, and I thought of nothing all the way but how to climb over their blue summits.'

On the 30th July, another man was left with the dooty at Nummasoloo. 'I regretted much (observes Park) leaving this man; he had naturally a cheerful disposition; and he used often to beguile the watches of the night with the songs of our dear native land.' The whole of the forty asses purchased at St. Jago had either died or been abandoned on the road, which was a serious misfortune, as it was not easy to purchase others to supply their places.

The whole of the route from Bangassi to Koolihori was marked with ruined towns and villages; few cattle were seen, but the country abounded with numerous wolves which, it was not doubted, devoured some of the unfortunate men whom it had been found necessary to leave behind.

On the 6th August, they reached Ganifarra, but not without leaving three more of their companions on the road. The rains now fell in torrents, and were almost perpetual, the remainder of the party getting worse, and Mr. Anderson scarcely able to sit on his horse, the bridle of which was held by Park. In this state they perceived, in an opening between the bushes, three large lions bounding towards them, abreast of each other. Park walked boldly forwards to meet them, fired his piece at the centre one, upon which they all stopt, looked at each other, and then sprang away, and disappeared in the bushes.

At Koomikoomi they halted two days, to see how Mr. Anderson's fever would terminate: here another of the party died. It was an unwall'd village, surrounded with extensive corn fields.

'It is a common observation of the negroes, that where the Indian corn is in blossom, the rain stops for eleven days. The stopping of the rain evidently depends on the sun approaching the zenith of the place; the Sun, by this day's observation, being only seventy-one miles north of us; and it is a wonderful institution of Providence that, at this time, the

the maize here is all in full blossom ; and on passing through the fields, one is like to be blinded with the pollen of the male flowers.' (p. 136.)

On the 15th August, they reached Doombila, at which place Park was met by his worthy negro friend Karfa Taura. 'He instantly recognized me,' he says, 'and you may judge of the pleasure I felt in seeing my old benefactor.' Here they waited till the 18th, in hopes of Mr. Scott coming up, who had not been lately seen. Concluding he had gone back to Koomikoomi, four negroes, who had carried Mr. Anderson hither, were sent in search of him, while the rest of the party proceeded on their journey. On the 19th, they left Toriba, and ascended the mountains to the south of it till three o'clock, when, 'having gained,' says Park, 'the summit of the ridge which separates the Niger from the remote branches of the Senegal, I went on a little before ; and coming to the brow of the hill, I once more saw the Niger rolling its immense stream along the plain.'

Pleasant as the sight of this river doubtless was, as promising an end to, or at least an alleviation of, their toilsome journey of more than five hundred miles, in which privation and distress, disease and death, had been their almost daily visitors, 'the prospect,' says Park, 'appeared somewhat gloomy.' Three fourths of the soldiers had died on their march, and no carpenters were left to build the boats in which they were to prosecute their discoveries. Of thirty-four soldiers and four carpenters, who left the Gambia, only six soldiers and one carpenter reached the Niger !

They embarked about a mile and a half to the eastward of Bambakoo, where the current, running at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, wafted them along without the exertion of rowing. The river here was a full English mile in width, and enlarged to twice the width at the Rapids, of which there were three principal ones, at no great distance from the place of embarkation. On one of the islands they passed an elephant, and near another three hippopotami ; the canoe men were afraid lest these should upset the canoes ; and they speared a fine turtle. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the views of this immense river ; sometimes as smooth as a mirror, at other times ruffled with a gentle breeze, down the current of which the canoes swept at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

Mr. Park had, since his arrival at Marraboo, been subject to attacks of the dysentery ; and, finding his strength failing very fast, resolved to charge himself with mercury. He accordingly took calomel to such a degree that he could neither speak nor sleep for six days ; but the salivation put an immediate stop to the dysentery, which had proved fatal to so many of the soldiers.

Isaaco, who had been sent forward to Sego with a present to Mansong, king of Bambarra, to secure his friendship and protection,

tion, met the party on his return at Samee, bringing back the present for which the king had said he would send his people to Samee. Accordingly, five of them brought hither a present of a *milk-white* bullock from Mansong; they came, they said, to hear from Mr. Park's own mouth what had brought him into Bambarra; and, having fully explained to them his views and his motives, one of them answered, 'We have heard what you have spoken; your journey is a good one, and may God prosper you in it; Mansong will protect you; we will carry your words to Mansong this afternoon, and to-morrow we will bring you his answer.' Two days after they returned with the king's answer, which was as follows:

'Mansong says he will protect you; that a road is open for you every where as far as his hand extends. If you wish to go to the East, no man shall harm you from Sego till you pass Tombuctoo—the name of Mansong's stranger will be a sufficient protection for you. If you wish to build your boats at Samee or Sego, at Sansanding, or Jinnie, name the town, and Mansong will convey you thither.'

Mr. Park immediately made choice of Sansanding, as the most eligible place for fitting out his canoe, because he could live more quiet and free from beggars than at Sego, and because Mansong had not expressed any desire to see him. On their passage to this place in an open canoe, the heat of the sun was so insufferable as to make him almost delirious: 'there was *sensible heat* sufficient to have roasted a *sirloin*.' On reaching Sansanding such crowds of people flocked to the shore, that they were obliged to be driven away with sticks before the baggage could be landed. Here they were accommodated with two huts, one to sit in, and another, adjoining, for the baggage. Two of the few remaining soldiers died at this place; and the body of one of them was carried away out of the hut during the night by the wolves. One would think that the activity and bustle conveyed by the following description, would alone have kept these prowling animals at bay.

'Sansanding contains, according to Koontie Mamadie's account, eleven thousand inhabitants. It has no public buildings, except the mosques, two of which, though built of mud, are by no means inelegant. The market-place is a large square, and the different articles of merchandize are exposed for sale on stalls covered with mats, to shade them from the sun. The market is crowded with people from morning to night: some of the stalls contain nothing but beads; others indigo in balls; others wood-ashes in balls; others Houssa and Jinnie cloth. I observed one stall with nothing but antimony in small bits; another with sulphur, and a third with copper and silver rings and bracelets. In the houses fronting the square is sold scarlet, amber, silks from Morocco, and tobacco, which looks like Levant tobacco, and comes by way of Tombuctoo. Adjoining this is the salt market, part of which occupies one corner of the square. A slab of salt is sold commonly for eight thousand cowries; a large  
butcher's

atcher's stall or shade is in the centre of the square, and as good and  
t meat sold every day as any in England. The beer market is at a  
ttle distance, under two large trees; and there are often exposed for  
le from eighty to one hundred calabashes of beer, each containing  
bout two gallons. Near the beer market is the place where red and  
ellow leather is sold.

‘ Besides these market places, there is a very large space which is  
ppropriated for the great market every Tuesday. On this day asto-  
ishing crowds of people came from the country to purchase articles in  
holesale, and retail them in the different villages, &c. There are  
ommonly from sixteen to twenty large fat Moorish bullocks killed on  
he market morning.’

On the second day of Park's arrival at Sansanding, hearing no-  
thing of Mr. Scott, who had been left behind sick, he sent a mes-  
senger to procure some intelligence of him. ‘ He returned in four  
days, and told us that *Mr. Scott was dead.*’ But the severest blow  
of all was yet to come.

‘ October 28th. At a quarter past five o'clock in the morning, my  
dear friend Mr. Alexander Anderson died, after a sickness of four  
months. I feel much inclined to speak of his merits; but as his worth  
was known only to a few friends, I will rather cherish his memory in si-  
lence, and imitate his cool and steady conduct, than weary my friends  
with a panegyric in which they cannot be supposed to join. I shall only  
observe, that no event which took place during the journey, ever threw  
the smallest gloom over my mind, till I laid Mr. Anderson in the grave.  
I then felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst  
the wilds of Africa.’—p. 163.

An ordinary mind would, long before this last blow, have suc-  
cumbed under the accumulated distress and disappointment. But  
even this misfortune, severe as it was, seems not to have produced  
any thing like despondency. His mind is still bent on the great  
object of his journey. Mansong had promised him a canoe. On  
the 16th October it arrived, one half of it quite rotten. They then  
sent to Sego for another half; when it arrived it would not fit  
the one already received. Isaaco was again dispatched to Sego,  
and on the 20th returned with a large canoe; but half of it was  
very much decayed and patched. Park, therefore, set about join-  
ing the best half of this to the sound half formerly sent; and, with  
the assistance of Abraham Belton, a private, after eighteen days  
hard labour, he ‘ changed the Bambarra canoe into his Majesty's  
schooner Joliba;’ her length was forty feet, and breadth six feet;  
and, being flat bottomed, she drew only one foot water when  
loaded.

Here ends the Journal, and with it, as we said before, all au-  
thentic account of the unfortunate traveller. The rest has been  
supplied only from the doubtful sources we have already noticed.

Although

Although Park's last mission to Africa has not been productive of new geographical discoveries, Sansanding being considerably short of Silla, which he had reached on his first journey, it has plainly demonstrated, as Park himself observes, 'first, that with common prudence, any quantity of merchandize may be transported from the Gambia to the Niger, without danger of being robbed by the natives; secondly, that if this journey be performed in the dry season, one may calculate on losing not more than three, or, at most, four men out of fifty.' His unfortunate death, and that of his companions, being entirely owing to the improper season of travelling, and to no other circumstance, will not, it is to be hoped, damp the ardour of prosecuting further discoveries, and future endeavours to settle that interesting question in geography—where is the termination of the Niger? 'The sources of great rivers,' says Park's biographer, 'have often been the object of popular, and even of scientific curiosity; but it is peculiar to the Niger to be interesting on account of its *termination*.' This point is discussed in the Appendix, No. 4, but brought to no satisfactory conclusion.

When the course of the Niger was ascertained to be towards the East, it gave rise to three questions among geographers: 1. Was the Niger the great western branch of the Nile, called the *Bahr el Abiad*, or white river? 2. Did it lose itself in the lakes or swamps of Wangara or Ghana; and waste away by absorption or evaporation? Or, 3. Did it find its way in the natural course of rivers into the southern Atlantic, or Indian Ocean? The first point was disproved by Major Rennell, in the most satisfactory manner; because, if answered in the affirmative, it must have united with the other great branch of the Nile, the *Bahr el Azrak*, or blue river, on the plains of Sennaar, which plains, if there be any dependence on Bruce's measurements by the barometer, are, at least, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, a height which, there is every reason to believe, exceeds that of the source of the Niger, and much more so the elevation of the country about Bambarra, where it becomes navigable. It would be absurd therefore to suppose that, after flowing 2300 geographical miles, and after its descent to the level of the Sahara, or great desert, it could mount upwards to join the Nile on the elevated plains of Sennaar. Mr. Jackson's gossiping stories, told at third hand, of negroes who navigated the Niger from Tombuctoo to Cairo, we deem to be unworthy of the smallest attention. The third idea was given up from its being well known that no river discharged itself on the eastern coast of Africa, that could at all be considered as the Niger. The affirmative to the second question was, therefore, concluded to be the only rational and the least objectionable solution of the problem. It was supported by analogies, and it had moreover the advantage of coinciding with  
ancient



ancient opinions, Ptolemy having terminated the Niger in an inland lake.

Previously, however, to Park's departure on his second mission, he had received a strong impression, in consequence of some suggestions of a Mr. Maxwell, who had formerly resided on the coast of Africa, that the Niger discharged its waters into the Southern Atlantic, through the Congo or Zayr. This suggestion of Mr. Maxwell was, in his opinion, supported by many circumstances, for instance, the ignorance of all the inhabitants of North Africa of the termination of the Niger—from Horneman having mentioned, that at Bornou the Niger takes the name of *Zad*, which, he says, is the name of the Congo at its mouth, and six hundred miles inland (Maxwell says *Enzuddi*)—from the course of the Bahr-Kulla of Browne, supposed to be the Niger, being the course that the latter ought to take, in order to join the Congo; and, lastly, from the inundations of the Niger corresponding with those of the Congo.

These impressions were certainly not weakened by the information collected at Sansanding. In his letter to Sir Joseph Banks, he says that the guide which he procured here, was 'one of the greatest travellers in this part of Africa;' that from him he had learned, that 'the Niger, after it passes Kashna, runs directly to the right hand or the South;' that 'he was sure it did not end near Kashna or Bornou, having resided for some time in both these kingdoms.' To Lord Camden he writes, that 'he was more and more inclined to think that it can end no where but in the sea;' and both to Lord Camden and Mrs. Park, he speaks confidently of reaching the sea-coast.

In the absence of further information on this interesting question, and to enable us to form some estimate of the value of this hypothesis, it will be necessary to collect the substance of what is known of the river generally called Congo, which is, in fact, the name of the kingdom through which it flows, the name of the river being *Zayr*.

It is agreed by all writers, who mention this river, that it is remarkable for a peculiarity, by which it is distinguished from all other rivers in the known world, namely, that it runs in almost a perpetual state of flood;—its depth, which probably exceeds that of all other rivers, never varying more than nine feet; whilst that of the Ganges and the Nile, inconsiderable streams when compared with the *Zayr*, varies above thirty feet.\* The floods, however, of the *Zayr*, though nearly perpetual, are periodical; the highest beginning in March, the lowest in September; and as it is well known that all rivers, whose streams flow through one of the tropical regions,

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\* The *Zayr* discharges into the sea, when at its lowest state, 4,000,000 cubic feet of water in a second of time, which is ten times the quantity discharged by the Ganges at its highest flood.



have but one flooded season in the year, which happens when the sun is on the same side of the line with the course of the river, there must be some peculiar cause or circumstance to give to the Niger the singular property of having two floods. No other river, that we are acquainted with, of any magnitude, has this property. The Amazons, perhaps, comes nearest to it. The main branches of this mighty river flow through southern latitudes, and are flooded by the periodical rains which follow the sun to the southern tropic; but several of its tributary streams rise to the northward of the equator, others at no great distance from it on the south, and the whole collected mass of waters is disembogued into the ocean immediately under this line. Some part of its course passing thus through regions of perpetual rains prevents that low ebb, which it would otherwise experience, when the sun had reached the northern tropic, and when the southern streams were diminished or dried up till the annual return of rain. But if a river could be found, whose source is at or near one of the tropics, and its termination near or within the other, that river, towards its mouth, would necessarily have two floods every year, the larger flood being at the time when the sun was on the same side of the line with its termination, and the smaller when at the side of its source; and these two floods would vary but little, as the loss by absorption and evaporation would be made up while the stream was passing through the region of perpetual rains, which may be said to extend to three or four degrees on each side of the equator.

The Zayr is precisely under these circumstances, and all its phenomena may be satisfactorily accounted for by supposing the sources of this powerful stream to be placed in North Africa.

Another character, we believe, is peculiar to this river: the flood tide makes no impression on its perpetual ebbing stream, which, on the contrary, forces its way with a rapid current for many leagues into the sea where its waters may be taken up perfectly fresh. In this fact all the old Portuguese writers agree; and the following description, taken from them, with due allowance for the conceit and pedantry of the age, has been fully verified in our time.

‘ Zaire is of such force, that no shippe can get in against the current, but neere to the shore: yea it prevailes against the oceans saltnesse threescore, and as some say, fourscore miles within the sea, before his proud waves yeeld their full homage, and receive that salt temper in token of subjection. Such is the haughty spirit of that stream, which, over-running the low countries as it passeth, and swollen with conceit of daily conquests and daily supplies, which, in armies of showers are, by the clouds, sent to his succour, runnes now in a furious rage, thinking even to swallow the ocean, which before he never saw, with his mouth wide gaping eight and twentie miles, as Lopez affirmeth, in the opening; but meeting with a more giant-like enemy, which lies lurking under the  
cliffes

cliffes to receive his assault, is presently swallowed in that wider wombe; yet so, as always being conquered, he never gives over, but in an eternal quarrel, with deepe and indented frownes in his angrie face, foming with disdaine, and filling the air with noise (with fresh helpe) supplies those forces which the salt-sea hath consumed.'—*Purchas his Pilgrimage.* Edit. 1613. p. 583.

The *Amelia* frigate, commanded by Captain Irby, in attempting to get into the Zayr with an ordinary breeze, and before the regular sea breeze set in, was swept round by the current towards the great Moona Mazea bank, on the north side of the entrance, and was perfectly ungovernable; and even with the breeze, it was necessary to creep close along the southern shore, where, in many places, they could find no bottom by sounding; the current running down at the rate of seven miles an hour. They succeeded in getting the ship 48 or 50 miles up the river, the current still running constantly down at the rate of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 miles an hour. This rapidity of the current, with the frequent eddies and whirlpools, made it a more dangerous task to get the ship down again with safety out of the river. In the mid ocean, opposite to its mouth, they fell in with large floating islands covered with trees and bushes torn from the banks by the violence of the current; and when the *Amelia* was at anchor out at sea in 15 fathoms water, 12 miles distant from Cape Padron, the south point of the river's mouth, the current was running at  $4\frac{1}{4}$  miles an hour, the water being perfectly fresh, coloured like rain-water and much agitated.

In the same year, Captain Scobell, of the *Thais*, being upon this part of the coast, observes, 'In crossing this stream I met several floating islands, or broken masses from the banks of that noble river which, with the trees still erect, and the whole wafting to the motion of the sea, rushed far into the ocean, and formed a novel prospect even to persons accustomed to the phenomena of the waters.' The bottom of the sea is every where covered with mud to the distance of sixty leagues in the direction of N. W., from the mouth of the river, to which extent the *Thais* found the current still setting the ship.

We have a survey of this mighty river by Mr. Maxwell, published in 1795. From this it appears, that the width from Shark Point across the Moona Mazea bank to the opposite shore, is about 15 miles, the mid channel near the mouth 100 fathoms deep, the current 6 miles an hour. At 23 miles from the extreme point of its embouchure the channel contracts to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and the depth is still marked 100 fathoms. At 54 miles it spreads out into several branches, divided by islands, sandbanks, and shoals. At 90 miles it again contracts into one channel of a mile and half in width, the depth, for some distance, being 30, but afterwards 50 fathoms, which is carried

ried up to the distance of 130 miles, where the survey ends: by information derived from the natives, it is stated to be navigable from 50 to 60 miles beyond this, where the navigation is interrupted by falls or cataracts, which they call *Gamba Enzaddi*.

Mr. Maxwell says in his letter to Mr. Keir that, according to accounts received from travelling traders, it is as large at 600 miles up the country as at Embomma, 90 miles only from its mouth, and that it is there also called *Enzaddi*.

If Mr. Maxwell's survey be at all correct, the Zayr, if not the first, is at least the second river in the world. The master of the *Amelia* says, 'Mr. Maxwell's chart conveys a good idea of the river, but the soundings are not correct:—he observes, however, what must occur to every one, that the mud and earth brought down by this rapid stream, whirled about in numerous eddies, must cause the banks to shift, and the soundings to be constantly changing. In the rainy season Mr. Maxwell says the rise of the river is not more than nine feet.

It is rather surprizing that the Portugeze, who discovered the Zayr, and who for centuries have had their slave establishments in Congo and the neighbouring kingdoms, should not have traced the origin of this great stream; but the truth is, the Portugeze discovered much more than was ever made public. Barros, the best historian of their discoveries, deals so much in generals, and quotes so sparingly his authorities, which were however of the highest order, that he constantly leaves one to regret the want of further details. 'The king of Congo,' he says, 'received an account of the rebellion of the Mundequetes, a people who inhabited certain islands in a great lake, out of which flows the river Zayr, which runs through the kingdom of Congo;—and he further says, that Don John of Portugal sent certain persons to penetrate into the interior, and 'to extend their discoveries beyond the Great Lake.' It appears too that Don John sent several embassies to the king of Tombuctoo, among which he particularly mentions those of Pero de Evora and Gonçaleanes, Mem Royz, and Pero de Asturiga, but of whose adventures and discoveries we know nothing, not even the place they went from or the route they pursued.

All the old Portugeze and Spanish missionaries, whether on the east or west coasts of South Africa, speak of the waters of the Nile and of the Zayr being derived from the same sources; that these sources are large lakes in the neighbourhood of the equator and to the southward of it, among which Zembré was considered as the 'great mother and chiefe ladie of the waters of Africa.' Lopez left Rome to visit Congo a second time, for the express purpose of obtaining 'full information concerning the Nile;' and by him we are told that the Zayr derives its floods from three lakes;  
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the first the Zembré, the second the Zayr, (probably the Aquelunda,) and the third 'a great lake out of which the Nile is supposed to proceed.' The missionary Marolla speaks of a vast collection of waters from whence one great stream flows through Egypt, and the others through the countries watered by the Zayr. In short, there appears to have been a very prevailing impression that the Zayr was in some way connected with the Nile, and the Nile with the Niger; but whether their notion was derived from the information of missionaries or of the natives, or whether they merely followed Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers, who considered the Nile and the Niger as flowing out of the same lake, not very distant from the equator, we have no materials to form a decided opinion. If the information be derived from eye-witnesses, they must be considered as careless observers; for although it may not be an absolute physical impossibility that two rivers should flow, in opposite directions, or indeed in any direction, out of the same lake, yet the contrary approaches so near to an axiom in geography, that no instance is perhaps known of such an occurrence. It is more probable that those lakes from whence proceeds the remotest branch of the Nile, whose source yet remains undiscovered, are situated, if they exist at all, on the elevated ridge that runs northerly through Abyssinia; and that the lakes into which the Niger falls, and out of which the Zayr issues, lie along the western feet of the same ridge; so that the stream, after crossing the line, is thrown back to the westward, and, following the general slope of the country, flows into the southern Atlantic.

Of the existence of one of these lakes, (the Aquelunda,) there can be no doubt. Marolla says, 'that Francis de Pavia was invited one day by the Queen of Zinga to fish for mermaids in this lake; that they saw thirteen, and caught one female, who had nails on her fingers, and long black hair; that she refused all food, and lived only twenty hours.' The story was discredited, not from any doubt of the existence of mermaids, but from an opinion that none of the seal tribe took up their fixed abode in fresh water lakes or rivers. Thus Virgil,

—————*insolitæ* fugiunt in flumina phocæ.

If, however, we are not very much mistaken, the *phoca Siberica*, or silvery seal, is the constant inhabitant of the Baikal lake, whose waters are perfectly fresh and clear as crystal, and whose distance is not far short of 2000 miles from the sea.

Three objections are stated against the identity of the Niger and the Zayr by the editor of the present volume, which he seems to think 'weighty and formidable.' The first of these is, that the hypothesis supposes the course of the Niger to lie through the vast

chain of the *Kong* mountains, (anciently *Montes Lunæ*,) 'of the existence of which there appears to be no doubt;' that from their situation in the midst of a great continent, 'they may reasonably be supposed to be of vast size and extent;' that it is difficult therefore to understand 'how the Niger could penetrate this barrier, and force a passage southwards.' To render this objection valid, we should demand at least three points to be previously established: 1. The existence of these lunar mountains, of which we entertain the strongest doubt, for this simple reason, that it rests wholly on *hearsay*, and even this on very slender authority. Park, in his first journey, saw two or three peaks, near which the Gambia, the Senegal, and the Niger are supposed to take their sources; but instead of a central belt extending across Africa, he did not know whether they extended thirty, three hundred, or three thousand miles. 2. That, in the absence of all correct information, some analogous chain of mountains of three thousand miles in length, abutting upon another chain equally long, and at right angles with it, should be pointed out as a parallel instance in the economy of nature as to the distribution of mountainous ranges. 3. That, admitting its existence, it should be proved to be one solid, compact, and unbroken range of primitive granite, which alone is able, and we doubt even if it be able, to oppose a barrier to the passage of a great river. The immense range of Himmaleye, covered with eternal snow, (the Imaus of the ancients,) afforded no barrier to the streams of the Ganges and the Buramputra; the *Rocky Mountains* refuse not to open their *gates* for the passage of the Missouri; nor the Alleghenny chain to the Delaware, the Susquehanna, or the Potomack. Indeed we know no instance of a mountainous range offering a permanent barrier to the pressure of an accumulated mass of waters, or the constant action of a running stream. The falls of Niagara are known to recede or travel upwards; and when the remaining part of the mountain-rock shall be worn away by the action of the water, down whose steep sides it is now precipitated, the Lake Erie will disappear, and its place be supplied by a fair and fertile valley.

2. The second objection to the identity of the Niger and the Congo is 'the length of its course, which would exceed 4000 miles; whereas the course of the Amazons, the greatest river in the new or old world with which we are acquainted, is only about 3500 miles;' that 'although the existence of a river considerably greater than any yet known may be within the limits of physical possibility, yet so improbable a supposition ought not to be adopted on slight or conjectural reasoning.' This is at least a *safe* way of arguing the question, but by no means satisfactory or conclusive; it would imply that the continent through which this new river is supposed to flow,

flow, was just as well trod and traversed as Europe, Asia, and America, whereas the interior of Africa, from Tombuctoo to the confines of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, a straight line of 3000 miles nearly in difference of latitude, is as much unknown as the interior of Spitzbergen. If the course of one river, which flows wholly on one side of the equator; and consequently kept up by one season of rains, with only a slender addition of water from the north of the line, is known to extend to the length of 3500 miles, we are not able to discover why another river, whose source is on one side, and its embouchure on the other side of the equator, and whose stream is in consequence kept up by two periodical rains, should not extend five hundred miles farther, or indeed why its extent should be limited but by the limits of the continent itself through which it flows.

We anticipate an objection with regard to the Niger, that the elevation of the country about its source, not being sufficient to admit the possibility of its joining the Nile, is, à fortiori, inadequate to send its waters to a distance very nearly double that of the Nile. Such an objection is easily removed. The Abyssinian branch of the Nile runs upon an elevated ridge which Bruce computed to be full two miles above the level of the sea; the western branch, the Bahr el Abiad, or white river, joins the former, as we have already observed, at an elevation of one mile. Mr. Park unfortunately affords no data to estimate the height of the ridge out of which the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger collect their streams; but, from a consideration of the short distance of the two former from the sea, and the portion of that distance through which the tide flows up the Gambia, together with Park's general description of the country, we should say that 4000 feet rather exceeded than fell short of the greatest elevation; but we require no such height for our argument; we will suppose the source of the Niger to be 3000 feet only above the surface of the ocean; the declivity or slope of the bed would then, in the course of 4000 miles, be nine inches in each mile. Condamine has calculated the descent of the Amazons at  $6\frac{3}{4}$  inches per mile, in a straight line, which, allowing for its windings, would be reduced, according to Major Rennell's estimation, to about four inches a mile for the slope of its bed. This able geographer, the first of the age, has observed, in his dissertation on the Ganges, that from Hurdwar to the sea, a distance of 1350 miles, the surface is an apparent uniform plane with no perceptible declivity; that, however, by a section, taken by order of Mr. Hastings, of sixty miles parallel to a branch of the Ganges, it was found to have nine inches of descent in each mile in a straight line; but that this descent was reduced, by the windings of the river, to four inches a mile, the same as the bed



of the Amazons; and that this small descent gave a rate of motion something less than three miles an hour in the dry, and from five to six miles an hour in the wet season; but seven or eight in particular situations and under certain circumstances.

It will hence appear that the proportion of velocity communicated by the descent alone is small in comparison to that which is communicated by the pressure of an increased volume of water forced into the same channel. If, indeed, a stream of water be suffered to run into a horizontal canal, at one of its ends, it will cause a current through the whole length; or, if a slope of one-tenth of an inch in a mile be given to its bed, the water will flow in a sensible current.

The rapidity of the stream of the Niger, therefore, which does not exceed that of the Ganges in the wet season, would admit of a satisfactory explanation, supposing it to be the Zayr, and its course 4000 miles, from declivity alone. Velocity however might be communicated by the fresh supplies which it is known to receive from the country of Matamba to the south of the line; and the steep declivity of its bed, falling at once from 50 to 100 fathoms, could not fail of giving a fresh and vigorous impetus to the rapid current with which this mighty river rolls its waters into the ocean.

The course of the Niger in an easterly direction inclining a little to the northward, may perhaps be urged as another objection to the identity of the two rivers. Park, however, was informed by his travelled guide that, having passed Bornou, the Niger turned off to the southward; if we could suppose it to reach the equator, we should require no other evidence than that which we possess of the general slope of the country to the westward, to pronounce its next direction to be towards that quarter. In some of the old writings, South Africa is called the 'Wedge of Africa,' from its two sides converging almost to a point at the Cape of Good Hope; but it is a wedge, or inclined plane in a more correct sense of the word, the back of which is the great chain of mountains called Lupata, or Spine of the World, which, commencing at Cape Guadafui, extends to the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope. From the summit of this eastern range, the country slopes to the westward, in the same manner as, from the corresponding western range of South America, that continent slopes to the eastward, by which the Southern Atlantic becomes the common reservoir of the waters of both. The Orange river, whose source is in that part of the range which is behind Sofala, crosses South Africa, and, after a course of about 1000 miles, falls into the Southern Atlantic; and Doctor Cowan found every stream which he crossed between that river and the country of the Barraloos, running to the west or north-west.

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Though rivers, from the great length of their course, sometimes become narrower and more shallow towards their termination, which indeed is a common character of African rivers, it does not follow that the copious and rapid stream of the Zayr should furnish an argument against the great length of its course, as the hypothesis which supposes it to be the Niger would supply a complete answer to any such objection.

3. The third and last objection to the hypothesis is, that no traces whatever of the Mahommedan doctrines or institutions are to be found on the coast where the Niger (supposing it to be the Zayr) terminates; that none of their effects on the manners and customs, nor that predominance of the Arabic language, every where discoverable in North Africa, have been remarked on the coast of Congo and Angola; and that the inquiries of Mr. Maxwell, from negroes who had come down the Congo, from great distances, had not led to the supposition that Mahommedan priests had visited the countries on the banks of that river. This objection is not quite correctly stated: that most marked of all Mahommedan institutions, circumcision, happens to be universally practised in Loango, Congo, and Angola, and indeed on the opposite coast as far as the confines of the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope; there are also, on both sides of southern Africa, many traces of the Arabic language. The very name of the river, *Zayr*, is Arabic, and signifies *roaring, turbulent, rapid*—all of which epithets are remarkably characteristic of the Congo. There is also, on the opposite side of the continent, a river and a kingdom of the name of Zayr; the former falls into the sea near Sofala, and, being a mountain stream, has the same character, we doubt not, as its nobler namesake.

We are aware of Marolla's derivation of *Zayr* from *Zevuco*, and hardly know which to admire most, the closeness of the *sound* of the derivative to its primitive, or the closeness of the *sense*. The Portuguese, who discovered the river, inquired naturally enough of the natives what was its name; the answer was, '*Zevuco*'—*I can't tell*—and hence, says the missionary, it was called *Zayr*—a specimen of etymological affinity, yielding in nothing to that of *Jeremiah King* and a *cucumber*. The word *Zaad* too is Arabic, and signifies *frightful, terrific*, which is a name not inappropriate to the cataracts of the Zayr, called by Mr. Maxwell *Enzaddi*; but we lay not much stress on etymologies. What difficulties may have impeded 'the spirit of enterprise and proselytism which belongs to the Mahommedan character,' it would be impossible to say until we shall have obtained some better information of the interior of Africa, from the lakes and swamps of Wangara and Ghana to the southern tropic, of which, in fact, we know nothing. Park learned

from his guide, at Sansanding, that they would 'touch on Moors no where but at Tombuctoo.' The southern side of the river was free from them; so is the whole coast from the big Benue southwards. The impediments, therefore, would appear to be rather owing to moral than physical causes; a people who could pass the Sahara, or Great Desert, would find no physical obstacles in tracing the course of a navigable river, little as internal navigation is practised in any part of Africa; or in making their way along the fertile coast. We know not enough of the condition of Africa in the dark ages to decide what the obstacles may have been; but are pretty certain that the Christian kings of Abyssinia were, at that time, more powerful than at present; so powerful indeed that they were enabled to extend their protection to the petty chieftains on the coasts of Guinea and Benue, who, as we learn from Barros, sent ambassadors, on every new succession, across the coast to do homage to and obtain the sanction of the reigning sovereign of Abyssinia, who was not then, as now, hemmed in by the Christians on one side and the Arabs on the other. This Christian empire was much sought after by the Portuguese in their early enterprises, stretched much farther than now to the south and to the west, and was unquestionably a more effectual check to that 'spirit of enterprise and proselytism which belongs to the Mahomedan character

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\* The following *literal* translation from De Barros is so curious, and this anecdote little known to the English reader, and indeed to the readers of any nation, that its insertion here, will not, we think, be considered as out of place. The information it contains was fully verified, and was one of the many sources of knowledge open to the Portuguese that led to most important results.

'Among the many things which the King Don John learned from the ambassador of the King of Benue, (who was at Lisbon about 1485,) and likewise from Joao de Aveiro, as related to him by the inhabitants of those parts, it was said that to the east of the King of Benue, by twenty moons, (which, according to their reckoning and their slow rate of travelling, might be about two hundred and fifty of our leagues) there was a king, the most powerful of those parts, whom they called Oganè, who was held in as much veneration by the pagan princes bordering on Benue, as the Pope is among us; and to whom, by a most ancient custom, the kings of Benue, at the commencement of their reign, sent ambassadors, with a great present, notifying to him of the decease of such a one, they had succeeded to the kingdom of Benue, in which they requested he would confirm them. In sign, or proof, of this confirmation the Prince Oganè used to send them a staff, and a covering for the head of the monarch in a Spanish helmet, the whole of shining brass, instead of scepter and crown; and with the same brass, he also sent a cross of the make of those worn by the knights commanding the order of St. John, (Malta,) to be hung about the neck as a religious and holy ornament without which things the people held that they (the kings of Benue) did not reign nor could be called true kings. And during all the time that this ambassador was in the court of this Oganè, he, as an object of religion, was never seen by the ambassador who only saw certain silk curtains, behind which he was placed. And when the ambassador was about to take his leave, a foot was shewn from the curtains, as if that he (Oganè) was there, and granted the articles delivered—to which foot the ambassador paid the reverence as to a holy thing. And also as a kind of reward for so long a journey was given to the ambassador a small cross of the same make as that sent to him, with which they hung about his neck, and with which he became free and exempt from

The argument then in favour of the identity of the Niger and the Zayr, may be summed up in a few words.—There is in North Africa a great river of which nobody knows the end—there is in South Africa another great river of which nobody knows the beginning—the river of North Africa flows to the southward—the river in South Africa comes from the northward. When to these facts are superadded the singular phenomenon of the South African river being in a state of flood for six months in the year, when no rain falls to the southward of the line, and consequently can only be supplied from a country to the northward of the line where in those six months the rains prevail; it will hardly be denied that there are at least strong and rational grounds for conjecture, that the Niger and the Zayr are one and the same river—a conjecture which lends additional interest to the pursuit of discovery, and which will not be diminished if it should turn out that the *sources* of the Zayr and the *termination* of the Niger have, though unconsciously, long been known.

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ART. VII.—*Specimens of the Classic Poets, in a chronological Series from Homer to Tryphiodorus, translated into English Verse, and illustrated with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By Charles Abraham Elton. 3 vols. London. 1814.

MR. ELTON, who has already appeared before the public as a translator of Hesiod, has here undertaken a task of greater variety and extent. The idea, as well as title, of the present work,

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arbitrarily, and privileged in the country of which he was a native, in like manner as knights commanders are among us.

‘I (continues De Barros) knowing these things, and that I might be able to write them with the greater truth, (for the King Don John had, in his time, well investigated the matter,) when in the year 1540, certain ambassadors from the King of Benin came to this kingdom, one of them, who might be a person of about seventy years of age, had a cross of this kind; and upon my questioning him concerning it, he answered according to what I have above written.’

‘And as in that time, whenever India was mentioned, people always spoke of a very powerful king called Preste John of India, who they said was a Christian; it appeared probable to Don John, that through this prince he might find an entrance into India, because through the religious Abyssinians who visited those parts of Spain, and also from the friars who had gone from hence to Jerusalem, (and whom he had directed to inform themselves concerning this prince,) he had learned that his states were situated in that country which lies beyond Egypt, and which extends to the sea of the south:—the king therefore, with the cosmographers of the kingdom, taking Ptolemy’s general table of description of the whole of Africa, with the land marks on the coast, according as they had been placed by the discoverers, and setting off the distance of two hundred and fifty leagues to the east, where, according to the accounts of the Beninians, the states of this Ogané ought to be, they found that this must be the Preste John, as both of them were concealed behind silk curtains, and held the sign of the cross in great veneration; and he (the king) also concluded, that if his ships should follow the direction of the coast which they were discovering, they could not fail to arrive at the land where lies the Praso Promontory.’—*Barros*, Decad I. Book iii. Chap. 4.

may, probably, have been suggested by the chronological selections of English poetry published by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Southey; in its application to classical poetry, or, at least, to classical translation, it seems to be more original. It is always a pleasing and curious study to follow the gradual progress of language and the revolutions of taste; and selections of this kind, when judiciously made, serve, in some degree, the purpose of a cabinet of minerals, and exhibit the writers of a country in their relative characters, as well as in their individual peculiarities. A brick, it is truly said, does not give us a notion of a house; nor does a fragment of schist or whinstone represent the general appearance of the rock; but it is something to know, that the house is not of marble, nor the rock of granite; and thus a few extracts from Homer or Milton, though they may raise no conception of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost*, will, at least, impress our minds with their distinguishing characteristics.

The ancient poets, from which passages are translated in these volumes, are sixty: thirty-three Greek, and twenty-seven Latin. These comprehend the entire series of what may be termed classical poetry; and of these, about one-fourth exist only in short fragments, or in writings of doubtful authority. But the dramatic poets are excluded from this list; an exclusion for which there seems no adequate reason, since detached scenes, to say nothing of their lyric parts, might supply, at least, as good a conception of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, as insulated passages of Homer or Virgil. On more satisfactory grounds, the various poets whose relics are preserved in the Greek and Latin Anthologies, find no place in Mr. Elton's translations; and the apprehension of encumbering himself with a multitude of authors of a late age and inferior merit, seems to have prompted rather an arbitrary definition of the word '*classic*,' as distinguishing the pagan from the christian poets.

The present translator has endeavoured to accommodate himself to the different style of his poets, by adopting a variety of measures. We do not, in every instance, perceive the grounds of his choice; but the changes are sufficiently frequent to relieve the reader's attention, and prevent that satiety, which uniformity, especially in translation, is apt to produce. His success is very unequal: many specimens are, in a high degree, brilliant and spirited, while others are cold, stiff, and lagging. In general, we like him better in rhyme than in blank verse, though the arguments in behalf of the latter measure in his Preface may shew that he is of a different opinion. One cause, and probably the main cause, of Mr. Elton's inferiority in blank verse, is a theoretical bias in favour of literal, or, as we should call it, servile translation, with which, of course, it is not so easy to comply under the restrictions of rhyme. 'The fit standard of a translator is fidelity,' we are told in his Preface, where the

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g disputed question, as to the propriety of close or loose translation, is discussed with arguments which it is not necessary to convert. The truth seems to be, that strict translation best satisfies the critic; loose translation most pleases the multitude. He who would escape censure, must avoid deviations, which a reviewer will detect; he who would obtain popularity must shun dullness, over which a reader will yawn. And this is founded on a plain matter of fact, of which every one is aware, though every one cannot express it so elegantly as Denham: 'It is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie; and poesie of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the infusion, there will remain nothing but a caput mortuum: there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' But in blaming literal translation, executed without regard to this law, we do not, of course, mean to recommend the opposite error. There is a style of low and slovenly paraphrase, which commonly indicates a mind too dull to seize the spirit, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author. In all translations, to represent the original character is the first duty. But he who must lose much of the precision and gracefulness of language, and even the collocation of words, is more to be blamed for replacing them by new graces of his own language, than a musical performer for enriching the text of his composer by touches suggested by his own skill and enthusiasm. The following stanzas from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar, may, perhaps, in some degree, appear stiff to an English reader:—they have, however, considerable merit in representing the severe, and rather hard manner of that poet.

'The monarch eagle then hangs down  
On either side his flagging wing,  
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head;  
Hovering vapours darkling spread  
O'er his arch'd beak, and veil his filmy eye:  
Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string;  
And, as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,  
He feels soft sleep effuse  
From every pore its balmy-stealing dews,  
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's extasy.  
Stern Mars hath dropp'd his sharp'd and barbed spear;  
And starts, and smiles to hear  
Thy warbled chaunt, while joy flows in upon his mind:  
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm  
The demons of celestial kind,  
By Apollo's music-charm,  
And accent of the zoned, full-bosom'd, maids  
That haunt Pieria's shades.

But

But they whom Jove abhors, with shuddering ear  
 The voices of the Muses hear;  
 Whether they range the earth or tossing sea:  
 Such is that hundred-headed giant, he  
 Of blessed Gods an enemy,  
 Typhon, who lies in chasm of Tartarus drear;  
 To whom Cilicia's legend-fabled cave  
 His nourish'd being gave:  
 Now on his shaggy breast  
 Sicilia's isle and Cuma's sea-girt shore  
 Are ponderously prest:  
 And that round pillar of the sky  
 With congelation hoar,  
 Ætna, crushes him from high;  
 While the year rolls slow,  
 Nurse of keen-encrusted snow.

From forth whose secret caves,  
 Fountains pure of liquid flame  
 With rush and roaring came;  
 And rivers rolling steep in fiery waves  
 In a stream of whitening smoke,  
 On glowing ether broke:  
 And in the dark and dead of night  
 With pitchy-gathering cloud, and glare of light,  
 The volleying fire was heard to sweep,  
 Masses of shiver'd rock with crashing sound  
 Dash'd midst the sullen ocean's waters deep.  
 There that Vulcanian dragon casts  
 His fiery whirlpool blasts,  
 Blazing in horrid light  
 On the scared ken of mortal sight;  
 Far bursting, marvellous to hear,  
 On the passing traveller's ear.'

All the fragments of Sappho, *πιδάκος ἐξ ἱερῆς ὀλιγῇ λιβάς*, are translated by Mr. Elton, and we think he has been remarkably happy in several; especially in the love-ode, the fire and rapidity of which is lost in the elegant version of Ambrose Philips. Some of the other Greek lyric poets follow, who survive rather in their general fame, than in the broken scraps that have been preserved: Archilochus, Simonides, Bacchylides. Justice is done to the exquisite lamentation of Danae; but the famous hymn upon Harmodius and Aristogiton, ascribed to Callistratus, is very tamely rendered.

The second volume is entirely filled with the Latin poets of the best age, from Lucretius to Ovid. As all these have been before translated, Mr. Elton has perhaps given too great space to their compositions; and the parallel which he thus provokes with so many former writers, is at least adventurous. It is evident, that  
 the



the selector of detached passages escapes more than half the difficulty, and all the irksomeness which belongs to the department of translation; and has the advantage of chusing his ground, when he enters the list with him who has toiled through the uninteresting details and refractory obscurities of a volume. With this allowance, Mr. Elton stands tolerably fair in a comparative view of translators; and though he certainly does not equal Mr. Sotheby, who is not likely soon to have a rival, in his specimens from Virgil, he does perhaps as much justice to Horace and Tibullus as his predecessors. In his selections from the Satires and Epistles of the former, he has been judicious, we think, in sometimes employing blank verse, the only measure which can suggest to an English reader the easy and negligent style of the Roman moralist. Once indeed there is what appears to us a terrible failure, in consequence of a different metre. Mr. Elton has been deceived by the example of Pope into a notion, that the beautiful satire *Hoc erat in votis*, is a ludicrous poem, and that it requires a tone of vulgar doggrel in translation. Its real character, on the contrary, is moral and even melancholy sentiment, interspersed with the serious smile of philosophy at human follies. The story of the two mice is told with mock heroic gravity; a style which, if it may be classed, in a general way, with the ridiculous, will certainly lose its proper humour by such translation as these lines of Pope:

This jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,  
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.

Or these of Mr. Elton,

Served dish on dish in course complete,  
With *entremets* prolong'd the treat;  
And played the taster with the meat.

Such instances of mistaking the character of his author are however not common with this translator.

We were a little surprised at finding Gallus in the list of Augustan poets. The friend of Virgil, and the subject of that beautiful, though rather fantastic poem, the 10th Eclogue, (the prototype perhaps, or at least a sort of counterpart, of Milton's Lycidas,) did not deserve to have an unclassical scrap of voluptuous poetry, commonly published with the *Basia* of Secundus, gravely imputed to him. Mr. Elton indeed observes, that 'the Latinity of the delicate little Ode to Julia, however elegant, has something of a modern cast.' This is moderate and cautious, as four lines of the original will shew.

Conde papillas, conde semi-pomas,  
Compresso lacte quæ modo pullulant.  
Sinus expansa profert cinnama,  
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

We



We can only presume, as Mr. Elton is much too good a scholar to entertain doubts about this brat of the 16th century, that he was anxious to shew his qualifications, on the demise of the present incumbent

who, like Augustus, young  
Was call'd to empire, and has governed long,

to fill the throne of amatory poetry, as much, if that were possible, to the satisfaction of ladies of fashion.

The following description of the death of Archemorus from Statius, is a favourable specimen of Mr. Elton's powers in rhyme

Thus to the Grecian kings, in plaintive grief,  
The Lemnian exile gives her woes relief:  
Her absent nurseling now forgotten lies;  
Such the decree of adverse destinies.  
Plunged in the crested grass, that round him rose,  
His drooping eyes slid languid in repose;  
Long wearied with the feats of childish play,  
One hand still grasp'd the herbage as he lay.  
When lo! a serpent, floating many a rood,  
Uprose; the sacred horror of the wood,  
Th' enormous snake dragg'd on each loosen'd fold;  
Another self behind him lengthening roll'd:  
With torch-like glare his livid eyeballs glow'd,  
And his green jaws with foaming venom flow'd.  
In triple barb he fork'd his quivering tongue;  
In triple rows his jagged fangs were hung;  
His towery crest a cruel glory shed,  
And gilded radiance darted round his head.  
The rustics deem'd him holy; for the grove  
Was sacred held, the care of Argive Jove:  
To whom turf altars rose amidst the shade,  
And humble swains unwealthy honours paid:  
Thus wreath'd in many an orb, with wandering train,  
Glided the serpent round the sylvan fane;  
With bruising folds the groaning woods were twined,  
And the vast elms their mouldering bark resign'd;  
Oft with continuous sweep he stretches o'er  
The river-bed, and rolls on either shore:  
Cut by his scales, the middle waters flow,  
Cleave as he glides, and hiss and froth below.  
But now, when Theban Bacchus gives command,  
And pants at every pore the burning land;  
Now, when the water-nymphs, with dust bespread,  
Hide in the lowest sands their fainting head;  
Fiercer he writhes, untwists each winding spire,  
And deadly rages with envenom'd fire.  
Through the scorch'd pools he floats on many rings,  
And roams in vallies, dried of all their springs;

Now, roll'd supine, he lies in faint despair,  
 And gasps for life, and licks the liquid air :  
 Now, grovelling prone, he smites the groaning ground,  
 And sucks for dew the verdant herbs around.  
 His breath's hot blast the drooping herbage dries,  
 And at his hiss the verdure withering dies.  
 Vast as the starry serpent, that on high  
 Tracks the clear ether, and divides the sky,  
 And, southward winding from the northern wain,  
 Shoots to remoter spheres its glittering train ;  
 Or vast as that, whose agonizing fold  
 On cleft Parnassus' trembling summits roll'd ;  
 As with drawn bow the Delian archer stood,  
 And writhed with hundred wounds he lash'd the reedy wood.'

There is an unfortunate tameness in the passages rendered from Lucan, where Mr. Elton has lost the condensed and pointed sentiment of his original in the expansion of blank verse. Thus, in lines familiar to every scholar,

— ' Nor Cæsar can to aught superior bow,  
 Nor Pompey bear an equal. But to know  
 Which in the juster quarrel drew the sword,  
 Exceeds our power. With either party sides  
 A mighty judge. Heaven owns the conquering cause,  
 Cato the vanquished.'

This is very flat. In return, we may justly praise the specimens from Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus, and Oppian. Perhaps the chief merit of Mr. Elton's plan is the opportunity it gives of introducing to the poetical reader those authors of a late age and unequal merit, whose real beauties have been overwhelmed by a mass of defects, and by that sweeping criticism which is entirely founded upon defects. It has been justly remarked, that in some minor excellencies, and especially in natural description, the later and less eminent poets frequently surpass those to whom we pay the exclusive homage of admiration. The following passage from the *Dionysiaca* of Nonnus, which we select from several equally beautiful, has a soft and splendid colouring, and a sweetness of language, that reminds us of Mr. Southey's style in description.

' With crooked bow, a dweller of the woods  
 Was there ; a nymph who, nourish'd on the grape,  
 Bloom'd in the forest's leafy wilderness :  
 Fair shaped Nicæa, huntress of the swift,  
 A second Dian, strange to love : untaught  
 The rites of Venus, she with arrows chased  
 The beasts, and track'd the mountains. No soft bower  
 Of maidens chamber'd her in green recess,  
 With fragrant foliage hid ; but in a place

Of rocks, a desert haunt, in gloomy glen  
 She dwelt. Her spindle was the bending bow ;  
 Her threads the feather'd arrows ; and, with poles  
 Of meshy nets, this mountain Pallas spread  
 The web : more pleased to weave the close-wrought lines  
 Of wonted chase on snare-set rocks, the whilst  
 Following the chaste and arrow-shooting queen,  
 Her comrade of the forest. Ne'er her dart  
 Had touch'd the feeble dappled fawn, nor struck  
 The fugitive scared deer, nor trembling hare.  
 She harness'd lions to the yoke, and lash'd  
 Their shaggy backs with blood-discolour'd thong,  
 Blaming Diana, that she left the race  
 Of mottled panthers, and the lion kind,  
 And rein'd the silly deer. Nor lack'd the nymph  
 Th' anointing oil of fragrance ; and her cups,  
 With honey-temper'd draught, she dip'd in streams,  
 Cold-gushing from the torrent. In a cave,  
 Arch'd in the natural rock, her mansion was,  
 'Midst desert hill-crag inaccessible :  
 And oft, o'erwearied by the running chase,  
 She sate beside the panthers ; or, beneath  
 The hollow rock, in mid-noon, lay at length,  
 Where the recumbent lioness had teem'd  
 With her young lion ; but the gentle beast  
 Smooth'd its rough brows in blandishment, and lick'd  
 The maiden's limbs, and sheath'd its bending claws,  
 That mangled not her flesh : the dreadful mouth  
 E'en of the littering lioness, those jaws  
 Devouring, like a dog's, in querulous joy  
 Skimm'd, fondly moaning with forbearing lips,  
 And touch'd her without harm. The lion's self,  
 Deeming her Dian, trail'd his head on earth,  
 Suppliant, and bowed his shaggy-ruffled mane  
 Low at her feet.

Upon the whole, these specimens do considerable credit to Mr. Elton's expertness in versification, and fluency in speaking the language of poetry. To each author a sort of biographical and critical sketch is prefixed. The criticisms shew a scholar and a man of taste, but they are sometimes expressed in too peremptory a manner. He is a little too fond of reversing established opinion as to the relative merit of poets. *Dejicit superbos de sede, et exaltat humiles.* It is strange enough to find an ingenious man preferring the *Medea* of Apollonius to Virgil's *Dido* ; but, at all events, such critical heresies ought to be propounded with diffidence.

ART. VIII. *The Physiognomical System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, founded on an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Nervous System in general, and of the Brain in particular, and indicating the Dispositions and Manifestations of the Mind.* By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. London. 1815. Royal 8vo. pp. 571.

THE writer of this volume, as its title-page imports, is a disciple and coadjutor of the celebrated Dr. Gall of Vienna; and, like his master, is so very equivocal a sort of personage, considered as a literary man, that in some respects we hardly know in what manner he is to be treated. In saying this, we do not particularly allude to the doctrines which he professes; although these savour not a little of empiricism; but rather to the mode in which they have hitherto been propagated. That a man should publish his opinions upon whatever subject, is natural enough; at least there is nothing in such a circumstance, which in the present times need excite surprize; but why he should travel over Europe for the purpose of preaching them, it is by no means so easy to explain. We do not mean to deny, but that in doing this Dr. Spurzheim may have chosen an honest method of gaining a livelihood; although we believe that to be pretty nearly all that can be said for it; yet it is one, which a person of liberal education and of a liberal profession would not, we should suppose, prefer, and which a man with any feeling of personal dignity about him, would surely disdain. But Dr. Spurzheim is a German, and not an Englishman, and it is possible that the manners of the two countries may make all the difference.

Be this as it may, we are inclined to think, that whatever be the cause of Dr. Spurzheim's unsettled plan of life, whether the love of money, or the love of cranioscopy, or the love of fame, in no respect will the success of the publication before us gratify his views. Our author must not imagine that, because he has been able to find people in this country who would listen to him with patience, he will therefore be able to find readers equally good humoured. His doctrines may possibly have passed off with very good success at a lecture; for, as Dr. Spurzheim's own experience must have informed him, there is no sort of absurdity but may be safely administered in that shape; but the difficulties which a writer has to encounter, are more considerable. To suppose that nonsense may be presented to a *reader*, as to a *hearer*, stark naked and without even the decent clothing of a little sophistry, is a great mistake.

Dr. Spurzheim informs us, that he has been so long associated with

with Dr. Gall in the labours of cranioscopy, and so accessory to the improvement and propagation of his system, that the latter has, for many years, been used to talk of his discoveries only as their joint property. Notwithstanding the evil augury of the poet's admonition,

That in your nice affairs of system,  
Wise men propose, but fools assist them,

we, therefore, took up the volume before us with the expectation of some amusement; for it seemed impossible to suppose that so many of the *learned* as our author can number among his proselytes should have been persuaded to believe in such wild doctrines as Dr. Gall's, except by a person possessed of more than ordinary talents of some sort or other. There have been instances of people not deficient, generally speaking, in good sense, who, in matters of *religion*, have sometimes suffered themselves to be imposed upon by poor, feeble-minded enthusiasts; but such instances are somewhat rarer in matters connected with *philosophy*. Accordingly, when this volume was put into our hands, it never entered into our minds to doubt for one moment but that the writer of it was some shrewd person who, in conjunction with Dr. Gall, had availed himself of the disgraceful ignorance which almost universally prevails upon subjects of abstract reasoning, to revive the foolish notions so long unthought of, respecting the seat of the soul and its faculties.—But in what language to express the surprize and disappointment which its perusal has occasioned us, we really know not, without making use of terms which Dr. Spurzheim might perhaps justly deem offensive.

We would not willingly speak with a foolish emphasis; yet we can safely assure our readers, that from the beginning to the end of this huge volume, containing, we may presume, all the arguments by which so many have been convinced, we have not met with one single remark which a man of sense would not blush to have made; nor a single inference fairly drawn from the premises to which it is attached. The premises themselves, indeed, are usually of the most incontestible description; consisting either of propositions as incontrovertible as the axioms of geometry, or else of facts which it would generally be madness to deny. But the peculiarity of Dr. Spurzheim's logic is, that from these truths, he is perpetually drawing the most sudden and unexpected inferences; and then, because his data are irrefragable, he will needs have it that his conclusions must be the same. Accordingly, whatever may be the point which he wishes to establish, he seems to think that all things in heaven and earth may lawfully be put in requisition for the purpose of demonstrating it. If trees grow, or heavy bodies fall to the ground, if a cat watches for a mouse, or a sparrow falls from the house-top, it

is all proof of something which proves something else, which proves Dr. Gall's theory of physiognomy. By these means, and apparently without a single idea in his head, he has managed to spin out 571 royal octavo pages. We shall endeavour to follow him as far as our imperfect eye-sight will permit; but we do not pretend to say that we have always been able to perceive the points upon which the fragile web of his argument is suspended.

According to Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, the brain is the great organ of life, and the seat of all faculties whether animal or intellectual. The intellectual faculties they divide into general, common and special; by which *last* they seem to understand all those by which the characters of men are distinguished, when compared together as individuals. Thus all men have understanding, and all men have sensation; again, all men have memories and imaginations, and so forth; but some are fonder of music, or of mathematics, or of painting, than others; the faculties by which these *particular* propensities are created, they call *special* faculties, and suppose that they have all separate organs in the brain. Upon the size of the organs, depends the *strength* of the faculties; and as the general size and shape of the brain must depend upon the relative size and shape of the organs of which it is composed, they argue that the skull, which was intended merely as a covering for the brain, will also receive its particular form from the same circumstance, in such a manner that the most prominent parts of it will necessarily point out the most prominent features of the character. *Which positions being granted*, they contend that it must be possible by a series of particular observations, to bring the art of inspecting skulls, or, as they term it, of *cranoscopy*, to such perfection, that a skilful person, by merely looking at the forehead and feeling the other parts of the head, shall be able to tell such secrets as it may not always be very pleasant to have disclosed. This knowledge they profess to have arrived at. We shall now consider the proof upon which their claim to such extraordinary powers is founded.

After some anatomical observations, in which our author affirms it may be satisfactorily shewn, that the brain is a fibrous substance, and that the nerves have their origin in different parts of the body so that they ascend from the medulla oblongata, and do not, as has been commonly supposed, descend from the brain, he proceeds 'to prove that all the faculties of the mind are innate;' for, as he observes, 'the first question in *anthropology* is, whence has man his faculties?' He takes up the argument *ab urbe conditâ*, by proving in the first place that *matter has properties*; and having established this by induction of particulars, in the case of various vegetables, he argues with much probability, that the human body

must be endowed with material properties also. In which case he tells us, it *some how or other* follows that 'the functions of man must be divided into those which take place without consciousness—*automatic life*; and those which take place with consciousness—*animal life*.'—Now with respect to the faculties of automatic life, they must be innate, since man possesses them in common with other animals; for 'man, being a microcosm, must possess all the properties common to him and to other beings;' the faculties of *automatic life* are therefore 'innate.' He then examines whether the faculties of *animal life* are not the same; these are, voluntary motion, the five senses, and all the sentiments and powers of the mind in general. Having demonstrated that the two former, viz. *voluntary motion and the five senses*, are given to man by nature, he next comes to consider the origin of the third, that is, of the *moral and intellectual faculties*.

He informs us 'that there are *three* modes of explaining this matter:' viz. 'either by external impressions or by internal causes,' which he next proceeds to discuss: 1. As to external causes; he shews in the first place that the powers of the human mind cannot be created by mere 'society,' 'because the faculties which are observed in other social animals are not so produced'; neither can they take their origin from 'wants,' for external circumstances only 'excite the activity of internal faculties, but do not produce them.' The next opinion which our author refutes, is that of 'several philosophers who have advanced that climate, or even the nurse's milk might be the cause of our faculties; but if this were so, why might not grown up persons who live upon veal, mutton, pork, &c. accuse the ox, the calf, the sheep, or the pig for their want of intelligence?' Again, there are some people who ascribe every thing to 'education.' Dr. Spurzheim's refutation of this opinion is singularly brief and argumentative; 'it must be answered,' says he, 'that neither in animals nor in man does education produce any faculty whatever.'

Having thus satisfactorily proved that the faculties of animal life are not produced by 'external circumstances,' our author proceeds to examine the other alternative, that is, whether they are produced by 'internal causes.' 'Attention,' he informs us, 'is commonly considered as the cause of all internal faculties.' We were not aware that this was the *common* notion, nevertheless we can assure our readers that they will find it fully refuted in the volume before us; as also another opinion, which ascribes the origin of our faculties to 'pleasure and pain;' but these our author shews are the result and not the cause of them. He is equally successful in proving that the faculties are not produced by the 'passions;' and  
here



here closes his *negative* proofs of the innateness of the faculties. But besides these, there are also many *positive* proofs.

The first of these is from 'analogy;' 'every earth,' he says, 'every salt, every metal, has its determinate qualities; we never gather figs upon a vine, nor grapes upon a thorn bush; we can never change a cat into a dog, nor a tiger into a lamb; why then should man be excepted?' Man, therefore, it is inferred, has 'his determinate faculties,' and they may be divided into those which he possesses in common with other animals, and those which are proper to his particular nature. In this part of his work, the Doctor argues that if it be admitted that all the instinctive aptitudes and inclinations of animals are innate, it will follow that all those qualities which man possesses in common with them, must be the same. In order to give this analogy its fair scope, it is necessary, we are told, to make a few *obvious* changes; such as the nightingale's melody into instrumental harmony, the bird's nest and the beaver's hut into gorgeous palaces and solemn temples, the base instinct of propagation into the ennobling sentiment of moral love—and by means of this *unexceptionable* principle, all the propensities of the human mind, such as friendship, love of glory, hatred, envy, and so on, may with great simplicity be proved 'common to man and other animals;' and since all these propensities are innate in the latter, he seems to think that there is no good reason why they should not be the same in the case of man. This being settled, our author proceeds to investigate whether those faculties which are *peculiar* to human nature are not also innate. For this purpose, he shews from history in general, and more particularly from the remains of mummies, that men have always had *arms, legs, heads*, and so forth, just as they have at present; that it is physically impossible to *change one sex into another*; that people excuse their frailties, by saying 'it is my nature, it is stronger than I am, I cannot help it;' and he concludes the argument as follows:—'Finally, man has been created as well as every other being; consequently it is rational to think that his faculties are determinate and ordered by creation. *We consequently maintain that every faculty of man is innate.*'

Such are the opinions of this great and original thinker, upon the subject of the innateness of the human faculties, which we have given at some length, not so much on account of the novelty which they possess, as to shew our readers the general powers of mind with which he is gifted. We shall now proceed to the next chapter, which is to shew 'that the manifestations of the faculties depend on organic conditions;' and here we must take the liberty of observing, that had our author shewn this at first, all that he has hitherto written might perhaps have been superfluous; for nobody could be so bold as to deny that the thorax, the spinal marrow, the  
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brain,

brain, and so on, are innate; consequently if our author can prove that all our sentiments and powers depend upon one or other of these, the conclusion that they do not depend upon 'society,' or 'wants,' or 'pleasure and pain,' seems to be quite obvious.—However, as it is not possible to have too much of a good thing, we exceedingly rejoice that this observation escaped our author's penetration: but to the point.

In order to shew that the character of the mind depends upon organization, he notices the well known facts, that there is a difference both between the minds and bodies of the two sexes, that some faculties come with our teeth, others with our beards; that the brains of infants have not the same distinctness of fibre as those of grown up persons. Moreover he tells us, that were not the faculties dependent upon organization, it is inconceivable how they could be trained and exercised; again, St. Paul says,

“O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!” and “when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, Eusebius, and others, consider the body as the instrument of the soul, and teach distinctly that the soul is regulated according to the state of the body; consequently all natural philosophers, all the fathers of the church, and even the Apostles, agree with us in respect to the second principle, that all the manifestations of the mind depend upon organization.

—119.

Having thus proved that the various functions of the mind 'cannot take place without bodily organization,' he proceeds to inquire upon what particular part of it they depend. In the first place, he shews that 'they do not depend upon the whole body;' for, as he observes, 'it is certainly not possible to measure the faculties of the mind and understanding in men, according to their size and shape;' neither do they depend upon the viscera of the abdomen and thorax, neither do they depend 'on the spinal marrow,' nor upon 'the five external senses.' These opinions he briefly refutes, in about thirty pages; and then proceeds to determine upon what part of the bodily organization they really do depend. Our readers will certainly be a good deal surprized at Dr. Spurzheim's very natural decision, which is, that without *brains* we should be quite incapable either of moral feeling or intellectual exertion. However, he undoubtedly supports this extraordinary opinion by many probable arguments; and we regret that our limits prevent us from any thing more than merely praising this part of his volume, which fills up fifty pages, for its great learning. We hasten to the next chapter, which, as it is more intimately connected with his theory than any of the preceding, we must take the liberty of recommending more particularly to the notice

ice of our readers. The subject of it is, 'The Plurality of the cerebral Organs.'

What Dr. Spurzheim has hitherto said, must be intended, we presume, for the purpose of obviating the objections of future ages; because there are few persons in the present times who would feel disposed to differ very widely with him in the *conclusions* at which he has hitherto arrived. But with respect to the position which he is now about to prove, it is quite plain, that unless he should be completely successful in his endeavours, his system will not have a foot to stand upon. For unless the brain is really composed of separate organs, each of which is the residence of a particular faculty, it is evident that we might feel a person's head, for months together, without growing at all the wiser, from any thing which the mere protuberances upon it would acquaint us with.

It is no longer since than our last number, that while examining the philosophical opinions of Mr. Stewart, we took occasion to express some doubts respecting the substantial existence of those many simple and elementary faculties with which the mind is commonly considered as being endowed. As the contrary doctrine is the foundation-stone of the admired system which our ingenious author has assisted to raise, we make no doubt that our readers will peruse, with much pleasure, the very powerful arguments by which our opinions are combated in the volume before us. Dr. Spurzheim is certainly a wonderful reasoner.

'As soon as philosophers,' says he, 'began to think of the beings of nature, it was necessary to make divisions. . . Moses speaks of a division into brutes which live and feel, and into those (sc. brutes) which reason. The soul (anima) was not only divided into anima of plants, anima of animals, and into anima of man, but one soul was considered as vegetative, and another as sensitive. All the inclinations were regarded as the result of *animus*. Finally, the intellectual part which reasons, was called man. Pythagoras, St. Paul, Galen, Gilbert, Gassendi, Bacon, Van Helmont, Wepfer, Leibnitz, Frederick Hoffman, Haller, Blumenach, Soemerring, Rist, Barthez, &c. admit different causes of the different phenomena of men and animals. All those who admit only one soul in man, as Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Descartes, Stahl, &c. are obliged to acknowledge at least several faculties of the single soul. Thus various principles, or at least various faculties of the same principle, have been admitted at all times.'—209.—And, therefore, we are left to infer that they must be admitted now.

We do not doubt that Dr. Spurzheim *could* have shewn the justness of this inference, had he pleased, because we know he can prove one thing just as easily as another; however, as he has overlooked this part of his argument, we shall avail ourselves of the oversight, to retain our former opinion, that there is no more solid reason for dividing the understanding into faculties, than for dividing

heat or light into faculties: but we must return to Dr. Spurzheim.

‘As the principles or the faculties were divided and subdivided, so different seats were assigned to them. The reasonable soul was commonly placed in the head, the unreasonable soul in the viscera or abdomen. The Arabs placed common sense in the anterior cavity of the brain, imagination in the second, judgment in the third, and memory in the fourth ventricle. Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, delineated a head, and indicated upon it the seats of the different faculties of the mind. Peter de Montagnana in 1491, Lodovico Dolci, have published similar delineations. Serveto, Charles Bonnet, Haller, Var Swieter, Mayer, Prochaska, Platner, Mallacarni, Tiedemann, Wrisberg Soemmerring, in like manner, maintain that the different parts of the brain are destined to different functions. Thus it follows, that the idea of the plurality of the seats or organs is very ancient, and that those who maintain that Gall first invented it, are mistaken. *It is only to be determined which are the faculties and which are the respective organs.*’—212.

These questions, our author tells us, he will defer for a page or two, until he has brought *a few other proofs* to shew that the faculties of the mind must have different cerebral organs.

With this view he argues that in the same manner as ‘every salt, every metal, has its own crystallization, every plant, and every fruit-tree its particular organization, so in the same individual, certain propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties manifest themselves with great energy, while others are scarcely perceptible. Hence, (as he most logically concludes,) *the mass of the brain cannot preside over the same functions.*’ 214. It is unnecessary to make any remark upon this admirable inference: we shall therefore leave his general reasoning, and proceed to mention two facts which he seems to think are equally in favour of the doctrine he wishes to establish. The first is, that ‘study too long protracted produces fatigue, but we can continue to study by changing the object. Now if the brain were a single organ, performing all the functions of the mind, why should not the organ be still more fatigued by this new form of study?’—215.

It may be replied, we apprehend, that unless the point to be proved is *taken for granted*, the fact which has just been adduced, furnishes a much better argument for the enemies of Dr. Gall’s system, than for the admirers of it. If we *think*, as well as walk and see, and hear, by means of material organs, the fatigue which may be felt from the over-exertion of any particular faculty, ought, upon Dr. Gall’s principles, to produce a local affection of the brain, and to be perceived in the particular organ in which we suppose it to exist. But since, on the contrary, the sensation which we experience bears no sort of resemblance to that lassitude which always accompanies bodily fatigue, and is attended with no sort of pain  
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either to the brain in general, or to any particular part of it, it is evident that we can have no reason whatever to conclude either that the brain in general, or any particular part of it, is in any way affected; consequently, as upon the supposition which our author makes, this effect *ought* to be produced, the fact that it is *not*, gives a much better right to the adversaries of Dr. Gall to adduce the phenomenon in question as an argument against his system, than he can possibly have to adduce it in his favour, however much, in other respects, it might suit his convenience to do so.

The next fact which our author adduces, is one which will give great pleasure to all those who love to know the little peculiarities by which illustrious men are distinguished; it is taken from the phenomena of dreaming.

‘Some somnambulists,’ says our author, ‘do things of which they are not capable in a state of watching; and dreaming persons *reason sometimes better than they do when awake*. This phenomenon is not astonishing. If we wish to reflect upon any object, we avoid the noise of the world, and all external impressions; we cover the eyes with our hands, and we put to rest a great number of organs in order to concentrate all vital power in one or in several. In the state of dreaming and somnambulism, this naturally happens; consequently the manifestations of the active organs are then more perfect and more energetic; the sensations are more lively, and *the reflections deeper* than in a state of watching.’—218.

Now with all humility, we must take the liberty of hesitating before we can agree to any general inference being drawn from this *argumentum ad idiosyncrasin*; that Dr. Spurzheim may be capable of making ‘deeper reflections,’ and of ‘reasoning better’ when asleep than he is able to do when awake, we can easily and do most conscientiously believe; indeed we think such a supposition will very rationally account for the many preternatural beauties both of thought and argument with which the volume before us abounds; but surely Dr. Spurzheim is doing us too much honour when he supposes that we are all similarly gifted with himself; on the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion that the generality of persons, whether sleeping or waking, would be equally incapable either of reasoning or of thinking in the way of which he is so great a master.

Having thus shewn so satisfactorily that the human mind is a composition of various independent agents called faculties, each of which is provided with a separate apartment in the brain; he proceeds, in his fifth chapter, *to inquire into the means by which the particular function of each cerebral part may be determined*. Hitherto Dr. Spurzheim has only been laying the solid foundations of his system, but now the superstructure begins to be visible.

That every part of the brain has its appointed office and pecu

liar duty to perform, after the irresistible arguments which we have seen, it is surely no longer possible to doubt. Assuming, therefore, that the question is placed beyond any future controversy, the great object of curiosity is to ascertain the particular duty which each part is destined to fulfil. It is here that the *physiognomical* department of the system may properly be said to commence, and we must particularly recommend the manner in which it is conducted to the serious attention of our readers; it is Dr. Spurzheim's *chef-d'œuvre*. We are informed that 'in every function we may distinguish the energy or quantity, and the modification or quality.' p. 241. The *last* it is extremely difficult, if not impossible to ascertain; and, consequently, the proper aim of philosophy should be to examine the *energy or quantity* of the cerebral organs. Now energy and quantity are, by the definition, *convertible terms*; it is therefore quite plain that if we know the *quantity* of any particular organ, we know its *energy*; but the *quantity* of any particular organ depends upon its *size*, consequently its *energy* must depend upon the *size* of it likewise. Moreover, this may be proved by *analogy*, for 'there is a general law throughout all nature, that the properties of bodies act with an energy proportionate to their size. Why should it not be the same in respect to the brain?'—p. 242.

With this irrefragable datum, therefore, to proceed upon, that *the energy, that is to say the quantity of every particular part of the brain depends upon its size*, he commences his next chapter; the object of which is to shew that, 'as the brain is the principal cause of the form and size of the head,' and not, as some people might have supposed, the head the principal cause of the form and size of the brain, it is natural to conclude that the shape of the skull must be adapted to the form of the brain, and not the form of the brain to the shape of the skull. This reasoning appears to us so extremely obvious and just, that we are quite surprised nature did not perceive it. The *fact*, however, is, that the internal form of the cranium is so far from coinciding with the external shape of it, as Dr. Spurzheim shews it *ought* to do, that if we cast a mould of wax in the inside of the skull, this mould, instead of presenting the same appearances upon a smaller scale, as the skull itself, exhibits a very striking and obvious difference; which would seem to imply that the shape of the head depends, in respect to some of the details at least, upon more conditions than our author appears to admit. We trust, however, that this difficulty is not of much importance, because otherwise it will throw a degree of uncertainty upon the science of craniology, which every body would lament.

As it is, this science stands upon a rock; because, if we *only* suppose that the *energy of an organ's intellectual power and the quantity of its material substance, are equivalent expressions*, it must follow



low that whenever any intellectual power is remarkably energetic, the organ by which it acts must be proportionably large; consequently assuming that every such organ must produce a corresponding protuberance upon the skull, it is plain, that the most prominent part of a person's skull will necessarily point out the most prominent feature in his character; and that the most prominent feature in a person's character being known, the organ in which it is situated may also be known by means of the protuberance which it will produce upon the cranium. Now as all this is proved by *general reasoning*, and founded upon the *nature of things*, of course one instance is very properly considered just as satisfactory an evidence that the conclusion is conformable to fact, as a hundred would be.

Accordingly, if we turn to that part of the volume in which the several special faculties and their respective organs are pointed out, we shall find that, whenever any sentiment or propensity is observed as being very generally prevalent in human nature, it is always taken for granted, upon the strength of the excellent reasoning which we have just been considering, that it must *necessarily* possess an appropriate organ, although it may not be possible at the time to particularise its exact position. In like manner, if the profound persons before us should happen to have had frequent occasion to observe any remarkable protuberance upon a particular part of the head; the existence of a corresponding faculty is supposed as a *thing of course* and as a *necessary* consequence of the general principles which we have just been stating. The *specification* of the unknown organ or faculty is indeed considered by them as belonging to the department of experience, but the business of this department is so extremely simplified and abridged by means of a most beautiful contrivance, which we shall soon have occasion to notice, as to render the duties of it very nearly a sinecure.

We have before observed, that our author divides the faculties of the mind into *general*, *common*, and *special*. *Understanding* and *sensation* are of the first class; the second consists of such faculties as *memory*, *perception*, *judgment*, *imagination*, and so forth. 'These expressions,' Dr. Spurzheim informs us, 'are common, and the respective faculties have no organs, but every *peculiar* memory, judgment, and imagination, as of space, number, form, colour, tune, &c. have their particular organs.' 275. Upon this principle of classification, it might naturally have been expected that the number of these special faculties would be almost without limit; but as the human skull is large enough to admit only of a very small number of distinct protuberances, Dr. Gall and our author were, it seems, under the necessity of rejecting the claims of all except *thirty-three* to the honour of an appropriate organ.

These are, in Dr. Spurzheim's exquisite phraseology, amative-  
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ness or physical love ; philoprogenitiveness (or love of offspring); inhabitiveness, or a love (as far as we can understand) of dwelling in elevated situations ; adhesiveness or attachment ; combativeness ; destructiveness ; constructiveness (or love of building) ; covetiveness ; secretiveness (or love of stealing) ; self-love ; approbation ; cautiousness ; benevolence ; veneration (or religion) ; hope ; ideality (an omnigenous faculty) ; individuality (or of attention to particulars) ; form ; size ; weight ; colour ; space ; order ; time ; number ; tune ; language ; comparison ; causality ; wit ; imitation.

Now, as we observed before, if we consider the very great variety of ideas besides those of *time*, *weight*, *number*, and so forth, which the mind is capable of apprehending, as well as the many sentiments of which it is susceptible, besides the *love of murder*, *stealing*, *building*, and so on, it will certainly appear that the number of our faculties as stated by Doctors Gall and Spurzheim is exceedingly small ; though if we remember that each faculty has its distinct organ in the brain, and distinct protuberance upon the skull, our surprise may perhaps be excited to find them so numerous. The first of these difficulties, however, exists only in appearance, because by so very obvious a stratagem, as merely *loosening* the signification of a word, the same organ may be made to serve such a variety of purposes, and to accommodate so many dissimilar qualities, that the limitation of our faculties to the number of thirty-three is simply a matter of convenience.

In order to shew the singular utility of this artifice we shall select, almost at random, two or three examples.

We are informed that one of Dr. Gall's fellow-students possessed so excellent a memory for places, that ' he never forgot the spot where he had found a bird's nest, but always found it again without having made any artificial marks.' Now this wonderful boy had a protuberance towards the middle of the forehead which reached nearly half way on each side of it. It was therefore evident that this protuberance indicated the organ of ' local memory.' Subsequently Dr. Gall met an old woman of Munich, who had been all her life haunted with a most violent propensity to travel about ; and what is remarkable, this old woman of Munich had a protuberance upon her forehead exactly similar to the one which we have just mentioned. It was therefore evident that the faculty of *local memory* must be the same as that of the *propensity to travel*. Afterwards Dr. Gall found that the same organ, which he calls that of ' space,' (from its being so *spacious* we presume,) ' makes the landscape painter—judges of symmetry—measures space and distance—gives notions of perspectives—and is strongly manifested in the busts of *Newton*, *Cooke*, and *Columbus*.' Again, we are informed, that to the organ of the propensity to conceal or of *secretiveness*,

iveness, we must ascribe 'cunning, prudence, the *savoir faire*, the capacity of finding means necessary to succeed, hypocrisy, lies, intrigues, dissimulation, duplicity, falsehood; in poets the talent of finding out interesting plots for romances and dramatic pieces, and finally, slyness in animals.' 402. In like manner we are told that the organ of constructiveness or of a propensity to build, is found in *mechanicians, architects, sculptors, painters, milliners, lock-makers, watch-makers, cabinet-makers, joiners, turners, and field mice*. 'Adversaries of our doctrine,' says Dr. Spurzheim, 'may ridicule a comparison between *Raphael, a milliner, and a field mouse*;' but, as he very appositely remarks, 'does not the cloth creep by means of organs similar to those by means of which the horse gallops? does not the ass cry by the same organ by means of which a Catalani sings?'—391.

This is quite admirable, and in Dr. Spurzheim's very happiest manner; nevertheless, we should not be surprised if some of his 'adversaries' were to observe that, if it be permitted to apply so moveable a rule as is here used to the different characters which we meet with, the same protuberance may be made a common measure for the most heteroclite qualities, and consequently ceases, practically speaking, to be a criterion with regard to any; so that even admitting this system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim to be ever so plausible as an hypothesis, it cannot possibly derive any sort of evidence from experience.

For the same reason it is equally impossible to contradict it from experience; because, supposing we were to meet with two persons of the most opposite characters, in every respect, having however a similar peculiarity in the shape of some particular part of their head; yet if it so happened that one was a *great mathematician* and the other an *excellent landscape painter*, or one of them a *tasteful milliner* and the other an *ingenious locksmith*, or one of them a *notorious liar*, and the other an *admirable dramatic writer*, Doctors Gall and Spurzheim immediately exclaim that they have at least one faculty as well as one protuberance in common, and that therefore their theory stands good. It is, however, evident, that if these ingenious personages be permitted to define what they mean by this or that faculty, merely according to the convenience of their particular system, and to suppose that the same cerebral organ enabled Newton to discover *the law of gravitation*, and Columbus to discover *the New World*, for no reason except that, upon any other supposition, it is difficult to account for their having *so remarkable a prominence upon the middle part of the forehead*, there can be no end to systems of physiognomy: since upon the same principles, another person might, with equal facility, demonstrate, that the character of the mind

is manifested by the *length of the fingers* or the *colour of the hair*.

Much has been said concerning the mischievous tendency of the doctrines which we have been examining; upon this subject we shall say but little. To prove the immorality of a philosophical theory is not to give a logical proof of its unsoundness; while weighing the probability of any speculative opinion, such an argument may fairly be thrown into the *opposite scale*, but properly speaking, it neither increases nor diminishes the abstract weight of those by which the opinion is in itself supported. These last ought always to be examined, in the first instance, by themselves; in which case, if they should appear to be directly absurd, it is labour lost to prove that they are also collaterally mischievous. The labour, however, which we should lose on the present occasion, would not be very great, because it would not be difficult to make even the disciples of Dr. Spurzheim understand, that a doctrine which explicitly teaches us to believe that a man may assassinate his wife; and yet be a very good-natured sort of person in other respects, *provided he happens to have a bump upon a particular part of his head*, is of a character much too liberal for the present state of society.—p. 565.

We shall therefore not give ourselves the trouble to inquire whether the physiognomical system which we have been examining leads to *materialism or fatalism, or atheism*; nor whether it may be made subservient to good or to bad uses: as far as we can judge, it is capable of being applied to no use whatever, except that of putting money into the pockets of the two excellent persons whom we have so often had occasion to name. Before we conclude, however, which we are most heartily desirous of doing, our abstract of the principal arguments upon which Dr. Gall's theory is founded, it may perhaps be expected that we should make a few remarks upon the support which it is said to derive from the *physiology of the nervous system*.

Now, we are perfectly willing to give Dr. Gall or Dr. Spurzheim, or both of them, every praise for the discoveries which they may have made in this department; we allow them every merit for their manner of dissecting the brain, for having shewn that it is a fibrous substance, that the nerves of the body have their origin in the respective parts of it, and not in the brain or spinal marrow, and for having stated the morbid phenomena of hydrocephalus much more clearly than has been attempted heretofore: but in what respect these discoveries, however ingenious they may be, can be supposed to throw any light upon the philosophy of the human mind, is, we confess, altogether above our comprehension. It was undoubtedly very foolish to conclude that the nerves had their origin

origin at a particular point in the brain, for no other reason than because the mind was supposed to be a simple and indivisible substance; but surely to conclude that the mind is *not* a simple and indivisible substance, merely because the nerves do *not* terminate at a point and have *not* their origin in the brain, is at least equally foolish. *Physical unity*, as is justly observed in the report of the French Institute, is one thing, and *metaphysical simplicity* is another; and whether we suppose that the mind is situated in the stomach, with Van Helmont, or in the pineal gland, with Descartes, or with our author that it is distributed through the whole substance of the encephalon, not a single conclusion can be drawn, that we are able to perceive, for the enlargement of our metaphysical knowledge, which is worth the goose-quill that we are now writing with.

But however little light the physiology of the nervous system may throw upon the nature of the human mind, generally speaking, yet there are some facts connected with the morbid appearances of the cerebral parts, which would appear to be quite conclusive against the particular theory of Dr. Gall. In hydrocephalus, for example, the cases are numerous of persons who, with several pounds of water in the brain, have lived to considerable age, without any sensible injury either to their understanding or to their character in general. The operation of this disease upon the brain is so powerful, that the substance of it, judging from *appearances*, was generally supposed to be actually *dissolved and destroyed* by it. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have however shewn, with a good deal of probability, that this is not the case, and so far certainly they have obviated an objection which would otherwise have been quite decisive. But surely, if the mental operations be so identified with the cerebral parts, as they seem to suppose, such a preternatural distension of the substance on which all the functions of the mind depend, ought at all events to be attended with corresponding effects of some sort or other. If the organs of sight or hearing be impaired, the consequences are well known; how it happens that the organs of *thinking* and *feeling* may be afflicted with the most portentous disorders, and yet the operations of thinking and of feeling continue unaltered and undisturbed, Dr. Spurzheim does not think it prudent to explain.

But this is not all; it is well known that there is scarcely any part of the encephalon which has not, in one case or another, been found defective; large masses of the brain may be extracted; Dr. Spurzheim himself mentions instances in which bullets have been found in it; nay, he even tells us of a case which Dr. Gall was witness to, of a clergyman who had lost *one half of it* by suppuration; and yet in none of these cases (and similar ones are innumerable) do the intellectual

tellectual powers appear to have suffered the *slightest injury or interruption*.

Surely these facts would seem to be conclusive; that *whole faculties* should be taken out of the head and yet none of them be missed, that a man should *lose half his brains*, and yet suffer no diminution of mind, would seem to imply that we could do almost as well without brains as with them, and at all events must be allowed to look very unfavourably upon a theory which makes the quantity of a man's brains the measure of his understanding. But it must be no common difficulty that will appal the stout hearts of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. According to them, these facts, instead of subverting their system, merely prove that nature must have provided us with *double sets of faculties*, one on one side of the head and another on the other.

But this is a question of fact which may be partly ascertained by actual examination of the encephalon; does it then appear that the two hemispheres of the brain coincide in all their parts; that the corresponding convolutions are similarly situated on each side of the head? in short, is there any argument whatever from anatomy in favour of such an hypothesis? By no means; on the contrary, not only the lobes of different brains are not similar, but in the same brain the cerebral masses of the two hemispheres do not coincide in any one respect. How then is it to be proved that we are provided with a double set of organs? marry, by analogy; we have two eyes, and two ears, and two arms, and two legs: why then should we not be provided with two sets of faculties? Now there can be no doubt that we *should* be so provided, because otherwise it is impossible that the theory of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim can be true; but whether or not this is a sufficient proof that we really ARE so provided, we shall leave our readers to determine.

We have now, to the best of our power, put our readers in possession of the nature and evidences of this famous 'Physiognomical System' of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. Whatever arguments seemed to possess any pretensions to the name, we have, as we went along, generally endeavoured to refute; others we have merely stated, because, to enter into a grave discussion of every foolish thing which Dr. Spurzheim may happen to mistake for a piece of reason, would have been an endless, as well as a superfluous labour. It is plain, that almost all the facts which our author adduces, are, for the most part, mere analogies either between mind and matter, or else between the organization of man and other animals. With respect to the first of these, little need be said; we have no reason, from any thing which we know of either, to suppose that mind and matter possess any one property in common; and consequently those who, after all that has been so often said upon the subject, will

will still persist in instituting analogies between them, are obviously a description of persons utterly ignorant of the first principles of sound reasoning, and who therefore can have no more right to be heard upon a speculative question than a person ignorant of the elements of mathematics, respecting the merits of a theorem of Newton. With respect to comparative anatomy, the case is perhaps not altogether the same; and supposing it to have been already *satisfactorily proved as a general position, that every part of the brain has its distinct intellectual function to perform*, we will not deny but that an acquaintance with the function of the particular parts of the brain in other animals might often assist a skilful observer to determine the function of the particular cerebral parts in the case of the human subject. We will therefore, for the sake of argument, suppose that the *general proposition* has been demonstrated; let us then see in what manner the argument, from comparative anatomy, is conducted by Dr. Gall.

We are informed by Dr. Spurzheim, that

‘ Dr. Gall observed in animals which have a great propensity to elevated situations, as in the chamois and wild goat, a protuberance which *he identifies* with the organ that, in mankind, produces *pride and haughtiness*. One variety of rats lives in *canals, cellars, and the lower parts of houses*, another *dwells in hay-lofts*. The difference of their organization (*credat Judæus Apella!*) is very sensible. Now the place where both organs are situated, viz. the organ of self-love in man, and the instinct of physical height in animals, Dr. Gall thinks are in the same place of the head. He supports his opinion by the natural expressions by which the sentiment of pride is manifested, that is, the *mimickry of this faculty is allied with physical elevation*. From the earliest infancy *proud children* are pleased with *mounting upon chairs*, in order to be upon a level with adult persons. *Adults of little stature often do the same*, (that is, mount upon chairs,) *in order to gratify their self-love*. Proud persons keep their bodies upright, their gait is haughty. In general, all expressions of pride and superiority are combined with some physical elevation. Kings and emperors sit upon elevated thrones, &c. Is it then surprizing that the same organ presides over *physical and moral elevations*, if there be so many relations between them?—Such is the reasoning of Dr. Gall.’—365.

We must, however, do Dr. Spurzheim the justice to say, that it appears this was too much even for him to swallow; and his protest is admirably characteristic.

‘ It seems to me,’ says this last profound person, ‘ that it is impossible to confound the instinct of physical height with the moral sentiment of self-love and pride. I believe it possible to have a great opinion of one’s own person in all regions and countries. The expressions or manifestations of haughty persons, for instance, *their mounting upon chairs* in order to be higher and greater, this behaviour of children, *in order to be on a level with adult persons*, the haughty gait of proud persons,



persons, &c. do not at all prove the identity of both mentioned organs. Examine what kind of proud children mount upon chairs and tables in order to shew their height. I am sure they are children to whom certain things have been interdicted because they are still little; or in general, children who have observed the advantages of grown up persons, in whose presence adult age has been praised. Say to such individuals, that those who are placed at the head of the company, or at its lower part, occupy their places by way of distinction, and they will endeavour to occupy the place which is praised. Thus I separate the instinct which carries animals to physical elevation from the sentiment which produces self-love and pride, and I seek for two different organs.'—367, 368.

We have given these quotations, not merely by way of shewing the exquisite absurdity of the method by which Doctors Gall and Spurzheim reason, but also as a fair specimen of the general style and manner in which the volume before us is written; and we will ask Dr. Spurzheim's own admirers, whether such strange nonsense was ever before put to paper. Because proud people get upon chairs and tables, and kings and emperors sit upon elevated thrones, therefore they must be endued with an organ in common with *rats who live in hay-lofts!*

Again, we are told, that

'Dr. Gall observed a distinct protuberance on the posterior part of the skulls of women, and, in comparing the skulls of his collection, he found a similar elevation in the skulls of children and on those of monkeys; consequently it was necessary to point out a faculty common to them all. During five years, he was occasionally occupied with this consideration. He was in the habit of suggesting his difficulty relative to this protuberance to his auditors, and a clergyman who attended him observed that *monkeys* have much attachment to their offspring. Gall examined this idea. In fine, he found that this protuberance, which is situated immediately above that of physical love, or amateness, corresponds with the general protuberance of the occiput, and is the organ of philoprogenitiveness.'—361.

Now this, we are inclined to think, far surpasses even the *rats*: because *monkeys, women, and children* have a protuberance above the occiput, it was consequently necessary to point out a faculty common to them all; and this faculty, which is common to monkeys, women, and children, is the love of their offspring! Be it observed, that Dr. Gall does not pretend to say that *all* grown up people possess this faculty, but only *women*; it must therefore be a faculty which leaves the other sex, when they come to years of maturity; but why Providence should bestow upon us a faculty at an age when it can be of no possible use, and take it away just at the very time when it would be wanted, is a difficulty which can be explained only upon the principles of *craniology*.

Enough



Enough has been said, we trust, to shew what degree of faith is to be placed on the evidence adduced from comparative anatomy, in favour of Dr. Gall's system. Supposing, however, that this part of the subject had been managed with the greatest prudence and good sense, still, as we said before, it is plain that comparative anatomy furnishes a sort of evidence which cannot be received until the general theory of Dr. Gall, respecting the functions of the cerebral parts, has been fully proved. It is not necessary to say, that this has not, in any degree, been accomplished; but even allowing that the arguments of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, instead of being *sheer nonsense*, had been ever so ingenious and acute, still they could not throw the slightest probability upon the doctrine which they wish to establish; because that doctrine is *matter of fact*, and matter of fact never can be proved by reasoning *à priori*.

It is always a sufficient refutation of opinions which can be verified only by reference to facts, when it can be shewn that it was not from facts that they were, in the first instance, deduced. Nothing, it is plain, can be more easy than to construct theories upon mere abstract possibilities, in such a manner as that they shall not be manifestly contradicted by experience; and, when this is the case, it may sometimes be difficult to refute them by general reasoning. But the chances against any such theory being really conformable to truth, are, from the very nature of things, necessarily so great, that a sober mind will seldom require any other evidence than the history of its origin for rejecting it. Thus, in the present instance, whether every protuberance upon the head be or be not the sign of some particular character of the mind, is clearly a question of *fact*; let it therefore be proved to be a fact, as all other facts are proved; it will then be time enough to investigate the theory of it: in such a case, the explanation which Doctors Gall and Spurzheim propose would at least have a fair claim to be heard. But these ingenious personages, instead of founding the theory which they propose, upon the fact in question, actually attempt to prove the *existence of the fact itself by the mere abstract probability of their theory*. What the value of this probability may be, we will not now inquire; but the procedure itself is so flagrant a departure from all the rules of just reasoning, and even of common sense, as would be sufficient, independently of all other objections, to justify us not only in refusing to give any credit to their pretended discoveries, but almost in refusing to take the proof of them into consideration.

Perhaps this is the plan which we should have adopted; and but for the disgraceful circumstance that there are some, even of the faculty, in this country, who profess the faith of this New Jeru-

saalem in philosophy, we should certainly owe some apology to the more sensible part of our readers, for having so long detained their attention, upon a book so utterly unworthy of their notice. Possibly Dr. Spurzheim may think that some apology is also due to him for the freedom of our remarks. Now we shall be sorry if we have given offence even to Dr. Spurzheim : but misfortunes which have been anticipated fall only with half their force. Our author tells us, that there is a certain description of persons ' who become fierce whenever they see an ingenious and penetrating man, and that therefore he is ' far from expecting that ignorance and knavery will not attack his doctrine with abuse ; but what does no man abuse ? ' Now when an *ingenious and penetrating man* thus roundly accuses his adversaries of *ignorance and knavery*, he can have no very just right to complain of those who merely charge him with *folly*. This then we sincerely believe to be ' the head and front ' of Dr. Spurzheim's ' offending : ' for notwithstanding the sovereign contempt which he seems to entertain for all those who differ from him in opinion, and the very erroneous estimate which he has formed of his own capacity, we take him to be a simple, good-natured man ; and as he is clearly gifted with no greater share of sense than we should suppose indispensable for the common purposes of life, make no doubt that he devoutly believes in all the amazing absurdities which he preaches : a merit, by the bye, which from certain crumbs of information that we have picked up here and there in the volume before us, is a good deal more than we feel disposed to allow Dr. Gall.

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ART. IX. *An Inquiry into the Effects of the Irish Grand Jury Laws.* By Thomas Rice, Esq. F. A. S. late of Trinity College Cambridge. London: Murray. 1815. 8vo. pp. 120.

THIS little work is a jewel of its kind—a lucky example of the ease with which a writer of genius may give to the most vulgar or ordinary subject all the graces of eloquence, and all the interest of novelty.

In a former Number we congratulated the Antiquarian Society on the possession of such a miracle of sagacity as Mr. Wansey ; we little expected that even this learned body could so soon have produced a rival to that profound and entertaining writer.

A title-page more unpromising of literary amusement we have seldom read ; the interior of an Irish Grand Jury room, with its details of presentments, traverses, fiats, and accounting affidavits seems likely to afford little scope for the elegancies of style. *Pro*  
*dess*

*desse quam placere* would have appeared an appropriate motto for such an inquiry. Our readers then will be better able to partake than to measure our astonishment, at finding this hopeless subject adorned with all the beauties of ancient and modern literature—the highest names in poetry and oratory giving their evidence on the best manner of making Irish roads—Cicero going the Munster Circuit with Mr. Baron George, and Cervantes assisting Mr. Justice Day in *fiatting* the *accounting affidavits* for the Barony of Lower Connelloe.

We have little doubt that our readers will suspect that in our partiality to this new and splendid phenomenon, we a little exaggerate the wonder which Mr. Rice has performed, but we trust that the extracts we shall make will perfectly justify our admiration of this young author.

Nor has Mr. Rice, however fond of ornament, been wholly inattentive to the more solid object of utility; he has, we shall see, endeavoured to make the subject interesting to those who would otherwise have been little inclined to such discussions; he wins us to his object by the seductions of Virgil and Spenser, and (we may say without a metaphor) absolutely strews the highway with flowers.

The first page offers a happy instance of the use he makes of his literary attainments. His work is preceded by two quotations, one from Lucian in the original *Greek*; the other, an *Italian* sentence, judiciously selected from the works of Davila. Mr. Rice does not any where condescend to translate his quotations; which proves, either that the Irish country-gentlemen are educated in a very superior style to ours, or—what may possibly be Mr. Rice's own modest apprehension—that the ancient and foreign languages are quite as intelligible to ordinary readers as any translation he might make of them.

We therefore do not feel ourselves entitled to complain of Mr. Rice's proceedings on this point, yet we cannot but wish, if it were only for our own personal ease and comfort, that he had now and then acquainted us, if not with the meaning, at least with the connexion of the quotation with his subject: for instance, the passage from Lucian is—we quote from the first page—

Ακουσατε ως εκει υμιν Ια πραγματια. Μικρον υμιν ως ορατε Ιο σκαφιδιον και υποσαδρον εις και διαρρει Ια πολλα και ην Ιραπη επι βατερα οιχησειαι περιΙραπεν.

This all learned readers in England, and all country-gentlemen in Ireland, well know is a kind of official memorial, a representation of Charon to Mercury, that his boat is hardly Styx-worthy: 'Hear,' (says the infernal navigator,) 'how matters stand; my boat is small, as you see, and crazy, and full of leaks; and if not properly

properly trimmed, she may chance to capsize.' This, it must be owned, does not seem a very appropriate text for a commentary on turnpikes. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Rice has, besides this treatise on *high roads*, written another on *canals*, and that the motto intended for the *latter* has, by a mistake of the printer, (Mr. Murray should look to it,) been transferred to the *former*.

The *Italian* quotation seems, at first sight, equally inapplicable. 'Some nations,' says Davila to his patron, 'were accustomed to expose their sick in the public way, in order that the pity of the passers-by might supply those medicines or that advice which might be considered as useful in their cases.' This looks like an introduction to a work on *hospitals*; but on a closer examination, we perceive it to be an occult allusion to Mr. Rice and his Reviewers. This, therefore, is *high matter*, with which the reader can have nothing to do.

But we have yet a grievance to notice: not content with keeping us in ignorance of the 'connexion of his quotations,' Mr. Rice commonly contrives to leave us in doubt of their use. Thus, having observed (p. 24) that 'a landlord may not only assist his tenants' distresses, but enable them to assist themselves,' he gives, as the accompaniment or corollary of this profound axiom, the following distich from Cervantes, which, he tells us, we are 'never to forget.'

Se yo non me quardo  
Mal me quadoreis.'

Now whether this 'memorable' *abracadabra* is to be repeated forward and backward, or inclosed in a silk bag and worn round the neck, we are not told, and, in its present state, we can make no use of it whatever.

Again; at p. 22, Mr. Rice says

'If, by possibility, it happens that men of distressed circumstances and relaxed principles are placed upon the grand jury, (and in what country do not some such individuals exist?) the result becomes more unfortunate.'

Here we flattered ourselves that we had caught his meaning; but the *explanation* which he immediately subjoins, and which we copy to a letter, convinces us that we are still far to seek in the conclusions of Mr. Rice, and that we neither comprehend his doctrines nor his language. This is the *key* to the aphorism just quoted—'D'autant que ce sont les dames qui out fait la fondation du Couage, et que ce sont elles qui font les maris cocus, j'ay voulu mettre ce discours parmy ce livre.—BRANTOINE, *Fimmes Galantes*.'

We

shall now offer our readers an example of the manner in which the body of the argument is conducted.

In order to comprehend the history of the Irish grand jury laws, it is not amiss to cast a rapid glance over the principal statutes, which have, in their turn, been enacted, condemned, and repealed.

As our readers perceive is a plain statement, and seems to be a dry and not very eloquent detail. Observe, however, unexpectedly and vivaciously the author handles this unpropitious topic.

This phantasmagoria of acts of parliament will appear, it is apprehended, exceedingly dull: but the stupid exhibition is rendered necessary by the arguments which it may suggest. We may wander amidst catacombs of departed statutes, without any reverence towards the mighty dead. No Sybil leads the way through Elysian fields, but the view is barrenness and desolation;

“A mighty maze, and all without a plan.”

The rapid succession of these abortive and short-lived statutes, resembles the passing figures in Holbein's Triumphs of Death; and the couple in the ghostly train might be allowed to address their fellows in the spectral chorus of Luigi Alamanni,

“Morti siam come vedete,  
Così morti vedrem voi;  
Fummo già come voi sete,  
Voi sarete come noi.”\*—p. 10.

We will now present our readers with some very just and sober remarks which Mr. Rice makes on the oath which a grand jurymen is not to reveal the counsels of himself or fellow-jurors,—of which oath Mr. Rice entirely disapproves.

Why should gravel or pavement become subjects of mystery; and why hills and building bridges esoteric doctrines? Whatever the priest may profess, the faith of the multitude cannot believe that hidden conclaves are exclusively for the spiritual worship of the Christian idol; more particularly, as they find themselves the victims sacrificed, and the rewards of their industry, the offerings on the owed altar. ‘There has been many analogies struck out between the worship of the Egyptians and the proceedings of grand juries:

———— nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ,  
Carnibus humanis vesci licet. JUV. SAT. XV.—p. 37.

The result of this impolitic oath is, as Mr. Rice states, a melancholy one.

Many individuals, from the utter impossibility of performing the obligations of this encouragement, are induced to shrink from the contest altogether. The retreat of individuals, thus timidly virtuous, may be condoned; but the system, which produces it, is still more worthy of con-

\* ‘Chorus in the celebrated *Mascherata Il Carro della Morte*.’

demnation. “ Boni, nescio quomodo, tardiores sunt, et principiis rerum neglectis ad extremum ipsa denique necessitate excitantur; ita ut nonnunquam cunctatione ac tarditate dum otium volunt etiam sine dignitate retinere, ipsi utrumque amittant.”\* It requires a combination of high spirit, and of unbending resolution, to enter the torrent, and to struggle against its waves. Those characters are invaluable,

‘ Who, placed in scenes, where strong temptations try,  
Although ’tis hard to conquer, scorn to fly.

‘ The Barony of Lower Connelloe, in itself, &c. &c.’—pp. 39, 40.

We entreat our readers to observe and admire the natural and easy transition from a grand juror’s conscience to oratory and poetry, and from oratory and poetry back again to the Barony of Lower Connelloe.

The horrors of grand jury jobbing, ás explained in the forcible language which Mr. Rice borrows from the ancients and moderns, have made our hair stand an end; and we lament to see that he is of opinion that grand juries are not capable of performing the additional duties which a reform would produce; and this opinion he states after the following manner:

‘ An attempt to concentrate, within a limited sphere, important and increasing duties, is absurd. It could only be warranted by supposing, that a constant, and a varying quantity, could continually bear towards each other the same ratio. It is an attempt to realize the promises of the bottle conjurer; and, like the mechanical condensation of air, is only calculated to elicit fire by the experiment.’—p. 43.

Of the present state of the law, Mr. Rice informs us that its provisions are less numerous than its faults; *ης ραον ην αριθμησαι τους οδοντας η τους δακτυλους*—p. 112. which seems to mean, (for Mr. Rice takes a wicked pleasure in reducing us to our guesses,) that ‘ it is easier to count teeth than fingers;’ and this perspicuous and valuable quotation is, he tells us, from Lysias. ap. Dem. Phal. de Eloie. § 270.

The remedy which Mr. Rice has for all these evils is to take the management of the roads out of the hands of these local jobbers, and to create a Board of Controul for the General Superintendence of the Highways of Ireland. If such a Board should be established, Mr. Rice’s claims to a seat at it cannot, we think, be overlooked; but if his pursuits or his profession should form any objection to his taking one of those offices, the case of Dr. Johnson and the Royal Academy immediately occurs to us as a precedent for conferring an *honorary* reward upon Mr. Rice,—he may, with great propriety, (now that he has ceased to illustrate Trinity College, Cambridge,) be elected ‘ Professor of Ancient and Modern Literature to the Turnpike Board.’

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\* ‘ Cic. Orat. pro. Sixt.’



ART. X. *Reliquiae Sacrae, sive Autorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertiiue Saeculi Fragmenta quae supersunt. Ad Codices MSS. recensuit, notisque illustravit Martinus Josephus Routh, S. T. P. Collegii S. Magdalenae Præses. Oxonii. 1814. Voll. I. et II.*

**A**MONG the various questions of theology which relate to objects of secondary importance, scarcely any one has been debated with more zeal than that concerning the due proportion of authority to be assigned to the Fathers of the Christian church, who have been immoderately extolled or depreciated by controvertists, according as their writings have seemed to support or contradict some favourite dogma.

Considering the question without prejudice or predilection, we may safely assume, as the true state of the case, that the primitive Fathers were men eminent for their piety and zeal, but occasionally deficient in learning and judgment; that they may be relied upon in general for their statements of facts, but not always for the constructions which they put upon them; that they are faithful reporters of the opinions of the Christian church, but not always the most judicious interpreters of Scripture. So much both parties may reciprocally demand and concede; and more than this we do not think necessary for the purposes of any real lover of truth. The allegorical interpreter of Scripture may be zealous to establish the infallibility of the Fathers, as a strong hold for his own fanciful notions; the Socinian may reject their testimony altogether, because he finds in their writings expressions which he cannot misconstrue nor elude; but the sober inquirer will be careful not to confound errors of judgment with a wilful perversion of facts; nor to reject the *relations* of the Fathers, because he cannot approve of their interpretations.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the style or good sense of the early writers of the Christian church, this, at least, must be admitted:—That they are credible witnesses as to what was the Apostolical doctrine and discipline.—That having heard and conversed with the Apostles, or with their nearest followers, they were better able to judge of the intent and meaning of many parts of their writings than we can be.—That having been selected by the Apostles themselves, as in the instances of Clement and Polycarp, to preside over certain churches, they were necessarily faithful guardians and teachers of the true Apostolical faith.

It follows then, that their writings, and those of their immediate disciples, are the best sources to which we can apply, in order to ascertain the original constitution of the Christian church, its doctrines and practice.



It is undoubtedly true, as our church expresses it, 'that the Scriptures contain all things that are necessary to salvation;' that the doctrines of Christianity are, in the first instance, to be sought for in the New Testament. But it was to be expected, in the natural order of things, that, after the decease of the Apostles, questions would arise in the church, as to the precise meaning of some of their expressions, and the nature of some of their institutions, which none would be so competent to resolve as those, who had been their immediate disciples and followers. We are bound, therefore, to regard with peculiar respect all that we can ascertain to have been said or written by them, and not to condemn precipitately any of their opinions which may happen to differ from our own. That they are, in many instances, injudicious interpreters of Scripture, we have already allowed; but it does not appear why this should detract from the value of their testimony, as witnesses in matters of fact, especially when it is borne in an oblique and apparently unintentional manner. Not that we would concede, to its full extent, even the charge of their incompetency as expositors of the Scripture; they have not wanted able defenders to resist this imputation, some of whom have gone so far as to assert, that the Fathers in general understood the New Testament better than later commentators. And it should be observed, that the greater part of their errors and misapprehensions of the sacred text, which have been raked together and displayed with so much parade by Whitby and others, relate to the *Old Testament*, in the study of which they were misled by the faulty and inaccurate version vulgarly attributed to the Seventy Interpreters.\* Of those which concern the New Testament, a few only are laid to the charge of the early Fathers; the rest having been collected from the Post-Nicene writers, a race of men much inferior to their predecessors, whether we regard their learning, their style, or, what is of greater importance, their benevolence and charity: we would willingly exchange a great part of their writings for the works of Melito, or the Apologies of Quadratus and Aristides. But even were we to allow the charge which is urged against them, of misinterpreting, and (*unintentionally*) perverting certain texts, they may still be unexceptionable witnesses to the doctrines of the Christian church in their own times; and this is all that even the most orthodox need contend for. It must be remembered, that the consent of the early believers in any particular doctrine, although it affords a strong presumption in favour of its truth, is still but a collateral proof of it. The doctrine itself must, after all, stand or

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\* 'Les Pères ont méprisé la langue Hebraïque, et d'apprendre des Juifs: ils ont trop fait d'estat des septante Interpretes.'—Scaligerana.

all by the words of Scripture. By ascertaining, however, from ~~the~~ sources, what were the notions entertained by the immediate disciples of the Apostles, and propagated, in succession, to their followers, we are enabled to determine, with a degree of probability little short of certainty, in what sense some parts of the Apostolical writings are to be understood.\* ‘It is no hard matter,’ says Dr. Sherlock, ‘for witty men to put very perverse senses on scripture to favour their heretical doctrines, and to defend them with such sophistry as shall easily impose upon unlearned and unthinking men: and the best way in this case is, to have recourse to the ancient faith of the Christian church; to learn from thence how these articles were understood and professed by them: for we cannot but think, that those who conversed with the Apostles, and not only received the Scriptures, but the sense and interpretation of them from the Apostles, or apostolical men, understood the true Christian faith much better than those at a further remove.’ ‘In summa,’ says Tertullian, ‘si constat id verius quod prius, id prius quod et ab initio, ab initio quod ab Apostolis, pariter utique constabit, id esse ab Apostolis traditum, quod apud ecclesias Apostolicas fuerit sacrosanctum.†’ Cicero, an academic father, and therefore an unexceptionable witness, has an observation which is singularly applicable to the case in question. ‘Auctoribus quidem uti optimis possumus—et primum quidem omni antiquitate; quae, quo propius aberat ab ortu et *divina progenie*, hoc melius ea fortasse, quae vera erant, cernebat.‡’

This argument indeed has appeared so forcible to some who would gladly get rid of those authorities, that, in order to elude it, they have had recourse to the most unreasonable suppositions. Ignatius, for example, who was contemporary with St. John, and probably his hearer, and therefore, one might suppose, a tolerably competent judge of the Christian faith and doctrine, has this remarkable passage in one of his epistles.§ *Χριστὸς—εἰς ἰατρός ἐστι, σαρκικὸς καὶ πνευματικὸς, γεννητὸς καὶ ἀγέννητος, ἐν σαρκὶ γεγόμενος Θεός.* This testimony, which is referred to by Athanasius, is a stumbling block in the way of those who contend for the primitiveness of unitarian doctrines, which, not being able to surmount it,

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\* It was very disingenuous in Whitby to represent the advocates of the Nicene doctrines as grounding them upon the Fathers *alone*, in opposition to those who drew their faith from the Scriptures; whereas we profess to establish our notion from the New Testament, as interpreted according to the *plain meaning of the words and the sense of the primitive church*. Our argument is surely a fair one: we say that such a doctrine is contained in the Scriptures—you say that it is not. Who shall decide the question? What better mode can we devise, than to ascertain what the sentiments of the Apostles and their immediate followers were upon this point? Now these we clearly discover to be the same that we ourselves entertain. The inference is plain.

† Contra Marcion. l. 4.

‡ Tusc. Qu. 12.

§ P. 61. ed. Voss.

they endeavour to remove out of the way, by supposing that Ignatius was deceived by a false apostle; a supposition, of which the absurdity is only outdone by the Unitarians of the present day, who assert that even the real Apostles entertained erroneous notions as to the nature of Christ after his ascension. With men, who acknowledge no testimony which thwarts their own ideas, it is a waste of words to contend: but with the unprejudiced and candid inquirer it must surely have great weight, to find an immediate follower of the Apostles, and martyr for the cause of truth, thus clearly expressing the sense of the primitive church on one of the most important doctrines of Christianity. Here is a certain opinion, generally prevalent in the Christian world within a few years after the death of its founders, perhaps even during the lifetime of one of the Apostles, and inculcated by those to whom the Apostles had committed the edification of the church: it would be surprising indeed if this important notion should prove a fundamental and dangerous error;\* let us turn then to the Scriptures, and if we there find any passages which countenance it, even though their meaning be somewhat obscure, we shall naturally conclude it to be true: much more shall we be assured of it, if we find several texts in which it is directly asserted, many in which it is implied, and none in which it is controverted. Considered in this point of view, the testimony of the early Fathers appears with its due proportion of authority: (we mean the *historical* testimony, for such in fact it is, which demonstrates to us the belief and opinions of the earliest Christians upon any disputed point:) an authority, indeed, much less than that which attaches to the words of Scripture, but still of great efficacy in corroborating that interpretation of the original text, which the common rules of construction and analogy dictate. We meet with several passages in the New Testament, which, if they are to be translated by those rules of language, to which we should adhere in translating any profane author, must be so rendered as to assert or imply the divine nature of Christ. And when we find that they were actually understood to mean this, and nothing else, by the very disciples of the Apostles, it seems a strange perversion of reason to forsake the received laws of interpretation; to adhere at one time to the literal, at another to the figurative sense of words; to adopt, in short, in our treatment of the sacred text, a mode of criticism, which, if applied to any other, would be justly derided as absurd.

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\* It is said of one of the greatest ornaments of our church, Bishop Bull, that learned and acute as he was, 'he was not confident of his own conclusions from Scripture, unless he found them supported by the general verdict of the primitive church; believing it easier for himself to err in interpreting Scripture, than for the universal church to have erred from the beginning.' And without doubt this sort of diffidence is highly commendable, provided it be not suffered to degenerate into a blind and implicit deference to the opinions of others.

I hold,' observes the admirable Hooker, 'for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and eluding art; which changeth the meaning of words, as alchemy doth, or would do, the substance of metals, maketh of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth in the end all truth to nothing.'\*

It is not, however, to be dissembled, that some modern authors, not content with attacking the authenticity of certain portions of the epistles attributed to the earliest Christian writers, have involved all the writings attributed to the apostolical Fathers in one sweeping sentence of condemnation. We allude to the remarks of Dr. Semler, which we know only from Dr. Marsh's report of them;† and we conclude that these arguments of the German divine are convincing to Dr. Marsh, at least, or he would not so readily have conceded, that if they prove not the whole to be spurious, they prove at least, that these writings have been so interpolated, as to make it difficult to distinguish what is genuine from what is false.' We cannot, however, help thinking, that the single circumstance of one clear quotation from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Romans, made by Irenaeus, who lived only a few years after him, is sufficient to establish the authenticity of that epistle at least.‡ But there seems to be a morbid propensity in the German schoolmen to lean towards the doubting side, and a peculiarly delicate scent in tracking out the supposed spurious parts of ancient biblical and theological writings. But he who questions the authenticity of a work which has been considered as genuine by so many learned men for so many ages, is bound to make out a very strong case before he can call for sentence. And in questions of this sort, it is always easier to attack than to defend: there is scarcely any work of antiquity, against the authenticity of which some plausible reasons may not be urged: even the reveries of the Père Hardouin on the classical poets contain some arguments, drawn from internal considerations, which it is not easy to controvert. We find the same Dr. Semler imputing the errors of Montanism to the martyrs of Lyons and Vienna, in opposition, as Dr. Routh observes, to the most direct testimony of the ecclesiastical historians, from whom it appears that those very martyrs assisted at a council which condemned the heresy of Montanism:§ so that the conclusion to be drawn from internal peculiarities is sometimes fallacious. The hypercritical nicety of some of the German controvertists will not be unaptly described in the following words: οἶμαι γάρ τινας δριμυττομένους τῷ ἀκριβασμῷ τῆς διδασκαλίας, προσλαβόντας δὲ ἐπίκουρον τῆς αὐθαδείας τὸ εἰπεῖν τινα τῶν

\* Eccles. Pol. v. 59.

† Notes on Michaelis, vol. I. p. 360.

‡ See Pearson, *Vindiciæ Ignat.* c. 6.

§ Routh, pp. 262. 331.

ιστοριογράφων παρά τισιν ἀμφιβάλλεσθαι, ῥιψοκινδύνως νόθα αὐτὰ φάναι.\*

But even if we allow that the writings, usually ascribed to the apostolical Fathers, are forgeries, they are forgeries of an age very nearly approximating to that of their pretended authors: and, putting these disputable testimonies quite out of the question, we are able to discover their sentiments on some points of faith, from the report of their immediate disciples and successors. Thus, when we find Irenaeus, himself a disciple of Polycarp, citing passages from more ancient writers, under the title of οἱ πρεσβύτεροι τῶν ἀποστόλων μαθηταί, we may be sure that the opinions contained in them were those of Clemens, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and probably of the Apostles themselves. When Melito, bishop of Sardes, who was contemporary with Polycarp a disciple of St. John, and no doubt acquainted with him, speaks of the divinity of Christ as of a received notion,† is it possible to entertain any doubt as to the opinion of the primitive believers on this point, particularly when we consider the high estimation in which Melito was held by the Christian church? Other instances of a similar nature might be adduced to prove, that, even if the few writings ascribed to the apostolical Fathers be supposititious, we may yet collect, with sufficient certainty, their sentiments on some controverted points, from the works of those who lived and conversed with them for several years, and suffered martyrdom not long after them.

Under these impressions, we receive, as a valuable addition to our stock of ecclesiastical knowledge, the first two volumes of the present learned and laborious publication; which is intended to be a complete collection of the scattered fragments of the Fathers who lived in the second and third centuries, and whose works have perished, with the exception of the short extracts preserved in the later writers of the church. Our readers will perceive that the plan is in some measure similar to that of the *Spicilegium* of Grabe; but it has been executed by Dr. Routh in a more judicious and complete manner. The difference between the two works will be best understood from his own words.

‘Grabius, probe scio, in *Spicilegio* suo *SS. Patrum*, &c. quod quidem opus nunquam absolutum est, vix centesimam partem reliquiarum, quas edo, etiam duobus voluminibus comprehendit: id vero est idcirco factum, quia pro ratione instituti omnes fere paginae complentur scriptis Apocryphis, tractatibus item Haereticorum, et fragmentis Patrum, qui

\* Theodorus Studites in MS. Mosq.

† *Ap. Anastas. Sinait. in Hodeg.* p. 260. *Routh*, p. 115. Θεὸς γὰρ ὃν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ ἄνθρωπος τέλειος ὁ αὐτὸς, τὰς δύο αὐτοῦ οὐσίας ἐπιστώσατο ἡμῖν, &c. This remarkable testimony, which escaped the research of Bishops Bull and Pearson, is admirably illustrated by the learned Editor, p. 136.

prodire solent separatim, orthodoxorum. Praeclarum sane opus, atque usibus suis commendatum. In hoc autem, quod ipse contexo, opere intra germanam atque Catholicam antiquitatem me contineo; et fragmenta omnia Patrum qui separatim eduntur, relinquo illis, qui novas eorum editiones postero tempore aggressuri sint.'—*Praefat.* p. x.

Dr. Routh justly concludes that his labours will be serviceable to all those who think it worth their while to collect, from authentic documents, the primitive doctrine and discipline of the Christian church. He seems however to suppose, and, we lament to say, too justly, that the number of those who apply for their theological knowledge to these original and genuine sources, is but small. The study of the Fathers, of the early ecclesiastical historians, of the ancient depositaries of our faith, is no longer considered an essential part of the discipline of our theological schools. We are content to take our information at second hand, frittered away in translations, extracts, and abridgments, or compressed into summaries and elements of theology. For historical testimonies, instead of referring to Eusebius, we commit ourselves to the accuracy of Lardner or Paley; for our orthodoxy, we have recourse to Bampton Lectures and controversial pamphlets.\* It has been more than once observed, that to real and substantial knowledge there is no compendious road. We cannot learn the practice or opinions of the primitive church, but from the primitive church itself. It is never safe to depend, in questions of importance, upon the fidelity of an epitomizer or translator, whose ignorance or prejudice may obscure or pervert the truth. Before we can be qualified finally to decide upon any of those important points which usually form the subjects of theological controversy, we must prepare ourselves by an attentive perusal, not only of the original text of scripture, but of the writings of those men who had so much better opportunities than ourselves of ascertaining the true Christian faith and ceremonies. The candid and sincere student will not be shocked by occasional failures of judgment in men who were fallible like himself, but will know

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\* We cannot forbear from quoting a remark of a scholar, not less eminent for his acquaintance with this department of learning, than for his critical acumen and intimate knowledge of Latin literature, John Frederic Gronovius, whose name may justly be added to those of Scaliger, Casanbon, and Salmasius, whom Dr. Routh has mentioned, as having drunk deeply, not only of the classic Helicon, but 'of Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God.'

'Non id agimus, ut sententias Patrum describamus, et totum sternamus desidia, ac proipsorum grandibus, et solidis, succique plenis corporibus, monogrammon exile, aridum, cadaverosum, substituamus, quo in hora brumali cursim peracto, magnam cum Patribus familiaritatem contraxisse jactent, qui hodie frequentes in speciem tantum laborant.' We do not find fault with summaries and bodies of divinity; only let every one who is able, make them for himself. 'The country parson,' says George Herbert, 'hath read the Fathers also, and the schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all, out of all which he hath compiled a book, and body of divinity, which is the storehouse of his sermons.'



how to separate those notions, which depended upon their own reasoning, from those facts about which they could not possibly err; and judging, as he sees fit, of the speculative part of their writings, will attach its due weight to all that can be considered historical. 'Habet autem, ut in aetatibus auctoritatem senectus, sic in exemplis antiquitas: quae quidem apud me ipsum valet plurimum: nec ego id, quod deest antiquitati, flagito potius, quam laudo quod est.'\*

Dr. Routh has subjoined to the fragments of each writer the notes of various commentators, and his own learned and judicious remarks, which leave us nothing to desire, except it be now and then a little more compression and perspicuity. We have only one or two critical remarks to offer for his consideration, which we shall do with all deference, under the persuasion that no work was ever presented to the public in so perfect a form, as not to be susceptible of some additional polish from the labours of after-comers.

P. 42. In a metaphor, quoted by Irenaeus from some apostolical writer, occur the following words: ὅταν δὲ ἐπιμιγῇ ὁ χαλκὸς εἰς τὸν ἄργυρον, τίς εὐκόλως δυνήσεται τοῦτον ἀκεραίως δοκιμάσαι; Fronto Ducaeus suggests a better reading, ἀκέραιος, which Dr. Routh adopts. But the true reading is ἀκέραιος ὦν, which is not only sanctioned by the analogy of the language, but by the ancient Latin translator, *quis facile poterit, rudis quum sit hoc probare?*

P. 75. The testimony of Aristides, given by Usuardus in his Martyrology, seems to have been taken from some Greek Menology, and not from the original work of Aristides. We conclude that the learned editor has examined the MS. Menologies in the Bodleian library.

P. 78. The concluding remarks on Aristides leave the reader with an impression, that this learned Father actually *spoke* his Apology for Christianity in presence of the Emperor Adrian; *praesente ipso Imperatore peroravit* are the words quoted from the Martyrology. But the story is exceedingly improbable; and must rest on some better foundation than that of a Martyrology, before it can be believed. The words of Eusebius are these; καὶ Ἀριστείδης—ἀπολογία ἐπιφωνήσας Ἀδριανῷ, καταλέλοιπε. Dr. Jortin properly observes, that προσφωνεῖν means simply 'to dedicate a book,' and the same remark may with still greater justice be applied to ἐπιφωνεῖν.

P. 227. We rather wonder, that Dr. Routh should defend the legendary account which Hegesippus gives of the death of James the Just, the truth of which has been called in question by Scaliger. We think, with Jortin, that Eusebius might with propriety have subjoined to this account his remark upon the legend of the thundering legion, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ὅπη τις ἐθέλει τιθέσθω.

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\* Cicero pro Font. 282. b.



P. 359. *Synodica Epistola Concilii Caesariensis*. δηλοῦμεν δὲ ἡμῖν, ὅτι τῇ αὐτῇ ἡμέρᾳ καὶ ἐν Ἀλεξανδρείᾳ ἄγουσιν, ἥπερ καὶ ἡμεῖς.

Habet MS. Norfolc. καὶ οἱ ἐν Ἀλ. quod potest esse verum; id ~~amen~~ ex unius codicis auctoritate recipere nolebam.' Routh. In cases of this sort, one MS. is as good as twenty. The article οἱ is rendered absolutely necessary by what follows: παρ' ἡμῶν γὰρ τὰ γράμματα κομίζεται ΑΥΤΟΙΣ, καὶ ἡμῖν παρ' αὐτῶν.

P. 370. *Polycratis Epistola*. καὶ πάντοτε τὴν ἡμέραν ἡγαγον οἱ συγγενεῖς μου, ὅταν ὁ λαὸς ἤρνευε τὴν ζύμην. We are surprised that Dr. Routh should retain this barbarous word ἤρνευε, which is destitute of all authority, when one MS. of good note, gives ἤρε. And we are still more surprised at the following remark. 'Hesychius: Ἡρνευεν, ἡκυβίστα interpretatus est. Vet. Gloss. Κυβιστιᾶ, *cernulat*. Anglice, *turns topsy-turvy*.' In the first place, the gloss of Hesychius is manifestly faulty, and should be thus corrected: Ἡρνευεν, ἐκυβίστα, from ἀρνεύειν, *to tumble*, whence ἀρνευτήρ, *a tumbler*, Iliad. M. 385. ἀρνευτήρσι ἑοικώς. Secondly, in the Latin gloss for Κυβιστιᾶ, *cernulat*, an obvious and certain correction is, Κυβιστᾶ, *cernuat*. Lastly, this word never means *to turn topsy-turvy*, but *to fall headlong, to tumble*. ὦ ποποῖ, ἡ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀγῆρ, ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾶ, in Homer, whence κυβιστητήρ, *a tumbler*, in Euripides.

P. 472. *Anonymi Presbyteri apud Clem. Alexandr. fragm.* Michaelis supposes the elder here referred to, to be Pantaenus, the instructor of Clement; an opinion rendered probable by the expression, ὁ μακάριος Πρεσβύτερος. The later Greek writers give to μακάριος the same sense which those of an earlier age attach to μακαρίτης, *a person not long since deceased*. So in a fragment of Dionysius, p. 167, ὁ μακάριος ὑμῶν ἐπίσκοπος Σωτήρ, *your late bishop, Soter*. Sometimes, however, it is applied to a living person, as in the epistle of Alexander, vol. ii. p. 39: ταῦτα τὰ γράμματα ἀπέστειλα διὰ Κλήμεντος τοῦ μακαρίου πρεσβυτέρου, —ὃν ἴστε καὶ ὑμεῖς καὶ ἐπιγνώσεσθε. Valesius renders ἐπιγνώσεσθε *amplius cognoscetis*, and Dr. Routh does not correct him. It should be *salutabitis*. ἐπιγινώσκειν, in the ecclesiastical writers, signifies *to recognize and salute*. See Valesius, in *Euseb.* p. 220.

V. II. p. 78. An anonymous writer against the Montanists, after mentioning the common report, that Montanus and Maximilla hanged themselves, and that Theodotus, having committed himself to the devil, was rewarded by a broken neck, observes, with more caution than is common amongst the ecclesiastical writers, ἀλλὰ μὴ ἀνευ τοῦ ἰδεῖν ἡμᾶς, ἐπίστασθαί τι τῶν τοιούτων νομίζομεν, ὦ μακάριε, which words, if we adopt νόμιζε, the reading of one MS. afford very excellent sense: 'But do not consider us, my worthy friend, as sure of the truth of such stories, seeing that we have not been eye-witnesses.' We are therefore surprised to find the learned editor overlooking so obvious a correction, and proposing the following reading:

ing : ἀλλὰ μὴν ἄνευ τοῦ ἰδεῖν, δεῖν ἡμᾶς ἐπίστασθαι περὶ τῶν τοιούτων νομίζομεν, which he translates, *sed profecto, nisi ipsi viderimus, de rebus hujusmodi assensionem nobis inhibendam putamus*, giving to ἐπίστασθαι a sense which belongs only to ἐφίστασθαι, a perfectly different word.

P. 111. *Julii Africani Epist. ad Origenem*. Χαῖρε κύριέ μου καὶ υἱέ, καὶ πάντα τιμιώτατε Ὀρίγηνες, παρὰ Ἀφρικανοῦ. This is surely a very strange beginning, *my lord and son*. We suspect it should be read, κύριέ μου υἱέ, *sir, my son*. So in the epistle of Alexander, p. 39. κύριοί μου ἀδελφοί, *gentlemen, my brethren*. In the next place, the true reading is unquestionably κατὰ πάντα τιμιώτατε. The words καὶ and κατὰ are frequently confounded. Alexander, p. 41, τὸν κατὰ πάντα ἄριστον καὶ κύριόν μου (καὶ) ἀδελφόν.

P. 112. Καὶ παραδοξότατά πως αὐτοὺς ἀπελέγχει, ὡς οὐδὲ Φιλιστίωνος μῖμος. Dr. Routh proposes οὐδ' ὁ Φιλιστίωνος μῖμος, an alteration which does not please us. The sense is, *in such a manner as not even one of Philistion's mimes would have done*. Martial, *Mimos ridiculi Philistionis*. But since it is probable that Philistio acted his own mimes, as Laberius did, we had rather read ὡς οὐδὲ Φιλιστίων ὁ μῖμος. Concerning this Philistio, the reader may consult Scaliger on Eusebius, p. 179, and the *Variae Lectiones* of Janus Rutgersius, IV. 12.

These fragments of Julius Africanus, now for the first time collected into one view, to the number of fifty-six, form a most valuable portion of the book. The second volume concludes with a learned dissertation upon the word ὁμοούσιος, which was invented by some unlucky controvertist to plague and perplex the church for all time to come, and to set men together by the ears about an inexplicable phrase, intended to express that which, in the nature of things, cannot be expressed at all by human language.

We have noticed only two typographical errors of importance, Vol. ii. p. 174, 2. διῤῥάγη σιδηρὰ for διεῤῥάγη σιδηρᾶ, and p. 374, 9, ἀντίστατο for ἀνθίστατο. It is impossible to speak too highly of the learning and judgment, as well as the piety, displayed in the notes of Dr. Routh, who has spent the greater part of his leisure hours for the last five and twenty years in bringing to perfection the work before us: and he has spent them well; not in that inactive ease, into which the presidency of a collegiate establishment is so apt to lull its possessor; but in labouring to promote the cause of truth and orthodoxy, by bringing, as it were, into one focus the scattered rays of those luminaries of the church, which are still conveyed to us by reflexion, long after their orbs have set. When the work shall be completed by the addition of two more volumes, it will be a κτῆμα ἐς αἰὶ to the church; and whatever reception it may meet with in these half-learned and cavilling times, the author is sure of his reward.

**ART. XI.** *Historical Memoirs of My Own Time, from 1772 to 1784.* By Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Cadell. 1815.

**I**T is said somewhere, that there is no man the events of whose life, candidly and simply written, would not afford an amusing volume; and we so far agree in the truth of this general proposition, as to believe that if Sir Nathaniel Wraxall had *candidly* and *simply* set down every considerable passage of his own time, he might have made an entertaining register of that species of small facts, which, though interesting as connected with the manners or politics of the day, are of a nature so minute and fugitive as to escape the notice of the graver historian.

But Sir Nathaniel is too much an *historian by profession* to condescend to such an humble style, and he accordingly assumes in his Memoirs a far higher tone, and affects to consider morals and politics, men and measures, more after the manner of a philosopher than of 'an honest chronicler.'

Now it is with great concern we feel ourselves obliged to say, that we think the worthy Baronet has most egregiously mistaken the amount both of his resources in the way of historical information, and of his ability to give interest and consistency to the facts with which he has happened to have some acquaintance. He has little to tell, and that little he tells badly. What he advances on his own evidence is generally not worth knowing, and what he gives on the authority of others he generally contrives to render suspicious either by his manner of relating, or by not quoting his authority when he might, or by quoting authority which is notoriously incredible.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Sir Nathaniel personally, but we perceive that he is one of those good-natured people who have a very vigorous appetite for, and a good digestion of the *marvellous*, and whose belief, in any fact, is strong in the inverse ratio of the evidence. Any thing supernatural, or even highly improbable, he swallows with great alacrity; but a trite and ordinary event is altogether suspicious in his eyes, if he has not some strange, little, out-of-the-way and insufficient cause to assign for it. We have no doubt that he is one of those who believe that the treaty of Utrecht was brought about by the spilling of a cup of tea on Queen Anne's brocade petticoat.

As a politician, (a character of which he seems in no small degree ambitious,) Sir Nathaniel's self-importance not unfrequently reminds us of the 'Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish,' who, with Robert Jenkins the farrier, and Amos Turner the collar-maker, 'held weekly councils, whereof the minister of the parish spake

to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat.—Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake of the same to peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers, and from henceforth even as we devised thus did they.'

The *Amos Turner* of Sir Nathaniel appears to have been Sir John Macpherson, also a baronet, sometime governor-general of India, and since known in London by the flattering appellation of the '*Gentle Giant*,' who, with Sir Nathaniel, appears to have devised of public matters, of which they spake to other members of parliament, and they again to peers of the realm, and lo! thus their counsels, &c. &c. Q. E. D.

We should, however, be wanting in justice to Sir Nathaniel if we did not confess that we find in the outset of his work, a very fair and modest avowal of his total unfitness for the office which he undertakes.

'I may further add, that never having held any employment, under any minister, at any period of my life, I neither can be accused of divulging official secrets; nor am I linked, in however humble a degree, with any of those ephemeral administrations, which took place with such rapidity between 1782 and 1784. I relate the events that I either witnessed, or of which I received the accounts from respectable testimony. *How imperfect a light these sources of information enable me to throw on the period of time that I attempt to elucidate, I am fully aware: but, unfortunately, those individuals who, from their rank and situation, know most of the secrets of affairs, will generally divulge least; and even imperfect light is preferable to darkness.*'—pp. 3, 4.

On the other hand, against this self-pronounced sentence of abasement it is proper to set the intimation which Sir Nathaniel gives us of his resemblance to Tacitus.—Tacitus was contemporary with, and had obligations to Vespasian, Titus and Domitian; Sir Nathaniel is in the same category with regard to George III, Lord North, and Lord George Germaine; and, moreover, both Tacitus and Sir Nathaniel have written the history of their own times.—'There is a river in Macedon, there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other, but 'tis all one; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.'

But to our British Tacitus.

In 1772, soon after Sir Nathaniel had completed his twenty-first year, *he passed over* to Portugal, where he seems greatly struck with the outlandish complexion of the king, Don Joseph, which was so very peculiar, that whoever looked at his majesty, immediately, and *in spite of himself*, took a lesson in geography. 'One could

could not look at him without *involuntarily* recollecting how near the shores, and how similar are the climates of Portugal and Africa:—p. 11.—circumstances which, however legible in his Majesty's countenance, are not to be read, we believe, in any other topographical work.

It is not a little amusing to find Sir Nathaniel, in 1815, still boastful of the pedantry for which he was so justly celebrated in the *Probationary Odes* thirty years ago, in one of which he is introduced as apostrophizing

‘ Geography, terraqueous maid,  
Descend from globes to statesmen's aid;  
Again to heedless crowds unfold  
Truths unheard, but not untold,  
Come, and once more unlock this vasty world,  
Nations attend! the Map of Earth's unfurl'd!’

Sir Nathaniel's description of Her Majesty the Queen is amusing, and shews that she was not an unworthy partner for the monarch of the topographical visage.

‘The Queen of Portugal, though at this time she was considerably advanced towards her 60th year, yet watched every motion of her husband, with all the vigilant anxiety of a young woman.’

‘Whether the diversion was hunting, or shooting, or falconing, she was constantly at his side. No woman in Europe, indeed, rode bolder, or with more skill. Her figure almost defied the powers of description, on these occasions. She sat astride, as was the universal custom in Portugal, and wore *English leather breeches; frequently black*; over which she threw a petticoat, which did not always conceal her legs. A jacket of cloth, or stuff, and a cocked hat, sometimes laced, at other times without ornament, completed the masculine singularity of her appearance.’ ‘She was admitted to be an excellent shot, seldom missing the bird at which she fired, even when flying: but this diversion had nearly produced a most tragical result; as, a few years before I visited Portugal, she very narrowly missed killing the King with a ball, which actually grazed his temple.’—pp. 14, 15, 16.

We shall not follow Sir Nathaniel through a trite and tedious history of the royal house of Portugal, and of the conspiracy of the Favors family, in which, according to his custom, he weaves in a wonderful little story of a young lady, who, for being suspected of having overheard a few words between the old Marchioness Favors and her son, relative to the plot, was assassinated in their palace, and whose body, scarce cold and still oozing blood, was next day found in the streets of Lisbon. Except this story, the whole of Sir Nathaniel's account of Portugal, which fills nearly fourscore pages, may be read with equal profit and pleasure in the *Annual Register*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

From the same sources might be obtained almost every syllable that

that Sir Nathaniel recollects of what occurred in the years 1775-1776 which he spent in France; and, once for all, we may here warn our readers that if they possess the above-mentioned publications they need not, as far as public events are concerned, feel any violent curiosity to read the historical statements of Sir N. Wraxall, which are undoubtedly not so ample and entertaining, and much less authentic.

We pass over without regret the voluminous gossip with which Sir Nathaniel treats us, at second hand, from Sir William Hamilton, Sir John Stepney, Sir Thomas Wroughton, Sir William Gordon, Sir John Dick, and divers other diplomatic *Sirs* whom Sir Nathaniel met in his travels, of whose conversation he recollects little else than some Court Calendar anecdotes, two or three accounts of mysterious murders, as many stories of ghosts, and some filthy and indecent garbage which he, under pretence of their authority, obtrudes on his readers. One scene of which Sir Nathaniel was a witness at Sir William Hamilton's has more of curiosity in it than his stories generally have.

'Intelligence of the glorious victory obtained by the English fleet under Lord Nelson, before Copenhagen, arrived in London on Wednesday the 15th of April, 1801. Sir William Hamilton then resided in Piccadilly. About ten o'clock, that evening, I went to his house, with *Sir John Macpherson*. We found assembled there, the Dukes of Gordon and Queensberry, Lord William Gordon, Monsieur de Calonne, Mr. Charles Greville, (Sir William's nephew,) the Duke de Noia, who was a Neapolitan nobleman, Mr. Kemble, the celebrated Comedian, and his wife, the Reverend Mr. Nelson, now Earl of that name, with some other persons. Lady Hamilton, inspired by the recent success of Lord Nelson against the Danes, of which victory he had transmitted her, with his remaining hand, all the particulars as they occurred, from the 1st, up to the 8th of April, the day when the dispatches came away; after playing on the harpsichord, and accompanying it with her voice, undertook to dance the "Tarantella."

'Sir William began it with her, and maintained the conflict, for such it might well be esteemed, for some minutes. When unable longer to continue it, the Duke de Noia succeeded to his place; but he, too, though near forty years younger than Sir William, soon gave in. Lady Hamilton then sent for her own maid servant; who being likewise exhausted, after a short time, another female attendant, a Copt, perfectly black, whom Lord Nelson had presented her, on his return from Egypt, relieved her companion. It would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of this dance; but the *Fandango* and *Seguedilla* of the Spaniards present an image of it. We must recollect that the two performers are supposed to be a Satyr and a Nymph; or, rather, a Fawn and a Bacchant. It was certainly not of a nature to be performed, except before a select company; as the screams, attitudes, starts, and embraces, with which it was intermingled, gave it a peculiar character.

I only



only mention it, in order to shew Sir William Hamilton's activity and gaiety at that advanced period of life.'—pp. 229—231.

We think, however, that this anecdote rather displays the *activity and gaiety* of the lady than of the gentleman.

From Sir William Hamilton's authority, our historian relates the following strange story of the King of Naples.

“ Before the present king fully attained his seventeenth year, the Archduchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, was selected for Queen of Naples; and being represented to young Ferdinand as a princess equally amiable in her mind, as she was agreeable in her person; he expected her arrival with great pleasure, mingled even with some impatience. So much more severely was it natural that he should feel the melancholy intelligence, when it arrived from Vienna, that she was dead of the small-pox. But a circumstance which greatly augmented his chagrin on the occasion was, its being considered indispensable for him not to take his usual diversion of hunting or fishing, on the day that the account reached Naples. Ferdinand reluctantly submitted to such a painful and unusual renunciation: but, having consented to it from a sense of decorum, he immediately set about endeavouring to amuse himself within doors, in the best manner that circumstances would admit; an attempt in which he was aided by the Noblemen in waiting about his person. They began therefore with billiards, a game which His Majesty likes, and at which he plays with skill. When they had continued it for some time, leap-frog was tried, to which succeeded various other feats of agility or gambols. At length, one of the gentlemen, more ingenious than the others, proposed to celebrate the funeral of the deceased Arch-duchess. The idea, far from shocking the king, appeared to him, and to the whole company, as most entertaining. Having selected one of the Chamberlains, as proper, from his youth and feminine appearance, to represent the princess, they habited him in a manner suitable to the mournful occasion; laid him out on an open bier, according to the Neapolitan custom at interments; and in order to render the ceremony more appropriate, as well as more accurately correct, they marked his face and hands with chocolate drops, which were designed to imitate the pustules of the small-pox. All the apparatus being ready, the funeral procession began, and proceeded through the principal apartments of the palace at Portici, Ferdinand officiating as chief mourner. Having heard of the Arch-duchess's decease, I had gone thither on that day, in order to make my condolence privately to His Majesty on the misfortune; and entering at the time, I became an eye witness of this extraordinary scene, which, in any other country of Europe, would be considered as incredible, and would not obtain belief.”—pp. 238—240.

We quite agree with Sir William Hamilton, that this anecdote is nearly incredible; and, as we have not had the advantage of hearing it from himself, we have the less scruple in saying that we do not believe one word of it.

At Rome, in one of his peregrinations, Sir Nathaniel sees the Pretender;



Pretender; and as he saw Africa in the King of Portugal so he *could not help* seeing 'the Hebrides' in the features of Charles Edward. Some interest will probably be excited by an abstract of his account of Charles Edward and his wife.

' In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was led in by his domestics, who laid him down on a species of sofa, in the back part of his box; while the Countess d'Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. As, for obvious reasons, no English subject could be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown; there was not any opportunity of seeing the Chevalier de St. George which offered itself, except across the theatre: and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities; rarely coming forward to view. Being desirous, nevertheless, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person, than could be acquired at such a distance; I took my station, one evening, at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the playhouse. As soon as the Chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimental, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him one on each side; and taking off his hat, politely saluted us. He then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants, as he descended the staircase.

' *I could not help*, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months among the Hebrides, after his defeat at Culloden.

' Charles Edward's complexion was dark, and he manifestly bore the same family resemblance to his grand-father James the Second, that his Britannic Majesty's countenance presents to George the First, or to the late king. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the Order of the *Garter*, a velvet great coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary even in summer, on coming out of the theatre and a cocked-hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay.

' Charles Edward, driven by the mortifications which he experienced at Rome, to abandon that city, sought refuge at Florence; where he finished in January. 1784, his inglorious career, as James the Second had done at the palace of St. Germain, in 1701.

' Louisa, Countess d'Albany, his consort, merited a more agreeable partner, and might have graced a throne. Her person was formed on small scale, with a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively, as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg, she excited great admiration on her first arrival from Germany: but in 1779, no hope or issue by the Chevalier could be any longer entertained. After his decease, she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787, I have passed the evening at her residence, the hotel de Bourgogne, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where she supported an elegant

elegant establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty; and her deportment, unassuming, but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the tea spoons, were ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massy pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's Queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, male and female, was assembled under her roof, by all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of Majesty. 'The honours of a Queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris, which she was accustomed to visit on certain holydays or festivals. She continued to reside in the capital of France, till the calamitous progress of the French revolution compelling her to abandon that country, she repaired to London; where she found not only personal protection, but new resources in the liberality and bounty of George the Third.'—pp. 291—299.

The winter of 1776-7 introduced Sir Nathaniel to London society; and his two publications 'on the Northern Kingdoms of Europe,' and on 'the History of France under the Race of Valois,' however destitute of merit, (as he modestly says,) facilitated and procured his admission into the Blue Stocking circles of that society. Of the three great leaders of the Blue Stocking, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Thrale; and of Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Garrick, Barry, Walpole, Shipley, &c. &c. he gives a very long and meagre account. Written in evident and almost professed imitation of Marmontel's account of the societies of Mesdames Du Deffand and Geoffrin, it resembles the Frenchman's gay and striking sketches no more than the *Blucher's Head* at the corner of Essex-street resembles the living portrait by Lawrence. There is, indeed, no part of the work which gives us so mean an opinion of Sir Nathaniel's abilities as this; for we should have thought it scarcely possible that any man of the least power or practice of observation, who had ever been admitted to the company of such persons, should be able to speak of them without exciting some degree of interest, and gratifying in some measure the affectionate and reverential curiosity which we feel for all that concerns them. For instance, let us quote the whole and only mention which he makes of Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

'Garrick frequently made one of the assembly. His presence always diffused a gaiety over the room; but he seemed to shrink from too near a contact with Johnson, whose superiority of mind, added to the roughness and closeness of his hugs, reduced Garrick to act on the defensive.'

'Sir Joshua Reynolds, precluded by his deafness from mixing

ing in, or contributing to general conversation; his trumpet held up to his ear, was gratified by the attention of those who addressed to him their discourse; a notice which the resources of his mind enabled him to repay with interest.'—pp. 150, 151."

In the year 1780 Sir Nathaniel breaks out with great force into the riots of London, and by the assistance of the before-mentioned printed sources of information, and some verbal communications (of great interest, as he states,—not worth relating, as we think,) from Sir John Macpherson, he occupies thirty pages with a history of these events, and yet contrives to leave the most interesting particulars untold.

The account of a hurricane which took place in the West Indies in the same year, affords so characteristic a specimen of our historian's style and manner of stringing his subjects like beads, that we wish we could quote the whole passage, but it is like too many of Sir Nathaniel's stories, rather long and somewhat indecent; we shall therefore, only, as a specimen of his desultory and rambling way of writing what he calls *history*, say, that the hurricane reminds him of Barbadoes—Barbadoes of General James Cunningham, a great friend of his, who had been once governor of that island—the West Indian governor reminds him of a story of a West Indian negro who was pressed on a singular occasion by a natural want—this natural want reminds him of one of the generals of the great Frederic of Prussia, who had felt a similar embarrassment at his monarch's table—this leads Sir Nathaniel to mention the death of *Tycho Brahe*, which was caused, as he says, by a like act of imprudent respect; and the very next paragraph informs us that in September of this same eventful year Sir Nathaniel was elected one of the members for the Borough of Hindon in Wiltshire.

This will remind our readers of the style of that ingenious person Mr. Aircastle.

'I remember Ensign Sash about ten years ago—his father came from *Barbadoes*—I met him at Treacle's, the great sugar-baker's—who had a house in St. Mary Axe—he took the lease from Alderman Gingham, who serv'd sheriff with Deputy Bull—there was *tight work on the hustings*.\*'

Both Sir Nathaniel and Mr. Aircastle, we see, begin with Barbadoes and end with an election.

We now find the Memoirs, like those of our old friend P. P., 'all of a foam with politics;' and Sir Nathaniel proceeds to give at great length the public transactions of the period during which he sat in parliament; but unluckily he tells us little of any historical value, and nothing almost that we did not know before, or that we

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\* The Cozeners, Act II. Sc. 3.

do not know to be false. It is very clear that Sir Nathaniel was not at all in the *secret* of any party, and the face of the political world was to him like the town clock,—he saw the hand move and heard the bell strike, but observed nothing of the springs which impelled, and knew nothing of the principles that regulated the machine.

This, we dare say, was not Sir Nathaniel's fault, and we do not reproach him with it as a fault of his, but it is a fault of his book; and, in one sense, it may constitute a personal charge against him: for if he knows nothing more than the newspapers knew, it is hardly fair to delude an unsuspecting amateur of history out of eighteen shillings for a new edition, in octavo, of the *Daily Advertiser*.

One circumstance of much curiosity, it was, we have always understood, peculiarly in Sir Nathaniel's power to have elucidated, but we regret to say that he has not fulfilled our expectations.

It was said at the time, that the Nabob of Arcot, who had some weighty concerns pending with the British government, had been advised to create a certain influence in parliament which should facilitate the progress of his business. Of the number of those to whom the Nabob's influence was supposed to extend were, we think, Sir John Macpherson, Sir Nathaniel's great fountain of knowledge, and Sir Nathaniel himself.—We wish very sincerely that the historian had a little explained this obscure, but interesting passage in the parliamentary history of the country, either to deny it altogether and refute a vulgar error, or to offer some apology for, or at least some account of, so extraordinary a position as that in which the *members for Arcot* stood. We should, either way, have a curious point of historical fact decided, and we should have been better able to pronounce on the claims of the historian himself to credit for the impartiality and independence of his political conduct.

We wish also, on a less important, but not entirely uninteresting subject, that Sir Nathaniel had stated the authority upon which he so positively attributes (vol. ii. p. 9) the celebrated 'Heroic Epistle' to Mason.

But though Sir Nathaniel has been so very chary of original information, solid or light, we very readily, and indeed willingly, confess that his account of the political persons and scenes which passed under his own eyes, from 1780 to 1784 is sometimes amusing, and, on a few occasions, lively and pleasant.

Nothing, indeed, can shew more strongly how much better it is to listen to one who *tells* what he has *seen*, than to one who *repeats* what he has *heard*, than the superiority of Sir Nathaniel's account of the events of which he was a spectator, over those in which he was only an auditor; and we cannot but think that the acquaintance

acquaintance of that worthy baronet, Sir John Macpherson, however it may have cheered and enlivened Sir Nathaniel's society, has been of the most fatal consequence to his work ; for our parts, we read on with great satisfaction as long as our historian talks in the first person, but we find our jaws involuntarily distorted into a yawn at the very sight of the name of Sir John Macpherson, who appears to us to be (*pace tanti viri*) the most consummate and accomplished bore that this reign has produced.

The desultory and incoherent style, however, in which Sir Nathaniel rambles about, renders it exceedingly difficult to make extracts which shall at once do justice to the author's meaning, and be reducible to our limits—the most ordinary anecdote is extended over two or three pages, and the character of any individual is seldom contained in less than half a dozen ; and not satisfied with such incidental observations on the characters of public men as the events which he relates naturally excite, he seems to consider it necessary to write a professed review of the manners, morals, talents, and *res gestæ* of each : in this way Lord North and Lord Sackville are spread over forty pages, and Pitt and Fox have each near thirty to their respective shares.

We shall endeavour to put together some scattered sentences of the account of Lord North, whose talents and virtues Sir Nathaniel appears to venerate ; we wish he were as able, as he is willing, to do justice to the very singular and amiable character of that minister.

‘ Lord North, who had already occupied the posts of first Lord of the Treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, during eleven years, was then in the full vigor of his faculties, having nearly accomplished the forty-ninth year of his age. In his person he was of the middle size, heavy, large, and much inclined to corpulency. There appeared in the cast and formation of his countenance, nay even in his manner, so strong a resemblance to the royal family, that it was difficult not to perceive it. Like them, he had a fair complexion, regular features, light hair, with bushy eyebrows, and grey eyes, rather prominent in his head. His face might be indeed esteemed a caricature of the king ; and those who remembered the intimacy which subsisted between Frederic, the late Prince of Wales, and the Earl, as well as Countess of Guildford, Lord North's father and mother, to which allusion has already been made, found no difficulty in accounting, though perhaps very unjustly, for that similarity. His tongue being too large for his mouth, rendered his articulation somewhat thick, though not at all indistinct. In parliament, the deficiency of his sight was productive to him of many inconveniencies. For, even at the distance of a few feet, he saw very imperfectly ; and across the house, he was unable to distinguish persons with any degree of accuracy. In speaking, walking, and every motion, it is not enough to say that he wanted grace ; he was to  
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the last degree awkward. In addition to his defect of sight, he was subject likewise to a constitutional somnolency, which neither the animated declamations of Fox, nor the pathetic invocations of Burke, nor the hoarse menaces of Barré, could always prevent.

‘ Lord North was powerful, able, and fluent in debate; sometimes repelling the charges made against him, with solid argument; but still more frequently eluding or blunting the weapons of his antagonists, by the force of wit and humour. He rarely rose however to sublimity, though he possessed vast facility and command of language. When necessary, he could speak for a long time, apparently with great pathos, and yet disclose no fact, nor reveal any secret. An unalterable suavity and equality of temper, which was natural to him, enabled him to sustain, unmoved, the bitter sarcasms and severe accusations, levelled at him from the opposition benches. They always seemed to sink into him, like a canon ball into a wool sack. Anger and resentment appeared to be foreign to his nature, and as if only put on occasionally to serve a particular purpose. He was indeed incapable of lasting enmity, though he felt, and sometimes expressed contempt for those, who abandoned him from mean and mercenary motives. He possessed a classic mind, full of information, and always enlivened by wit, as well as sweetened by good humour. When young, he had travelled over a considerable part of Europe, and he knew the continent well: he spoke French with facility, and was equally versed in the great writings of antiquity. It was impossible to experience dulness in his society, and even during the last years of his life, when nearly or totally blind, and labouring under many infirmities, his equanimity of temper never forsook him, nor even his gaiety, and powers of conversation. I have frequently seen him display the utmost cheerfulness under those circumstances so trying to human nature.

‘ As a statesman, his enemies charged him with irresolution; but he might rather be taxed with indolence and procrastination, than with want of decision. He naturally loved to postpone, though when it became necessary to resolve, he could abide firmly by his determination. Never had any minister purer hands, nor manifested less rapacity. The want of political courage cannot be justly attributed to him; and if we consider how critical, as well as perilous, were the times, we shall not refuse him a just claim to the praise of ministerial firmness. But it was, surrounded by his family, that he appeared peculiarly an object of esteem and of attachment, divested of all form or ostentation, diffusing gaiety and good humour round him. Even those who opposed the *minister*, loved the *man*. Considered in every relation, even in his very weaknesses, Lord North was most amiable: in that point of view, his character will rise on a comparison with any first minister of Great Britain, during the course of the eighteenth century; and all those who knew him, in the endearing charities of life, where the minister becomes merged in the father, the husband, and the individual, or had ever mixed with him in society, while regarding his tomb, would involuntarily find their eyes suffused in tears.’—vol. i. pp. 478—497.



We collect Sir Nathaniel's opinion of the late Lord Liverpool from the following sentences.

' Few persons in the course of this long and eventful reign, *have played so important a part behind the curtain of state.* Still fewer individuals have attained to such eminence, personal as well as political, unaided by the advantages of high birth, or of natural connexions. Descended from a very respectable family, that had been raised to the baronetage by Charles the Second in 1661, his paternal fortune was nevertheless of the most limited description, when he commenced his career. But his talents soon dispersed the clouds that attended the morning of his life. The expression of his countenance, I find it difficult to describe. Reflection and caution seemed to be stamped on every feature; while his eyes were usually, even in conversation, directed towards the earth. Something impervious and inscrutable seemed to accompany and to characterize his demeanour, which awakened curiosity, while it repressed inquiry. His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming: grave, if not cold; but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. In society, though reserved, he was not silent. He always appeared as if desirous to disclaim, and to reject the consideration, which he involuntarily attracted. It was not difficult, on a short acquaintance, to discover that he had read men, more than books, and even his knowledge of modern history was rather financial and commercial, than general or critical. But, in recompence for these deficiencies, he possessed more useful and solid attainments, calculated to raise their possessor in life.

' No man in official situation was supposed to understand better the principles of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue. Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool, he never lost the ground that he had once gained. As a speaker in the House of Commons, he rose seldom, unless called out by particular circumstances. He neither introduced metaphors, digressions, nor citations. All was fact and business. His language had nothing in it animated or elevated. Scarcely was it, indeed, always correct, or exempt from some little inelegancies of diction; but it never was defective in the essentials of perspicuity, brevity, and thorough information. He used to remind me of a man crossing a torrent on stones; and so carefully did he place his foot at every step, as never once to wet his shoe. I have seen him, before a crowded house, acquit himself with wonderful dexterity, while secretary at war, when officially addressing parliament. Such qualifications, even independent of the supposed favor of the sovereign, necessarily rendered him an object of respect and of attention to every party.'—vol. i. pp. 533—539.

In this character of Lord Liverpool, though it may be, in the main, tolerably correct, there are some errors which prove that Sir Nathaniel had no personal acquaintance with the person whose portrait he draws; for instance, nothing can be less accurate than the statement that his lordship's education was narrow, and that he  
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was more read in men than in books. Lord Liverpool had received, not only a *good*, but a *long* education; having spent at the University more than double the usual period of academic residence. He was an excellent classical scholar, and possessed as great a variety of reading as perhaps any of his contemporaries (except only Burke.) He continued all his life what is commonly called a *bookish* man; and though his natural good sense and acuteness of observation undoubtedly enabled him to *read men* with the eye of a practical statesman, yet he was certainly as little versed in the ways of the world and general society as any man of his station whom we could quote.

On the subject to which Sir Nathaniel, in the foregoing, and still more forcibly in other passages, alludes, of the supposed *secret influence* of Mr. Jenkinson, we wish he had recollected what he himself relates at a subsequent period, when on Mr. Coke's motion on the 24th March, 1783, this charge received a most direct and satisfactory refutation.

‘Irritated by the delays and impediments to their attainment of power, the “Coalition,” affecting to consider them as caused by the operation of secret influence on the royal mind, and clearly applying the imputation itself to Jenkinson; that gentleman, who was present on the occasion, repelled the charge, so often preferred against him in the course of the present reign, with the most decided and peremptory denial of the fact. He candidly admitted indeed, that he had seen his majesty repeatedly in the course of the preceding month: but he justified the act, as, in his quality of a privy councillor, he was bound to obey the summons of his sovereign, and to repair to St. James's, whenever officially required. The idea of secret influence he reprobated, as only a bait for the multitude, invented to delude the nation, and brought forward on the present occasion, merely to serve political purposes. Having exculpated himself, he conjured Lord North, though now allied with Fox, to state, as a man of honour and veracity, whether during his administration of many years, when they acted together, his lordship *had ever found or felt such a pretended influence lurking behind the throne.* Jenkinson added, that so implicit a reliance had he on Lord North's principles of honour, as willingly to abide the issue of his declaration respecting the point. Thus called on, that nobleman rose, and in terms the most explicit, confirmed all that Jenkinson had asserted; disdaining to swell the popular cry, and protesting that he *never had experienced any concealed agency or interposition between himself and the sovereign*, while he had presided in the councils of the crown. It was not possible for a declaration to be less equivocal, or better calculated to undeceive the believers in secret influence.’—vol. ii. pp. 322—324.

And yet Sir Nathaniel himself continues, in several passages, to insinuate the justice of the imputation; and we believe that it is absolutely

absolutely untrue, that after the Coalition Administration was formed, Mr. Jenkinson ever saw his Majesty in private, as Sir Nathaniel relates him (vol. ii. p. 376) to have done. That the King was sometimes desirous of obtaining his advice on certain occasions relating to his family or his private concerns, we happen to know. We know too the kind and approving tone of the last note which his Majesty wrote to him on his finally retiring from public life: and it is probable that, on the foundation of innocent communications like those, the suspicion of politicians like Sir Nathaniel raised the outcry of 'secret influence.'

The first appearance of Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons will probably interest our readers.

'It was in reply to Lord Nugent that Pitt first broke silence, from under the gallery on the opposition side of the house. The same composure, self-possession, and imposing dignity of manner, which afterwards so eminently characterized him when seated on the treasury bench, distinguished him in this first essay of his powers, though he then wanted three months to have completed his twenty-second year. The same nervous, correct, and polished diction, free from any inaccuracy of language, or embarrassment of deportment, which, as first minister, he subsequently displayed, were equally manifested on this occasion. Formed for a popular assembly, he seemed made to guide its deliberations, from the first moment that he addressed the members composing it. All men beheld in him at once a future minister; and the opposition, overjoyed at such an accession of strength, vied with each other in their encomiums, as well as in their predictions of his certain elevation. Burke exclaimed, that "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."—vol. ii. pp. 63—65.

Sir Nathaniel's very diffuse characters of Fox, Burke, Barré, Dunning, Dundas, &c. though in general tolerably just, are drawn with little power of discrimination, and expressed with no force of language, and would hardly repay the trouble of making extracts from them.

The friends of the late Mr. Fox will allege that Sir Nathaniel has been unjust to that eminent man: but we think that on this delicate subject the opinion of Sir Nathaniel is not only sincere, but justified by the circumstances of Mr. Fox's life. Sir Nathaniel does not deny to him (who could venture to do so?) great talents, great goodness of heart, great amenity of disposition, great generosity, great magnanimity; but, on the other hand, who can deny the foibles of his private character, and the violence, the impolicy, and the mischief of much of his public conduct? Who will now defend his originally breaking, and his subsequent junction with Lord North? Who will apologise for all the sacrifices to ambition which he was ready to make? We say nothing of his conduct in later times; on that subject we confess we ourselves could scarcely  
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write impartially; but with regard to the transactions which Sir Nathaniel Wraxall relates, we must do him the justice to say that we think his bias against the politics of Mr. Fox is not only just and reasonable, but that similar sentiments are common to the great majority of mankind who have any means (by memory or by reading) of judging of the events of that statesman's public life.

On the subject of Junius, Sir Nathaniel informs us that the king knew who the author was—that he, Sir Nathaniel, believes that Gerard Hamilton *was*;—and that he is *confident* that Lord Sackville was *not*. Now let us say here *en passant*, that we have good reason to believe that the king did not know, and of course did not affect to know Junius—that Gerard Hamilton's claims are very slight,—and that of all the claimants we are decidedly of opinion that there is the greatest mass of evidence against Lord Sackville—we say *against*, because undoubtedly his lordship would lose more in moral character than he would gain in literary and political reputation from being proved to have written Junius; but it is amusing, though in Sir Nathaniel's work not singular, that his reasoning on this subject leads to conclusions exactly the reverse of those at which he arrives. For example—he thought at first that

'Junius's death, whenever it took place, would infallibly remove the veil which conceals his name. On more mature reflection, nevertheless, very strong causes for continuing to preserve his incognito beyond the grave, may present themselves. *If he left behind him lineal representatives*, he might dread exposing them to the hereditary animosity of some "of the worst, and the most powerful men in this country." Even should he have left no descendants, it is possible that *he might dislike the comparison between his actions and his writings*, which must have been made by mankind. If, for instance, it would have been proved that he *accepted an office, a pension, or a peerage*, from the sovereign and the minister whom he had *recently* accused as enemies to their country, or as having betrayed its interests;—*would not the moral aversion or contempt excited towards his memory by such a disclosure*, have overbalanced the meed of literary fame obtained from the labours of his pen?'—p. 457.

Now not one of these considerations (and we admit to Sir Nathaniel that they are *all* very forcible) occurs in the case of Mr. Hamilton, and every one of them suit in a remarkable manner that of Lord Sackville. If more than one person was concerned, Hamilton may have assisted, but that his lordship was, if not the author, at least *the informer and instigator* of Junius, we have a very confident, and, we think, well-grounded belief; but on this interesting subject we may say something on a future and more appropriate occasion.

Sir Nathaniel so very seldom deviates into any thing like a pleantry, that we cannot omit the following story.

'I have been assured, that towards the conclusion of George the Second's reign, when Mr. Pitt, afterwards created Earl of Chatham, occupied

cupied a principal place in the cabinet; Lord Falmouth having written on him, at his levee, stated his wish to be recommended to his majesty for the first vacant *garter*. The secretary of state expressing a degree of reluctance to lay the request before the king, and manifesting a disapprobation of the demand itself; "You will be pleased, sir, to remember," said Lord Falmouth, "that I bring in five votes who go to the ministry in the House of Commons; and if my application is disregarded, you must take the consequence." "Your lordship threatens me," replied the minister with warmth; "you may, therefore be assured, that so long as I hold a place in the councils of the crown, shall never receive the order of the *garter*." Then turning round he exclaimed, addressing himself to those near him,

"Optat Ehippia Bos piger."

Lord Falmouth comprehending nothing of the meaning of the words, but conceiving that the monosyllable *Bos* must allude to his name, requested to be informed what the minister meant by so calling him? "The observation," replied Mr. Pitt, "is not mine, but Horace's. As little familiar with the name of the Roman poet, as he was acquainted with his writings, Lord Falmouth, apprehending that *Horace Walpole* had said something severe or disrespectful concerning him under that second mistake, "If Horace Walpole," said he, "has taken any liberties with my name, I shall know how to resent it. His father, *Sir Robert*, when he was alive, and first minister, never presumed so to treat me." Having thus expressed himself, he quitted Mr. Pitt, leaving the audience in astonishment at the effect of his double misapprehension.—vol. ii. pp. 123—125.

This is a good story, and we have no desire to create, by a close examination, any doubt of its truth; but we must observe that of all the anecdote-tellers we have ever met, we entertain generally and in the abstract, the greatest suspicion of Sir Nathaniel. He seems to be a patient listener, but a most inaccurate reflector of what he hears; and as far as we have been able ourselves to examine his stories, we have found almost every one of them liable to charges either of gross inaccuracy, or of absolute mistake.

We have already had occasion to notice some of these errors; but it becomes our duty in this place, for the sake of historical truth, to enter into a little detail on this subject, and to shew that the totally careless Sir Nathaniel has been of what we must consider as the first duty of an historian.

We do not mean to say that all the statements of his book are false; on the contrary, those parts which he has compiled from the *Annual Register* and *Parliamentary Debates* are tolerably accurate, and a great deal even of what he relates on his own authority may be true: but so much is mistaken, exaggerated, or wholly unfounded, that, in our inability to separate the sound grain from the chaff, we are obliged to refuse our credit in the lump, and decide that no kind of reliance is to be placed on the uncorroborated

assertions of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. Neither our information nor our limits would permit us to pursue him through all his errors; but we shall select a few instances, some on trifling and others on important subjects, which will, we think, quite justify our general incredulity.

On the occasion of the treaty of Fontainebleau, Sir Nathaniel breaks forth into the following indignant and accusatory exclamation:—

‘ Well might “ Junius ” exclaim, that the ambassador who subscribed such unbecoming conditions, must have sold his country ! Well might scandal, *if not truth*, assert, that the Princess Dowager of Wales received for herself, as a present, from the court of Versailles, a hundred thousand pounds; and that the first minister, Lord Bute, retained for his share, ninety-six thousand !’—vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

This audacious charge against three of the most distinguished persons in the state, which nothing but the most cogent authority could induce us to believe, Sir Nathaniel revives on no authority at all—indeed he himself professes that he does not know whether it is *scandal* or *truth*—but he assumes it to be true, because forsooth Junius (the most false and impudent anonymous libeller that ever lived) imputes it to his enemy, the Duke of Bedford; and because, as Sir Nathaniel shrewdly intimates, Lord Bute could not have been able to build his magnificent *residence* in Berkeley square, now Lansdown-House, without the assistance of this 96,000*l*. Sir Nathaniel, if he had known any thing about this house, might have known that, far from being Lord Bute’s *residence*, it never was inhabited nor even completed by him; but that, after having very much impaired his private fortune by this work, he was obliged to sell the unfinished shell to Lord Shelburne. So that the only shadow of proof, which Sir Nathaniel produces to establish this most incredible and monstrous profligacy, has a tendency directly the other way. But the most surprising part of all is, that though Sir Nathaniel so boldly publishes this libel, he blindly confesses that this accusation ‘ was again renewed, twenty years later, at the conclusion of the peace of 1783, against Lord Shelburne, with greater virulence, and with bolder affirmations !’—vol. i. p. 429; and does not see that this repetition of the old slander is its own refutation; nay, he even expends a great deal of time and insinuation to fix this crime on Lord Shelburne, with about as much justice as he had previously attacked the reputation of Lord Bute and the Duke of Bedford.

Sir Nathaniel attributes (vol. i. p. 467) the plan of taxing America to the king, and describes his Majesty as forcing it upon Mr. Grenville, though it is well known that this measure was Mr. Grenville’s own, and certainly not *forced* on him by the king.

‘ When Mr. Pitt, sustained by four of the cabinet ministers, made the experiment of forcing the king to violate his conscience, on the 29th of January, 1801, relative to the question of “ Catholic Emancipation in Ireland;” they instantly *found* themselves out of office. They unquestionably did not intend to resign.’—vol. i. p. 383.

This assertion, we have reason to know, is untrue. That Mr. Pitt’s resignation was, on his part, a deliberate measure, and distinctly stated in a letter from himself to the King as a determined one, is known to all the partakers of his councils at that time, almost every one of whom is still living.

‘ On the day of the death of George II.’ says Sir Nathaniel, ‘ Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham) presented the young King a paper, containing a few sentences, which, he suggested, it might be proper to pronounce on meeting the privy council; the King, after thanking him, replied, that he had already considered the subject, and had drawn up his intended address, to be delivered at the council table. The minister, who perceived that Lord Bute had anticipated him, made the unavoidable inference.’—vol. i. p. 406.

These circumstances are inaccurate, and it is positively untrue that the speech was previously written. It was drawn up by Mr. Pitt—one sentence alone the King added with his own hand: ‘ born a Briton,’ &c.

To such stories as those last quoted we can only oppose our own assertion, founded on authentic information, and our appeal to persons, yet alive, who were parties in some degree to the transactions; but some of the stories carry their own refutation on their face, as that of Mr. Fraser, (vol. i. p. 415) ‘ who, as under secretary of state, had occasion to present a paper for the signature of George II.’—a duty which never, by any chance, could have devolved on Mr. Fraser, or any other person in his situation; and yet this Sir Nathaniel vouches that he had from Mr. Fraser himself.

He is so absurdly ignorant of official and constitutional forms as to assert, (vol. i. p. 549.) that Robinson, *the secretary of the Treasury*, counter-signed, on the refusal of Lord Weymouth, *the secretary of state*, an order for the attack on Pondicherry, in 1778—a perfect impossibility.

Of a piece with this, is the absurd statement (vol. i. p. 382) that so well aware was the cabinet of 1801, that the peace with France was impolitic, unsafe, and unwise, that Lord Hawkesbury affixed his signature to the preliminary treaty, ‘ not only without the King’s consent or approbation, but even without his knowledge.’ This is neither more nor less than a downright falsehood.

The flippant and offensive report (vol. i. p. 122.) of the king’s conversation with the Duke of Dorset, when obliged to confer the blue riband on the present Lord Camden, *must* be untrue, because



cause it was on the Duke of Dorset's death that Lord Camden had the garter : and Sir Nathaniel solemnly asserts, he himself had it from the Duke, who, however, died before the thing could have occurred. Sir Nathaniel had forgotten the proverb that '*dead men tell no tales.*' We really never read a more impertinent story.

When Sir Nathaniel blusters (vol. ii. p. 297) about the *indignation* which Lord North and his friends might have felt at the *derection* of the American Loyalists by the ministry of 1783, he should have acquainted us in what manner he conceives better terms could have been made for these persons ; and he should have remembered also, that besides the perpetual annuity of 4,000*l.* to the Penns, sums to the amount of 4,300,000*l.* have been given to those very Loyalists by the ministers who are accused of neglecting them. Well might Mr. Rose \* ask—'Is there to be met with, in the history of the world, a similar instance of the munificence of a nation?'

Sir Nathaniel states, (vol. ii. p. 374,) that in the year 1783, he himself met Mr. Pitt, in company with Mr. Rose, at *Antwerp*. Now we happen to know that Mr. Pitt never was in Antwerp in his life.

He, in another place, (vol. ii. p. 473) represents Mr. Pitt as endeavouring to *bilk* a turnpike-keeper in a drunken frolic, and having been fired at, while making his escape ; but Mr. Pitt, even in his moments of convivial elevation, could not have been betrayed into such mean irregularities : the truth of the matter is, that Mr. Pitt's postillions having missed the road as he was one night returning from Croydon, alighted to ask the way, and Mr. Pitt having also got out of his carriage, they knocked at a house to obtain information, and were answered by a shot, which the owner fired, supposing them to be house-breakers. Sir Nathaniel quotes the *Rolliad* for his account of this adventure, but it is plain he does not understand what he quotes, as the *Rolliad* clearly points to the facts as we have stated them, and refers to 'the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the *farmer* at Wandsworth !'

'How as Pitt *wander'd, darkling* o'er the plain,  
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's Champaign,  
A *rustic's* hand, but righteous Fate withstood,  
Had shed a Premier's, for a *robber's* blood !'—*Roll.* p. 34.

On the famous night of Lord North's sudden resignation, he had ordered his coach to remain at the House of Commons in waiting, on that evening. In consequence of so unexpected an event as his resig-

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\* 'Brief Examination,' 1799, p 25.

nation, and the House breaking up at such an early hour, the house-keeper's room became crowded to the greatest degree; few persons having directed their carriages to be ready before midnight. In the midst of this confusion, Lord North's coach drove up to the door; and as he prepared to get into it, he said, turning to those persons near him, with that unalterable equanimity and good temper which never forsook him, "Good night, Gentlemen, you see what it is to be in the secret." —vol. ii. p. 152.

Here Sir Nathaniel hardly does justice to the bon-mot of the retiring minister: 'I protest, Gentlemen,' said Lord North, 'this is the first time in my life I ever derived any personal advantage from being *in the secret*.'

The not-very-cleanly joke which (vol. i. p. 520) Sir Nathaniel attributes to Lord Sandwich, is the property of Lord North. Lord Sandwich was not of a turn to make such a reply.

The anecdote (vol. i. p. 504) which Sir Nathaniel tells of Lord Sackville and Sir John Elliot, we have heard, we believe more truly, of the late Lord Melville and Sir Walter Farquhar.

The following story, told by Sir Nathaniel, of *George Selwyn*, is related by Grimm, with a greater probability of truth, of the famous *Condamine*; if true of either, it is a melancholy and disgraceful instance of morbid curiosity.

'Selwyn's nervous irritability, and anxious curiosity to observe the effect of dissolution on men, exposed him to much ridicule, not unaccompanied with censure. He was accused of attending all executions; and sometimes, in order to elude notice, in a female dress. I have been assured that in 1756, he went over to Paris, expressly for the purpose of witnessing the last moments of Damien, who expired under the most acute torture, for having attempted the life of Louis the Fifteenth. Being among the crowd, and attempting to approach too near the scaffold, he was repulsed by one of the executioners; but, having informed the person, that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damien, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time, "*Faites place pour Monsieur, c'est un Anglois, et un Amateur*." —vol. ii. pp. 186-187.

Sir Nathaniel states, (vol. ii. p. 252,) 'that on the 29th August, 1782, the Royal George, the pride and ornament of the British navy, &c. &c. &c. disappeared in an instant in the midst of *Portsmouth harbour*;' and he employs two pages in descanting on this subject: yet it is known to all mankind, except Sir Nathaniel, that she did not sink in *Portsmouth harbour*, and that her masts were, till within the few last years, visible at Spithead; and poor Sir Nathaniel, with all his curiosity and feeling on this subject, seems not to have known the cause of the accident, but  
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to attribute it to some *mysterious fatality*, in which superstitious impression his mind is much fortified by recollecting that another *first-rate*, the Queen Charlotte, was blown up on the 17th March, 1800.

The stories of barefaced corruption alleged to have been practised by Roberts, (vol. ii. p. 497,) and Ross Mackay, (vol. ii. p. 501,) the private secretaries respectively of Mr. Pelham and Lord Bute, are wholly unworthy of credit; the authority on which they stand would not support the credibility of the most common event, much less of such monstrous profligacy.

But the most impudent and flagrant instance of the loose and unjustifiable manner in which Sir Nathaniel deals out imputation and libel in the shape of anecdotes, occurs in his account of Augusta Caroline of Brunswick, first wife of the King of Wirtemberg, the husband *en secondes nœces* of our Princess Royal: and with this anecdote we shall conclude our observations on the pompous gossip and inflated trash of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

‘ This princess, who was born towards the end of the year 1764, before she attained the age of sixteen, was married to the present king, at that time Prince of Wirtemberg. Some years after her marriage, she accompanied the prince her husband into Russia. They resided during some time at Petersburg, or in other parts of the Russian Empire; but in 1787 he quitted Catherine’s service and dominions; leaving his wife behind, of whose conduct, it was asserted, he had great reason to complain. At the end of a year or two, it was notified to the Prince of Wirtemberg, as well as to the Duke of Brunswick, by order of the Empress, that the wife of the one, and the daughter of the other, was no more. Doubts were not only entertained whether she died a natural death, but it remained questionable whether she did not still survive, and was not existing in Siberia, or in the Polar Desarts.

‘ I have heard this subject agitated between 1789 and 1795, when great uncertainty prevailed respecting the point; though it seemed to be generally believed that she was dead, and that her end had been accelerated or produced by poison. It was natural to ask, who had caused the poison to be administered? Was the empress herself the perpetrator of this crime? And even if that fact should be admitted, was not the Prince of Wirtemberg tacitly a party to its commission? Though no positive solution of these questions could be given, yet when the fact of the princess’s death came to be universally understood, many persons doubted the innocence of her husband. The King of Great Britain himself was strongly imbued with the opinion, of which he made no secret. In 1796, when the first overtures were begun, on the part of the court of Wirtemberg, for the marriage of their prince to the Princess Royal; George the Third was so prepossessed against him, for having been supposed privy to the death of his wife, that he would not listen to the proposal. In order to remove an obstacle of such magnitude, the prince sent over to London a private agent, instructed to ascertain from what  
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quarter the accusation came, and furnished with documents for disproving it. *That agent I personally knew, while he was here, employed on the above mission. He possessed talents, spirit, zeal, and activity, all of which he exerted in the cause.* Having clearly traced the imputation up to Count Woronzoff, who long had been, and who then was the Russian envoy at our court; he induced the count, by very strong personal remonstrances, accompanied, as we must suppose, by proofs, to declare his conviction of the prince's innocence, and utter ignorance of the nature or manner of his wife's end. It followed of course, that Catherine, under whose exclusive care she remained, could alone be accused of having produced it. The agent finally satisfied his Majesty that the empress, and she only, caused the princess to be dispatched, without the participation, consent, or knowledge of her husband; *if after all she did not die of a natural death.*'—vol. i. pp. 203—207.

We beg our readers to observe how the assertion, that this princess was *barbarously murdered*, dwindles away into the innocent alternative, '*IF indeed she did not die a natural death.*'

Sir Nathaniel then goes on to state several circumstances which induce him to suspect that the princess's husband, though thus acquitted by the testimony of Count Woronzow, and the deliberate judgment of George the Third, was nevertheless not guiltless of her death, and amongst them he makes the following observations:

'We have seen that Count Woronzoff originally maintained his sovereign's innocence of the princess's death, though he was afterwards induced to depart from that assertion. But *when* did he make such an admission? Much depends on the time. For Catherine died on the 6th of November, 1796; and after her death, a crime, more or less, might not appear to be of much consequence, where so many could be justly attributed to her.'—vol. i. p. 214.

These are terrible charges against the King of Wirtemberg and the Empress Catharine, and a rather serious imputation against Count Woronzow. It happens a little unluckily for Sir Nathaniel, that in his eagerness to publish his book, he forgot that Count Woronzow was still alive; and this nobleman, whose long residence in this country and connection with some of our illustrious families, quicken his natural sense of honour and his indignation at being slandered by a British historian, wrote, we find, to Sir Nathaniel a *formal and flat denial* of every circumstance in which his name was mentioned, and required of the historical Baronet to state the name of the agent whom he professes *to have known so intimately*, and from whom he had received a report so injurious to the Count's character, as well as the proofs of the imputation having been clearly traced up to him;—to this Sir Nathaniel replied, '*that he really did not recollect the agent's name!*'—but that if Count Woronzow would assure him that the statement in the *Memoirs* was inaccurate, he *would correct it in the next edition, as an histo-*

*historical error.*' Count Woronzow, however, not contented with the correction which Sir Nathaniel proposes to inflict upon himself, is so kind as to assist him in the work of penitence with some help from the law: the case is now before the King's Bench, and (a new circumstance in literature) the veracity of the historian will be tried, not at the bar of posterity, nor even of a Review, but at that of Westminster.—God send him a good deliverance!

We may regret the awkward situation in which Sir Nathaniel has placed himself; but we cannot blame those against whom such grave accusations are made for resorting to the only means of defence left to them.

Sir Nathaniel may be, and we believe is, in private society, a good-natured gentleman, and a man quite above practising any premeditated deception; but his work is as far from deserving a character of good-nature as of veracity. It is not a sufficient justification of his moral character, that he does not mean to deceive, and that where he leads his reader astray he has been himself previously misled. We think that a writer is under no inconsiderable responsibility in his moral character, to set down as fact, no more than he *knows*: for the injury to private feeling and public confidence is quite as great from his presumptuous ignorance as it would be from absolute falsehood or malice.—The fables of Sir Nathaniel are now capable of detection, but the detection will not accompany them down to posterity; and we even doubt whether the conviction of Sir Nathaniel for a libel, if it should occur, will reach many readers who, fifty years hence, may chance to pick up *Wraxall's History of My Own Time*. We fear that to such works as that which we are now reviewing, we may prophesy, in the eloquent expression of Junius, a longer existence than it merits—'trifles float and are preserved—while what is solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.'

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ART. XII. *The Life of the Most Noble Arthur Duke of Wellington, from the Period of his first Achievements in India, down to his Invasion of France, and the Peace of Paris in 1814.* By George Elliott, Esq. 8vo. London. 1814.

A TITLE like this, designed for the hawker's catalogue and the provincial newspapers, may be supposed sufficiently to indicate the sort of book to which it is prefixed. The book, however, is not altogether so bad as the bill of fare promises. The right wood for making a Mercury may be spoiled by a clumsy carver: but he who has to make a molten image of precious metal, whatever

ever the workmanship may be, will produce something that must always be worth its weight. This is the case with the volume before us—it is made of golden materials: and such as it is, it gives us a fair occasion for presenting a summary of the exploits of our great captain.

The Cowley family, afterwards called Colley, migrated from Rutlandshire into Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII. A younger son of that family took the name and arms of Wesley or Wellesley, in the early part of the last century, pursuant to the will of a kinsman. Richard Colley Wellesley, who thus changed his name, was created Baron Mornington by George II. His son, Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, married, in 1759, Anne, the eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and died in 1784, leaving a numerous family and an embarrassed estate: but he left also an admirable widow, to whose wise economy and personal instruction her children have been deeply indebted, and who yet lives to witness the extraordinary glory which attends them. Arthur, the fourth son, was born May 1st, 1769, at Dengan Castle, the seat of his ancestors; the castle has lately been destroyed by fire, the estate has been alienated, and is now occupied by Roger O'Connor. He was a little while at Eton, whence, while yet very young, he was removed to the military academy at Angers, there being, at that time, no such institution in England. It has been said, that at the age of 12 or 14, he held an ensign's commission,—such things were common before that real and unostentatious reform which has been effected under the Duke of York's administration, and which has made the British army what all Europe now acknowledges it to be. The book before us, however, affirms that he did not receive his first commission (in the 41st regiment) till he was in his eighteenth year. After a series of exchanges and promotions, his brother, the present Marquis Wellesley, purchased for him the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 33d; September 30th, 1793. In the ensuing year, he accompanied Lord Moira to Ostend, and, in the subsequent disastrous retreat from Holland, conducted himself in a manner which obtained much praise from military men. In 1795, he embarked for the West Indies; but the fleet was repeatedly driven back by tempests: before it could proceed, the destination of his regiment was altered, and he was ordered to Ireland to recruit,—thus perhaps providentially escaping that fate to which so large a portion of his fellow soldiers were doomed!

Lord Mornington being appointed governor-general of India in 1797, a fair field was opened for Colonel Wellesley in that country, whither his regiment was now ordered. When the new governor arrived to succeed Sir John Shore, he found Tippoo Sultan making



making at the same time the most solemn professions of friendship to the English and the most extensive preparations for a war of extermination against them. The English in India have never had a more formidable enemy than Hyder Ali, never so inveterate a one as his son. Both would, in any station, have been remarkable men: the father, though he committed no wholesale massacres, like Mahmoud or Nadir, was as immitigable though not as indiscriminate in his cruelty, a greater statesman than either, and perhaps a greater general. The son was equally cruel, more ferocious, far inferior in ability, and his zeal for Islamism and hatred of the English amounted almost to madness. He imagined himself the chosen servant of the prophet destined to root out the Nazarenes, as he called them, from India, and, in his own language, send those accursed ones to hell. This was to be effected by the aid of the French, whom he suffered to establish a Jacobin club in his capital, where eternal hatred was sworn to all kings, with the exception of Citizen Tippoo;—when they had done his work Citizen Tippoo proposed to send them to hell also for their reward. His dreams (for ‘I My Majesty,’ as he calls himself, kept an account of his dreams) represented to him the consummation of these hopes; and that he might see more vividly than in imagination his heart’s desire upon his enemies, he had a piece of mechanism constructed, which represented a tiger in the act of destroying an European; the figures were as large as life, and when the works were set in motion, the human automaton raised its hands as if in supplication, and uttered dreadful screams! Tippoo had a turban for this holy war, which had been dipt in the well of Zemzem, thereby acquiring a sanctity which he hoped, and perhaps believed, would render it impenetrable; and when he sate upon his throne it was under the splendid form of the humma,—a fabulous bird, which is supposed to confer prosperity and empire upon him over whose head it casts the shadow of its wings.

While this strange tyrant was forming alliances with the Mah-rattas, with the French in the Isle of France, with Zemaun Shah in Candahar, and with Ali Buonaparte in Egypt, Lord Mornington obtained full information of all his measures, and prevented their execution, with that vigour which characterized his administration in India. One battle only was fought before Tippoo retired within the walls of his capital. It was at the village of Mallavelly: Major General Floyd commanded; Colonel Wellesley distinguished himself greatly, as also did Colonel Cotton, who was destined to be his companion in so many fields of glory. At the subsequent siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley had the difficult service of driving in the enemy from the strong ground which afforded cover for their rocket men; and upon its capture he was appointed governor,

governor, and named as one of the commissioners who were to dispose of the conquered territories. To him in particular the arrangements for removing the family of the fallen sultan were committed. 'The details of this painful but indispensable measure,' said Lord Mornington in his instructions, 'cannot be entrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, activity, and humanity, the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the commission.' In this, and in all the arduous duties of his government, Colonel Wellesley so acted as to justify his brother's choice, and to deserve and obtain the gratitude of the conquered people. During his command at Seringapatam, one of those adventurers started up who have so often subverted empires and founded dynasties in the east. Dhoondiah Waugh was the name of this freebooter; he soon made himself formidable, and it was necessary to send a force against him under Colonel Wellesley. By a rapid movement he intercepted Dhoondiah on his march with about 5000 horse; Colonel Wellesley had four regiments with him whom he was obliged to form in one line, in order, as nearly as might be, to equal that of the enemy in length; they charged the enemy with complete success, routed them, dispersed them, and killed their leader, thus effectually completing the service upon which they had been sent.

Lord Mornington, upon the true policy of thinking nothing done while aught remained to be performed, now planned an expedition against Batavia, in which his brother was to have acted under General Baird. His object was to expel the French from the Indian seas, and for this purpose he meditated also the conquest of the isles of France and Bourbon,—a conquest, the delay of which had occasioned so heavy a loss to the East India Company. These plans were frustrated, partly, it is said, because Admiral Rainier made some demur as to the extent of the Governor General's power,—as if such questions should have arisen when great objects of national policy were to be undertaken! General Baird was called off with his disposable force to Egypt; and Colonel Wellesley, who had so narrowly escaped exposure to the fatal climate of the west, was thus saved from the dangers of a region even more destructive in the east. It had been intended that he should accompany the troops to Egypt; but Lord Mornington perceived that a new scene of danger was opening in India, and therefore remanded him to his command at Seringapatam.

Notwithstanding the alliance between the Mahrattas and the British government, the former had carried on a secret correspondence with Tippoo, endeavoured to excite his family to oppose the settle-

settlement of Mysore after his death, and given unequivocal proof of their hostile purposes, by refusing that portion of his territories which was offered them. The Peishwah possessed at this time merely a nominal authority; his councils were entirely controlled by Dowlut Rao Scindiah, who, with inferior talents, and less discretion, had succeeded to the power of his uncle Madhagee Scindiah. This chieftain not only over-ruled his own sovereign, but was master also of the Mogul's person, holding thus in actual subjection the descendants and representatives of Seevagee and of Aurangzebe. Even oriental history presents few tragedies so frightful as that of Shah Aalum, the last of the Moguls! He had first protected, and then promoted Gulam Kaudir Khan, whom his own father had banished for his vices: the favoured servant of a weak prince easily becomes his master, and Shah Aalum soon found himself under a yoke which he could not shake off. Scindiah was marching against Delhi, and Gulam Kaudir offered to answer with his head for the result, if the Mogul would march out with his troops and give them a supply of money. Shah Aalum objected that he had no money; the Khan offered to advance a sufficient sum, saying all he had to do was to head the army, the presence of a monarch being above half the battle. The Mogul agreed; but the next day a letter from him, desiring Scindiah to make all possible haste and destroy Gulam Kaudir, was intercepted by Gulam himself. However insufferable his conduct might have been, he was now fairly justified in measures of self-defence, and had he contented himself with simply putting the Mogul to death, he would have been liable to little censure for such an action. But this man had all the cruelty of the oriental character. He stormed Delhi, and entering the Mogul's chamber, knocked him down, knelt on his breast, and with his own hand pulled out one of his eyes. One of the Mogul's servants was made to pull out the other; the palace was then given up to pillage, and this ruffian going into the zenana, tore the jewels from the noses and ears of the Mogul's women, and cut off their arms and legs. The most beautiful of the Mogul's daughters is said to have stabbed herself to escape the violence which he offered. There is some satisfaction in recording the merited punishment of a wretch like this: being unable to resist Scindiah, he stuffed his saddle with precious stones, and fled toward Persia; on the second night he fell from his horse, and was taken by his pursuers. Scindiah put him in irons and exposed him in a cage, then ordered his ears, nose, hands and feet to be cut off, and left him in that condition to expire!

Shah Aalum was thus revenged, but his condition was in no respect ameliorated. The Mahrattas held him in the most abject subjection; and when Scindiah left Delhi and its surrounding territory

tory in the possession of M. Perron, a French adventurer, who under his protection was forming an independent state, the French, while they still used the name of the aged and blind monarch, treated his person with the most barbarous indignity. Upon this Frenchman Scindiah placed great reliance, expecting by his means to oppose the British forces with equal arms. A M. de Boigné was the first person who formed a body of regular troops in Scindiah's service, and he admitted British as well as French officers indiscriminately; but M. Perron, when he succeeded to the command, carefully excluded the former, that he might establish a military power exclusively commanded by his own countrymen. His force at this time amounted to about 16 or 17,000 regular and disciplined infantry, a well appointed and numerous train of artillery, a body of irregular troops, and from 15 to 20,000 horse; beside which he looked for reinforcements of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his tributaries or allies. His revenues were about 1,700,000*l.* A Frenchman never loses sight of the interests of France—it is the best part of their national character; as it is the worst part of ours, that the honour and welfare of our country are habitually sacrificed to the most despicable passions, and the vilest purposes of faction. The French had been told that England must receive her mortal wound in India, and M. Perron was in just such a situation as Buonaparte would have selected, for striking the blow. His head-quarters were established near Coel, in a commanding position on the frontier of the British possessions, and on the most vulnerable part of our extensive empire. Consistently with the safety of that empire, his power could not be suffered to exist; but before that question could be brought into discussion Scindiah provoked a war. A rival chief, by name Jeswunt Rao Holkar, disputed his authority over the Peishwah. The founder of Holkar's family was a man of low birth; and the orientalists, who embellish or disfigure every thing with fable, say, that in his boyhood when he was keeping sheep and had fallen asleep in the sun, the deadliest of the Indian serpents crept from its hole and extended its hood over his head to shield him from the heat. The fable is worth repeating, because a more appropriate tutelary genius for an eastern conqueror could not be imagined.

Holkar began his career with considerable success; the combined armies of the Peishwah and Scindiah marched against him; but the Peishwah now conceived a hope of emancipating himself from the subjection in which he was held; and when the approach of Holkar diminished his fear of Scindiah, he seized the opportunity of proposing an alliance to the British government. It was immediately ratified by the Governor General, and an agent was  
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sent to Scindiah for the purpose of inviting him to accede to the alliance; for it was thought that all parties would now find it advantageous to come to an agreement under the mediation of the British. The Peishwah, in whom the proposal originated, would regain his authority by this means, Scindiah would be secured against a rival whom he was little able to withstand, and Holkar, who was at present a mere adventurer depending upon rapine, might acquire a permanent establishment. But while the agent was on his way, the armies engaged in battle, Holkar was victorious, and the Peishwah, escaping to the Cokan, signified to the government at Bombay that it was his intention to take refuge in that presidency. Holkar, meanwhile, took possession of his capital, and placing another puppet on the throne, reigned there in his name. In this state of things both the governors of Madras and Bombay thought it necessary, without waiting for instructions from Bengal, to prepare their disposable force for immediate service. On the one hand, Holkar earnestly applied to the resident at Poonah to effect an accommodation with the Peishwah; Scindiah, on the other, requested a continuance of the British friendship towards him and his dependent sovereign: and the Peishwah, being now at liberty to act for himself without controul from either, signed a treaty at Bassein, in consequence of which the British forces prepared to restore him to his capital. The nearest troops were those of the Madras presidency, assembled at Hurryhur, on the north-west frontier of Mysore, under Lieutenant General Stuart; a detachment from this force was ordered to advance into the Mahratta territory: the command of this detachment required political judgment, not less than military skill; Lord Clive therefore thought it could not be confided with so much likelihood of advantage to any person as to Major General Wellesley, because of his local knowledge, and his personal influence among the Mahrattas—an influence acquired during his command at Mysore, and his military operations against Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs. The detachment consisted of 9700 men, including one regiment of European horse and two of foot; and to these were added 2500 Mysore cavalry, the resources of Mysore being now brought in aid of the British government, which, before Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been so often endangered by the restless hostility of that formidable power.

General Wellesley performed a long march through the Mahratta territory, at a most unfavourable season, without loss or distress, so well had he concerted the supply and movement of his troops: here also he manifested that talent which was afterwards so signally displayed in France; in the midst of an enemy's country he maintained such perfect discipline, and succeeded so entirely in preventing

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ing all plunder and excess, that the inhabitants, wherever he came, regarded him as their protector and preserver. At Aklooss, he formed a junction with the Nizam's subsidiary force under Colonel Stevenson; but learning that Holkar had left Poonah, where Amrut Rao (father of the puppet whom the usurper had placed upon the throne) remained with about 1,500 men, he thought it unnecessary to advance with the whole of his force through an exhausted country; especially as it was now, more than ever, needful that he should accelerate his march: for he was repeatedly apprized that Amrut Rao had resolved to plunder and set fire to the city, on the approach of the British troops; and the Peishwah, who had still part of his family there, sent an urgent request that he would detach some of his Mahratta troops to provide for their safety. Leaving, therefore, Colonel Stevenson's force so distributed as that the whole might easily procure subsistence and speedily form a junction whenever it was advisable, as soon as his own detachment was within sixty miles of Poonah, he made a forced march with the British and Mahratta cavalry, and performed the whole distance in thirty-two hours, the last forty miles by night, over a most rugged country, and through the difficult pass of the little Bhoorghaut. He reached the city so unexpectedly, that Amrut Rao had only time for flight. Well has it been said in those official notes wherein these transactions are so perspicuously related, and their policy so triumphantly justified, that the first effects of the British influence in the Mahratta dominions were thus displayed in rescuing the capital of the empire from impending ruin, and its inhabitants from violence and rapine—a circumstance equally honourable to the British character and propitious to the British interests in that part of India. The inhabitants, who had remained in the city, welcomed the British troops as their deliverers, and they who had fled to the adjoining hills during Holkar's usurpation, immediately returned to their houses and resumed their occupations. The Peishwah returned to his palace, where, for the first time, he felt himself a sovereign in reality as well as in name.

Scindiah, meantime, had collected a large force, avowedly for the purpose of opposing Holkar. But no sooner had the interference of the British power delivered him from all danger in that quarter, than he began to negotiate with his old rival and with the Rajah of Berar, for the purpose of subverting the treaty of Bassein. After a long series of professions, prevarications and falsehoods, in the true style of Asiatic policy, he at length declared, that when he and the Rajah of Berar had met, the British resident should be informed whether it would be peace or war. There remained only this alternative: to submit to the insults of a rapacious and faithless adventurer, suffer the Mahrattas to dictate to the British government, and



us sacrifice its dignity, its honour, and its interests, or, by an equal to the occasion, crush the audacious enemy, and cut her by the roots; for it was well known that Scindiah relied on the skill and discipline of M. Perron's army, and that his triumph would be the triumph of French policy, and would more than any other event prepare the way for French ascendancy in the East. Early for the British empire there was a strong hand at the helm: the campaign was planned upon a wider scale than any European general ever before ventured to contemplate in India. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindostan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi in the north to Poonah, Hyderabad, Guzerat and Orissa. The plan of the campaign was to be attacked from Gangam and from Calcutta, by striking an effectual blow against the Rajah of Berar; the Government of Bombay would seize the sea ports and territory belonging to Scindiah in Guzerat; on the Oude frontier General Lake would destroy the influence of the French, and rescue the blindfolded Scindiah from the barbarous indignity with which he was treated by the adventurers, thus at once extending the power and exalting the character of the British: in the Dekan, General Wellesley had to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; to protect the Nizam, the Peishwah, and deliver the Comarcan possessions from danger. His position was so important, and so great his influence among the Mahratta chiefs, and so great the confidence reposed in him, that he was invested with a distinct authority, subject only to the Governor General in council, possessing full power to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements might become necessary either for the final settlement of peace or for the active prosecution of war.

The history of this memorable campaign, which, in all its parts, was as ably executed as it was wisely planned, belongs to the credit of Marquis Wellesley rather than to his brother; but the Duke of Wellington may look back with pride upon the part which he formed in it. The great danger in Indian warfare is that of being unable to bring the enemy to action. Hyder Ally well understood the advantages of this Parthian mode. An English commander, weary of pursuing him, once wrote a letter to that able chief, saying how disgraceful it was for a prince like him, at the head of a large army, to fly before so small a force. Hyder replied, Give me the same sort of troops that you command, and your wish shall be gratified. You will understand my mode of warfare. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost 1,000 rupees each, against your cannon-balls that cost two pice? No; I will wear down your troops till their legs shall become the size of their bodies. I shall not have a blade of grass nor a drop of water. I shall hear

hear of you every time your drum beats, but you shall not know where I am once a month. I will give your army battle, but it must be when I please, and not when you desire it.' Hyder kept his word. Scindiah's army seemed disposed to act upon this policy when General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson marched against him; the former had about 9,000 men in his division, the latter about 8,000. The combined force of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar consisted of 10,500 regular infantry, commanded by French officers, (besides irregular foot,) a well equipped train of artillery, exceeding 100 guns, and between 30 and 40,000 horse. It was of the utmost importance to bring their main force to action. When, therefore, the two British corps met on the 21st September, at Badnapoor, General Wellesley determined that they should move separately towards the enemy, and attack them on the morning of the 24th. He took the eastern route, beginning his march on the 22d. On the 23d, when he reached Naulnair, he found that the enemy were about six miles off, upon the very ground on which he himself had intended to encamp. He determined to attack them, without waiting for Colonel Stevenson; it was better, he thought, to bring them to action with half the army, than let them avoid an attack—which they would probably do if he delayed. Moreover, he could not wait for the junction, without being himself exposed to that mode of harassing war which barbarous troops are best employed in waging, and which European soldiers can least endure—a warfare which, affording to the defensive party little other stimulus than that of perpetual alarm, wears down the spirits as well as the body. In these circumstances the boldest counsel was the best; and Charles XII. did not act more boldly at Narva, nor with more signal success.

The troops had already marched fourteen miles; a sufficient body was left for the protection of the baggage and stores, the rest hastened on, and came in sight of the enemy at one in the afternoon. The confederate army was encamped between the Kaitna and the Juah, two rivers which run nearly parallel toward the point of their junction. Their line extended east and west along the north bank of the Kaitna; the banks of which being high and rocky are not passable for guns, except at places close to the villages. Their right consisted entirely of cavalry and extended to the infantry, which were encamped near Assye, a fortified village that has given name to the battle. General Wellesley determined to attack the left, where the guns and infantry were posted, though he had arrived in front of their right; an attack upon the vital part of their force he rightly thought would be decisive. He passed the Kaitna at a ford beyond their left flank, and formed his infantry in two lines, leaving the cavalry as a reserve in a third, and keeping in check

check a large body of the enemy's cavalry by the Peishwah's and Mysore horse. The enemy, perceiving his intention, changed the position of their infantry and guns, and brought them to bear upon the assailants with consummate skill and terrible effect. Officers who had made several campaigns on the continent declared that they had never seen cannon better served than at Assye that day. The British artillery had opened at a distance of four hundred yards; General Wellesley saw that it could produce little effect against the formidable line opposed to it, and that it could not advance because so many men and bullocks were disabled. Never was promptitude more required and never was it more strikingly displayed than throughout the whole of this day's work. He gave orders to leave the guns, and for the whole line to move; Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, with the British horse, being instructed to protect the right:—the 74th regiment in this wing had suffered so much from the enemy's cannon, that a body of Mahratta cavalry ventured to charge it; Colonel Maxwell charged them in return and drove them with great slaughter into the Juah. The enemy now, dismayed at the steady advance of the British troops, gave way on all sides; they were driven from their guns; and the British army, pressing on in pursuit, left the artillery which they had thus bravely taken behind them. They were not enough in number to secure advantages as they won them; and perhaps in the heat and exultation of victory, they did not recollect that it is a common practice among Indian troops to feign death in the hope of escaping it; with this hope many of the Mahrattas threw themselves down among the guns, the conquerors passed them by, and they seeing that another hope flashed upon them, rose and turned the guns upon the victorious army. The fugitives, perceiving how marvellous a change was thus effected in their favour, rallied, and the battle was to be fought again. Colonel Maxwell charged their infantry, broke them again, but fell. General Wellesley with the 78th, and a regiment of native cavalry, once more attacked the formidable artillery, which had already made such havoc among his men; his horse was shot under him, but the second attack proved as irresistible as the first, and the field with all the spoil was again his own—no more to be contested.

The loss of the conquerors was severe beyond all former example in India, a full third of the victorious army being killed or wounded. Never was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy were as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had an

hundred pieces of cannon which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet. Never was victory more bravely achieved, or more complete; stores, ammunition, camp equipage, bullocks and camels, standards and cannon were left upon the field; 1200 dead were counted there, and the country round was strewed with the wounded. It produced proposals from the enemy; one of Scindiah's ministers wrote to request that General Wellesley would send a British officer to his master's camp for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace. England has never in her Indian wars been fooled by treaties out of what she has gained by the sword. The General, having none to controul him, was left to pursue the straight forward policy of an active spirit and a commanding mind. He refused to treat upon these propositions, because, as the request was not made directly on the authority of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, they might afterwards have disavowed the act of their minister; and because it would appear, if a British officer were sent to the enemy's camp, that the British were soliciting peace, instead of granting it to a beaten enemy. He declared himself, however, ready to receive with all respect, in the British camp, any person duly authorized to propose terms. It soon became obvious that the Mahrattas were temporizing, and he lost no time in prosecuting his success. After totally destroying Scindiah's Persian cavalry, and defeating the greater part of the Berar infantry on the plain of Argaum, he stormed the hill fort of Gawalgur and compelled the Rajah to purchase a separate peace by ceding the provinces of Anttack and Balesore; and a fortnight afterwards Scindiah, in like manner, submitted to such terms as the British general thought proper to dictate. The other parts of this marvellous campaign belong not to our subject. Suffice it to say that M. Perron retired before General Lake without venturing to give him battle; and his reputation received a shock from which he was unable to recover; the fort of Ally Ghur, which was his usual residence and grand depôt, and which, to any native power, was impregnable, was taken by storm. The victorious English entered the city of Shah Jehan and of Aurengzebe, to deliver their blind and oppressed descendant from degradation and bondage. The capture of Agra put them in possession of the city of the Great Akbar, and the fort which has emphatically been called the key of Hindostan; and the battle of Leswaree completed the defeat of the enemy, and the destruction of the French force, M. Perron and his officers soliciting the British protection, because, when their power was overthrown, 'they found themselves just objects of indignation in the country which they had governed.' General Wellesley, for his part in this memorable campaign, received  
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the first fruits of those honours of which he was one day to reap so abundant a harvest. A monument in memory of the battle of Assye was erected at Calcutta: the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword; his own officers with a golden vase: in England the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. The people of Seringapatam presented to him an address on his return, which, to one who felt himself deserving of the feelings which it expressed, must be as gratifying as the proudest distinctions. They had reposed for five years, they said, under the shadow of his protection: they had felt, during his absence in the midst of battles and victory, that his care for their welfare had been extended to them as amply as if no other object had occupied his mind: they were preparing in their several casts the duties of thanksgiving and of sacrifices to the preserving God who had brought him back in safety, and they implored the God of all casts and of all nations, to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs should call him from them, for his health, his glory, and his happiness.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he must now be called) returned to England in 1805, and commanded a brigade in the army under Lord Cathcart, which, having landed on the continent, speedily re-embarked in consequence of the battle of Austerlitz. He was now, upon the death of Marquis Cornwallis, made colonel of the 38th regiment, in which he had served as lieutenant-colonel thirteen years. In 1806 he took his seat in the House of Commons, as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford. In 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland under the Duke of Richmond, and Dublin is indebted to him for a police. In the summer of this year the expedition sailed against Copenhagen, and Sir Arthur again accompanied Lord Cathcart. The justice or injustice of that measure was then vehemently debated: men fall into the violence of party-questions as they do into the absurdities of fashion, and, in like manner, wonder at them when their season is gone by. Time, which buries so many things in darkness, brings others to light; the disposition of the Danish government has since been so completely tried and proved, as effectually to justify the preventive policy of Great Britain, and the English ministers will be censured hereafter, not for having done so much, but for not having done more—for their forbearance, not for their vigour. Only one action of any importance took place, and in that Sir Arthur commanded. Four battalions of the Danes were strongly posted on the banks of a stream, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body in reserve at some distance beyond Kioge, the little town in front of which the rivulet

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runs.

runs. It was agreed that the Swedish General Linsingen should ascend the bank higher up and turn the left flank of the Danes, while Sir Arthur attacked them in the front. The two corps lost all communication with each other on the march; and Sir Arthur, when he came in sight of the enemy, without waiting for the junction, attacked them, drove them from a position into a strong entrenchment, from that entrenchment into the town, pursued them into the town, routed and dispersed them. This action deprived the governor of Copenhagen of all hope of relief from the army, and accelerated the capitulation. Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to treat: in diplomacy and in war he pursued the same prompt system, and the terms were discussed, settled, and signed the same night.

He was soon to be tried in more arduous undertakings. By the peace of Tilsit, Buonaparte was left master of the continent of Europe, the greatest part being actually in his possession, and the rest under his controul. He possessed a more real and absolute authority over Germany than the most powerful of her emperors had ever been able to obtain. Switzerland, which had in former times so gloriously asserted her independence, submitted to call him her Protector, received with obedience his oppressive and barbarizing edicts, and supplied men to fill up the enormous consumption of his wars. Holding France, Flanders, and Italy himself, he had established one brother upon the throne of Naples, made a second King of Holland, and erected a kingdom in Germany for a third, with territories taken indiscriminately from his foes and his friends. His sister's husband, Murat, possessed a principality, with the title of Grand Duke of Berg; Eugene Beauharnois, his wife's son, was married into the house of Bavaria, and ruled Italy as his Viceroy; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, would, upon the next vacancy, be placed at the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Never had any adventurer, in an enlightened age and civilized world, built up such a fortune for himself and his family, and his followers. Like the hero of a Spanish romance of chivalry, he portioned out kingdoms, and principalities, and dukedoms, from his conquests, among his companions in arms, and we read of Dukes of Istria, and Dalmatia, and Ragusa, and Dantzic among the new nobility of France. His reputation, political as well as military, was at the highest pitch; he had achieved more than Louis XIV had attempted, and exerted a wider authority than Charlemagne had claimed; while the world, dazzled by the splendour of his successes, was but too ready to forget or to forgive his crimes. If ever man might have been satisfied with dominion and with renown it was Napoleon Buonaparte; but it is with ambition of this kind as it is with avarice, 'increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.'

Spain



Spain had long been the submissive ally of France; the first of the Spanish Bourbons had never been so entirely directed by Louis the Great, as Charles IV. was by Buonaparte. The Spanish government was thoroughly corrupt in all its parts;—head, body, and members were alike diseased; the profligacy of the court exceeded all former example, it spread like a contagion wherever the influence of that court extended, and affected all the branches of administration. But the great mass of the people retained the old national character and the old national spirit with little change, and with little or no deterioration; and in spite of its vile government, and viler superstition, Spain had been rapidly advancing, before the French revolution broke out like a volcano in the midst of civilized society. That spirit of improvement which seemed to characterize the age, was felt even here where improvements of every kind penetrate so slowly. Arts, sciences, and literature had revived; agricultural societies were formed, commerce was flourishing; the very Inquisition, though it retained its vigilance, had abated its ferocity. But the war in which she engaged against the French Republic, exposed the imbecility of her councils, and the wretched state of her resources. It was terminated by a disgraceful peace, for which the most despicable minister that ever managed the affairs of this ill-fated kingdom was rewarded with the title of prince. That peace necessarily led to hostilities with England, an evil which of all others the Spaniards deprecate the most. Peace with England and war with all the rest of the world, is a political proverb among them. Their commerce received a dreadful shock; and their naval power, which Charles III. had left more formidable than it had ever been since the time of the Armada, was destroyed in Buonaparte's service: the finances became daily more and more embarrassed; public credit was at the lowest ebb, and the treasures from the colonies, which arrived under cover of the Portuguese flag, were extorted by her rapacious and insatiable ally. The burthen of such an alliance became at length too galling and too heavy to be endured; and even Charles V. and Godoy, the weakest of monarchs and the basest of favourites, began to devise means for ridding themselves of the yoke. This disposition they made known to Prussia when that power was preparing for its first struggle with Buonaparte. No sooner was the Prussian war declared, than Godoy issued a proclamation calling upon the people not to be dismayed at their situation, for they possessed great resources, and their government was about to make powerful armament. This act of folly gave rise to a strong renonstrance from the French ambassador; the battle of Jena terrified Charles and his miserable favourite, and Buonaparte, who discovered at Berlin their correspondences with the Prussian court,

seemed to content himself with having thus expressed his displeasure. Had he marched an army into Spain for the avowed purpose of dethroning the Bourbons upon this quarrel, he would certainly not have provoked the same kind of opposition as that upon which he afterwards wrecked his power and his reputation. His conduct then would have been in the allowed course of open, authorized war. It would neither have insulted the understanding of the Spaniards, nor outraged their moral sense: he would have encountered a regular military resistance from a weak, disorganized, and disorderly army, not that moral resistance which is invincible; he would have contended with the carcass of a rotten government, not the spirit and soul of a nation.

Addicted as the tyrant was to the wanton and ferocious exercise of power, it might have been thought that, being determined upon dethroning the Spanish Bourbons, his pride and his passions would have directed him in the straight course. It is not Jupiter who abuses the reasoning faculties of men to their own destruction,—it is the corrupt will and the wicked heart! As the old Roman emperors, when palled with ordinary excesses, had recourse to monstrous inventions in vice; so Buonaparte seems as if he had been weary of the high ways of ambition. It was not enough to destroy, he would first enjoy the pleasure of deceiving. As he rivalled the Roman Cæsar in military renown, so would he shew himself equal to Cæsar Borgia in the crooked artifices of Italian policy. To be the greatest general, the greatest emperor, the greatest conqueror, was nothing unless he proved himself more consummate in treachery, more audacious in usurpation, than all his predecessors. He might have commenced hostilities upon Spain without exciting one additional feeling of indignation against him; but he chose to go through a series of treaties and intrigues, of fraud and falsehood, the basest artifice, and the most outrageous tyranny; like the Drawcansir hero of Dryden's tragedy, who acts like a madman merely to prove that he dares do so. Tyrants and persecutors delight in insulting as well as in oppressing and vilifying mankind.

He began his machinations by calling upon Spain to supply him with troops, in virtue of that offensive and defensive alliance which Godoy had concluded with the Directory: by these means he withdrew from the country the flower of her armies under the Marquis de Romana, and to make sure of them he sent the greater part into Denmark. The political drama of which the destruction of the Spanish Bourbons and of the house of Braganza was to form the catastrophe, was crowded with intrigues. A secret treaty was made with Charles IV. for partitioning Portugal, which, small as it is, was to be divided into three kingdoms, one for the Prince of the Peace, one for the queen of Etruria in exchange for an ephemeral

al kingdom which Buonaparte had created, and now took to self; the third was to remain in his hands to be disposed of as he hereafter seem good, or be exchanged with Spain for her eastern provinces. While the treaty for despoiling the prince of Asturias was negotiating, Buonaparte negotiated with him also, and urged him to renounce his old alliance with Great Britain, seize the British subjects, and confiscate the British property in Portugal. The prince, knowing the helpless state of his country, consented to every sacrifice except that of his honour and conscience: he gave the English notice to depart and withdraw their property, then submitted to obey the orders, and be included in the continental system of the universal tyrant. Regardless of this, a French army advanced by forced marches to seize him in his capital; being apprised in time of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, he made his escape known to the British squadron, embarked with all his family from Belem, and departing from the very spot whence Vasco da Gama had embarked for the discovery of India, and Cabral for that voyage in which Brazil was discovered, he removed the seat of the Portuguese government to its rising empire in South America. The fleet, commanded by Junot, entered Portugal without declaration, cause, pretext, or pretence of war; it was proclaimed that they came as friends and allies, and the last orders of the prince were that they should be received as such: this he thought the only means of preventing them from treating his kingdom as a conquered country. As such, however, it was treated, and a contribution imposed equivalent to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half upon the whole population! The treaties of Fontainebleau were now set aside,—their use was over, except as documents for history and proofs of the folly of the Spanish court and the duplicity of Buonaparte. The kingdoms of Algarve and of Northern Lusitania retained neither name nor existence beyond the delusive acts by which they were created, and the Prince of the Peace soon found himself in a situation which gave him more reason to dream of a world than of a throne.

The prince of Asturias hated his father's favourite: a party had collected round him, consisting of men who, during Godoy's ascendancy, were excluded from power, and for that reason discontented with the government. Of these men there were some who had no thought of political reform, no love for liberty, no respect for the venerable institutions of their country which had so long been trampled under foot; they had grown up in despotism, and the principles had entered into their souls; but they would fain have been themselves the ministers of that despotism, and they saw the utility of Godoy's acts, because they were the acts of a rival and an enemy. Others among them had imbibed the principles

ples of the French revolution with all the ardour of inexperienced youth ; but the little knowledge which they possessed had been acquired from pestilent sources ; they studied the writings of the French philosophists with more avidity because such books were obtained with difficulty, and could not be possessed without danger ; they were to them as stolen water and bread eaten in secret. Beginning thus in a detestation of the tyranny, a contempt for the superstition, and an abhorrence of the intolerance of their own degraded country, in flying from one train of evils they fell into another. The metaphysics of the French school soon destroyed the virtuous feelings which had made way for them, and they who in the first unpolluted impulses of a noble nature would have sacrificed themselves for the deliverance of their country and the good of mankind, were at length fitted, by a selfish, sensual, atheistical philosophy, to be the supple slaves of the foulest usurpation. With or without principle they followed the fashion of the French government through all its changes,—constitutionalists with La Fayette and Lally Tollendal, republicans with Brissot and Condorcet, levellers with Robespierre, and finally worshippers of the Emperor Napoleon. A few there were of a better stamp, who, without any comprehensive views of reform, would yet have removed some of those abuses which tended to weaken the government as much as they aggrieved the people. Their hatred of Godoy was a bond of union. Some of them perhaps may have apprehended that sooner or later Buonaparte would depose the reigning dynasty, and may have thought the only way to avert this danger was by connecting it with his own : certainly they saw that no change could be made in Spain without his concurrence ; and that if this were gained, they might disgrace the favourite and govern in his stead. Under the influence of these counsellors, Ferdinand wrote to Buonaparte to solicit a princess of his family in marriage. The affair of the Escorial followed, with all those scandalous proceedings which reflect equal disgrace upon all who were concerned in them. The father and the son, alike imbecile, but not culpable alike, both appealed to Buonaparte, and he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing these Dotterels flutter with fear before they ran into the net. Already under various pretexts he had filled the Peninsula with his troops,—it was to take possession of Pórtugal, to defend the southern coast against the English, to besiege Gibraltar, and to invade Morocco ; for even this project was talked of, and perhaps intended as the next step after the conquest of Spain. It would be out of place here to pursue the detail of events so recent and so notorious as the treacherous seizure of St. Sebastian, Pampluna, Figueiras, and Barcelona, the insurrection at Aranjuez, the occu-  
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pation of Madrid by Murat, and the betrayal of the whole royal family.

Thus did the Spanish Bourbons pay the price of their alliance with a faithless nation, and a perfidious tyrant. The resources of Spain had long been so entirely at Buonaparte's disposal that if the country had acquiesced in this usurpation, it would have produced only a nominal difference as far as other powers were concerned. In this light England might have regarded it; it mattered not to her whether Charles or Joseph acted as Buonaparte's deputy in Madrid; but upon the Spanish colonies the effect might be most important, and as Great Britain had obtained (at a dear price!) some knowledge of the state and disposition of those colonies, an expedition was prepared against part of Spanish America, and Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed to the command. The troops were collected at Cork; but before they could set sail, the events of the second of May (1808) altered their destination, and changed the fate of Europe. On that day the people of Madrid, exasperated alike at the treachery by which their prince had been kidnapped and the insolence with which a foreign tyrant pretended to set a foreigner and an upstart over them, rose against Murat's army. The immediate result was what drivellers and cowards would have predicted,—the defeat and massacre of the insurgents; but the effects were fully answerable to the hopes of the most heroic spirits that were stirring in that day's work. Never had the blood of martyrdom been more profusely shed, never did that holy seed produce a more abundant harvest. The people were mown down by grape shot in the streets; they were bayoneted in their houses, and when the slaughter of the contest and of the pursuit had ceased, a military tribunal was erected to continue the butchery with the forms of insulted justice. During many succeeding days groups of thirty and forty at a time were led to the Prado, the Puerta del Sol, the Puerta de S. Vicente, the Church of N. Senora de la Soledad,—all the most public places of Madrid,—and there shot in the presence of their townsmen, their friends, their wives, their parents, and their children! Let not the massacre of Madrid be forgotten in the final settlement with Joachim Murat! Had there been any virtue in Ferdinand, any sense of the true honour and true interests of Spain, it is to Naples and not to Buenos Ayres that his armies would have been sent. Woe to those princes and to those nations by whom such offences are forgiven or overlooked! It is worthy of notice at this time, that the ruffian who presided at this military tribunal, and directed these wholesale murders, was General Grouchy, Buonaparte's newly-created marshal, his fit instrument and faithful servant.

The impulse of this movement at Madrid was felt like an electric

tric shock throughout the whole Peninsula. The Spaniards and Portuguese rose simultaneously against their oppressors. Without a government, without a leader, without armies, without concert, they rose against the most formidable military power which had ever yet existed, a power perfectly organized, with all its means in readiness, which held the government and the capital of both kingdoms in its hand, occupied their fortresses, and was in actual possession of both countries. There existed but one nation to which they could look for help. Portugal was bound to England by ties of intimate and most friendly intercourse almost coeval with her existence as a kingdom. The Spaniards were at war with us ; but they also knew the English character, and called upon England as the natural and sure ally of men engaging in so just and sacred a cause. ‘ Never indeed,’ says the eloquent Wordsworth, ‘ was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt,—never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed, than when the British and Spanish nations, with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons and reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and enmities, and mutually embraced each other, to solemnize this conversion of love, not by the festivities of peace, but by combatting side by side, through danger, and under affliction, in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood.’ The feelings of the British people were forcibly appealed to, and they were universally excited. The war, which had hitherto been carried on firmly indeed, but almost without object, or prospect however distant of its termination, assumed at once a new character. We no longer looked merely to self-defence, thinking only how we might ward the blow when it should please the enemy to strike; we no longer reasoned upon the practicability of his invading Ireland or England, and threw up works and erected fortifications upon our own shores:—this sullen and cheerless state was exchanged for action and enterprise, for ardour and enthusiasm, for hope and for joy, heroic hope, and joy strengthened by every good principle and ennobled by every generous feeling. At length a national resistance had been roused against this iron tyranny! At length the cry of liberty had gone forth! Young men understood now by their own emotions, how their fathers had been affected in the morning of the French Revolution; and they who, having seen the hopes of that season blasted, were fallen in spirit as well as in age into ‘ the sere—the yellow leaf,’ felt as though a second spring had been vouchsafed them. Even that party-spirit which is the bane of the British councils and the opprobrium of the British name, even that was for a time suspended; and the general cry was that the most speedy and the most vigorous measures should be taken for assisting the Spaniards



ards and Portugeze in the struggle which they had so gloriously commenced.

The expedition at Cork being ready, Sir Arthur Wellesley was ordered to sail for Coruña, to communicate there with the Junta of Galicia, and act as circumstances might direct him. General Spencer, from Gibraltar, would be instructed to join him, and further reinforcements sent after him, as fast as they could be fitted out. Accordingly Sir Arthur set sail, and on the 20th July arrived at Coruña, where he found tidings of the recent defeat which Cuesta and Blake had sustained at Medina del Rio Seco. It was such a reverse as was to be expected in the outset of such a war. The men, without orders, had marched against the enemy as soon as they heard of their approach, the officers followed the impulse of the men, and the General endeavoured to direct the rash impatience, which he did not attempt to restrain, being in reality neither able to controul, nor competent to guide it. The Spaniards were necessarily defeated by an enemy little if at all inferior in number, strong in cavalry, and acting in a flat country; but they displayed great courage, as well as ardour; and Blake, in covering their retreat, gave a promise of military talent from which much was expected. The French used their victory cruelly, and committed the most atrocious excesses afterwards. They were commanded by Lasalle, an officer who had been trained to atrocious deeds in the Egyptian school. It was this man whose division fell in with sixteen stragglers of Sir John Hope's army, and deliberately cut them down, an exploit of which Buonaparte boasted in his bulletins. This disaster had not in the slightest degree dispirited the Galicians: when the English offered their assistance, they assured Sir Arthur that they were in no need of men, and that his army could no where be so usefully employed as in acting against Junot and clearing Portugal of the enemy. They represented the enemy's force as not exceeding 15,000 men, and said that the Portugeze had already assembled an army of 10,000 at Porto.

To Porto the expedition proceeded; and Sir Arthur, after a conference with the bishop, leaving the transports, went on to confer with Admiral Cotton off the Tagus. It was impossible to effect a landing there: the bar, the fortresses, and the Russian squadron in the river would have rendered the attempt too dangerous, even if it had not been to be made in the face of a superior foe. Peniche was occupied by the enemy, and there was no nearer point at which a disembarkation could be effected than the Mondego; that point therefore was chosen, and Sir Arthur, having sent instructions to General Spencer to join him there, met his transports there on the 30th. There he received dispatches from home, informing him that reinforcements of 5000 men under General Ludlow

Ludlow were on their way, and that 10,000 more would speedily be sent under Sir John Moore. This general was his superior officer, but the command in chief would be vested in Sir Hew Dalrymple who was to come from Gibraltar, and Sir Harry Burrard was to be second in command. There was however yet time for him to strike the blow before they should arrive to supersede him, nothing could be more prosperous than the news from Spain: French squadron at Cadiz had been taken possession of by Spaniards, and Dupont, with his whole army, made prisoners in Andalusia. Buonaparte had never before received such a blow; loss of men indeed was easily reparable, but the reputation of his armies was wounded, the invincibles had been put to shame, the spell which palsied the nations was broken; another such catastrophe might stir up the north of Europe to imitate the glorious example of the Peninsula, and what was to preserve Junot from the fate of Dupont? With this prospect, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been joined by General Spencer, began his march from Coimbra toward Lisbon.

The disposition of the Portuguese was excellent. The events of their insurrection against the French were little known at that time, and have not yet been detailed in any language except their own. It was a general and simultaneous movement of the people, which, under all circumstances, Sir Arthur Wellesley thought even more extraordinary than that for which the Spaniards deserved and obtained universal sympathy and admiration; it was rather against far greater disadvantages; and while the British were on the coast, an enemy's detachment was ravaging Alemtejo under General Loison, a man who, in an army infamous for its excesses, was distinguished for his love of plunder and of blood. On the 29th July he sacked the city of Evora, and, in the carnage which ensued, the clergy were marked out as especial objects of vengeance, and hunted like wild beasts. Wherever he went, his soldiers were let loose to burn, to pillage, and to destroy; but his cruelties served to repress the people only while he was present, and left them more eager and more insatiate for vengeance. The spirit was so general, and such precautions were taken by the governors of Coimbra and Pombal, that the French for a long time obtained little information concerning the British troops. At first rumour, however, Loison hastened from Alemtejo, and crossing the river, took a position between Thomar and Santarem; Laborde, who had the reputation of being the best general in the army, with Generals Thomieres and Brennier under him, entered Alcobaca with a strong detachment, and pushed his advanced guard as far as Aljubarrota. The enemy were perfectly well acquainted with the country; in these points they were always as well informed.

, till of late, were ignorant. They fell back as the English  
ced, and took post upon the heights of Rolissa,\* a vil-  
about two leagues south of Obidos, remarkable as the  
ground whereon the British and French were opposed to  
other in the Peninsular war. Laborde had about 5000  
Loison, with an equal force, was expected to join him  
evening of the 17th. Sir Arthur Wellesley was informed  
and made his attack in the morning. The enemy had chosen  
ground well; it consisted of narrow passes and strong heights.  
positions were made for turning his left by a column of 1200  
guezze, and his right by Major General Ferguson, who had  
to watch the motions of Loison; but the main attack was  
boldly upon the front and strength of the position, where the  
pal column, under cover of some olive and cork trees, was  
ed to approach and *deploy* without much loss. The way  
p ravines, made by the rains, in some places overgrown with  
s, in others impeded with crags, and hitherto only thought  
icable for goats. The middle pass appeared the least diffi-  
and here the assailants suffered their severest loss: for near  
op of this pass there was a small opening in the form of a  
e, which, at the point nearest the English, was overgrown with  
e, arbutus, and those other shrubs which render the wilder-  
s of this part of Portugal so beautiful. Here the French  
d an ambush of riflemen, and here Colonel Lake led his regi-  
instead of sending forward to explore the ground as the pass  
ed: the French let half the regiment enter, and then fired  
them when they were in close column. Colonel Lake fell;  
re loss was sustained, but the men pushed forward and won  
ass. Here the 29th and 9th regiments found themselves for a  
lerable time unsupported, and the enemy charged them thrice  
great resolution, but were as often repulsed. The skill of the  
h was indeed as clearly proved that day as their inferiority to  
ritish soldiers in those moments when every thing depends  
native courage. During a contest which began at nine in the  
ing and was not concluded before five in the afternoon, they  
ted with admirable order from one difficult position to ano-  
losing none of the advantages which the ground offered, of  
it was not the least that the English were never able to avail  
elves of their numerical superiority, the number actually en-  
being far less than that of the enemies whom they defeated.  
repeatedly attempted to recover what they had lost, and when

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this word is usually, but erroneously, written *Roleia*. *Roliça*, or *Rolissa*, is the  
me; by the former it is found in books of Portuguese topography, but the latter  
by José Accursio das Neves, the historian of this first invasion, and is preferable  
language, which has no such character as the c subscribed.

this hope was abandoned, they effected their retreat in good order; for as Sir Arthur Wellesley wanted cavalry, and troops and cannon could not be brought up the passes with the requisite speed, there was no pursuit. Our loss was less than 500 men killed, wounded, and missing; that of the French was supposed to have trebled it, and of their five pieces of cannon three were taken. The battle, though neither in its scale nor its consequences of much importance, becomes interesting, as the first in this long struggle, and because in this trial the British evinced that superiority in what may be termed national courage, which they maintained in every engagement from that day till they closed their triumphant career before the walls of Thoulouse.

On the same day that the battle of Rolissa was fought, the Portuguese by an enterprize, conducted with equal bravery and good fortune, recovered the important city of Abrantes, where Loison had left a garrison of 200 men. That general, as well as Laborde, now fell back to join the main force of the French, which Junot was collecting about Torres Vedras. Junot had left between 3 and 4000 men in Lisbon under General Travot: there were three officers of rank in this French army who distinguished themselves by *not* insulting, *not* injuring, and *not* robbing the inhabitants; Travot, Charlot, and Brennier. The French now began to feel that character was worth something, and Junot, in the proclamations that he issued upon leaving Lisbon, spoke of the virtues by which General Travot had obtained the friendship of the inhabitants of Cascaes and Oeyras. In other respects this paper was in the true French style, save only that it was something below the ordinary point of arrogance.

‘ You have hitherto been tranquil,’ said he to the people of Lisbon; ‘ it is for your interest to continue so. Do not stain yourselves with a horrible crime at a moment when, without any risk of yours, the lot of arms is about to decide by what power you are to be governed. Reflect too upon the interests of the three nations who now contend for the possession of Lisbon. The glory and the prosperity of the city and the kingdom are what the French desire, because this is the interest and the policy of France. Spain wishes to invade Portugal, and make it one of her provinces, that she may thus become mistress of the whole Peninsula. And England is desirous to rule over you that she may destroy your port and your marine, and prevent the progress of your national industry. The English envy the magnificence of your port; they will not consent that it should exist so near them, and they have no hope of preserving it: they know that a new French army has past your frontiers, and if that does not suffice another will follow it; but meantime they will have destroyed your naval establishments; they will have caused the destruction of Lisbon,—and this is what they aim at, and this is what they desire. They know that they cannot maintain

themselves upon the continent; but when they can destroy the land and the marine of any other power, then they are content.'

Such assertions were little likely to impose upon a people who knew that Lisbon had been one of the most flourishing ports in Europe before the French entered Portugal, and that from the moment of their entrance it had experienced nothing but oppression, taxation, privations, misery, and ruin. Junot thought it perhaps too easy to mislead them by appealing to their religious prejudices. 'What a disgrace to the Portuguese,' he said, 'that they should call in heretics and Moors to their assistance!'—the Highlanders having either been mistaken for Moors upon a distant view, or were probably represented as such for the purpose of deceit.

Arthur Wellesley meantime was informed that Generals Anstruther and Anstruther with their brigades were off the coast; he moved to Vimeiro to protect their landing. The larger reinforcements under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore, having been delayed by contrary winds, were sixteen days from the mouth before they made Cape Finisterre: their instructions were not to go to the south of Porto without obtaining information. Burrard therefore removed to the Brazen sloop with some of his ships, and, leaving the convoy, proceeded first to the Douro, then to the Mondego. Here he found letters from Sir Arthur, recommending that the troops should land here, and march upon Santarém in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction; the letter added that they must carry their own bread, for the resources of the country were not to be relied on. Upon weighing the difficulty, and the possible danger of not being in sufficient strength to resist the enemy if they should retire with their force upon that point, Sir Harry Burrard determined not to follow this advice, and continued his course southward. This was on the 18th; the next day he obtained intelligence of the battle of Rolissa, and then detached an officer to Sir John Moore, directing him to land in the Mondego, and proceed according to circumstances and his own judgment. Moore accordingly reached the Mondego on the 20th, and was about to disembark, but presently he received counter-orders to return to Sir Harry, who had changed his mind, and was proceeding to the mouth of the Maceira, where he arrived on the evening of the 20th. While the English troops were thus divided, Junot had concentrated his forces; he himself, with the advanced guard, took position in front of Torres Vedras, and the main body, under Laborde and Poisson, were strongly posted behind the town. They covered the country with their cavalry, of which they had about 1300, and Arthur could only learn that their position was very strong, and their whole strength assembled there. His own plans were quickly formed; Sir Charles Stuart (a man whose eminent military talents

talents were never allowed an adequate field wherein to display themselves) had carefully surveyed this part of the country while he commanded the British troops in Portugal, for it had not escaped him, that upon this ground, in case of serious invasion, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in Sir Arthur Wellesley's possession. The French either did not understand the advantages which the ground offered them, or they believed that a defensive system was not practicable on their part, because of the disposition of the people. Sir Arthur determined to push his advanced guard to Mafra on the following morning, turn the enemy's position by this movement, and he then hoped to enter Lisbon in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Having laid down this plan, and issued orders for putting it in execution on the morrow, he heard of Sir Harry's arrival, and going immediately on board to communicate with him, he explained his intended measures.

But the new commander was more impressed with the difficulties to be encountered, than encouraged by the success which had hitherto attended the movements of the army. The strength of the enemy's cavalry, and their own want of that important arm of war, kept the British troops at present close to their encampment: and the farther they might advance from the ships, (upon which they depended for bread,) the more severely would this inferiority be felt. The artillery horses were inefficient; they were cast-off cavalry, purchased in Ireland, the old, and the blind, and the lame; some of them had already died of age, and others, though carefully fed, had sunk under what would have been easy work for horses in good condition; nearly a sixth part had thus perished upon the way, and of those which were left many were not worth the forage which they consumed. Under these circumstances, the decision, which he was now called upon to make, appeared to Sir Harry Burrard most serious in its consequences; and should the army be checked in advancing, he thought it impossible to calculate the disasters to which it might be exposed. He was of opinion, therefore, that they ought to wait for Sir John Moore's division. Sir Arthur represented that at least ten days must elapse before these troops could land and become serviceable at Vimeiro: the two armies were so situated that one of them must attack; if the British advanced, they would have the advantage of acting on the offensive; in his opinion, they could reach Mafra before they could be brought to a general engagement; reaching that point, he should turn the French position, and come more immediately in front of Lisbon, upon ground which he knew so well, that he was desirous of making it the scene of action. These representations were unavailing; the Adjutant General B. General Clinton, and Colonel Murray



y the Quarter Master General coincided in opinion with Sir Burrard; and the orders which Sir Arthur Wellesley had for advancing on the morrow were consequently counterd. But a part of that general's opinion was soon verified; asserted that a battle could not be delayed, and, as he expected, Junot on the following morning brought his whole force to attack the British army before they should receive further reinforcements.

As was the enemy allowed to chuse the place, the time, and manner of attack; and they made full use of the advantage, for they brought the whole of their force to bear upon half the British.

There were in the field about 14,000 French, and 16,000 British; yet they engaged them with a superiority of nearly two to one.

To a general of less promptitude, or to troops of less decided courage, this would have been fatal; but on this occasion all of the general was admirably seconded by the gallantry of his officers and men. The intentions of the enemy were divined at once, and in movement, troops were moved with the utmost celerity just where and where they were needed, and the heart, and the arm, and the bayonet, did the rest. Wherever the French made the attack, they were repelled; wherever they were attacked, they gave way. They were brave enemies; and had they not been sullied by such a defeat, they might deserve for their bravery to be mentioned with honour. One charge which they made upon Major General Ross's brigade will long be remembered by those who witnessed it; it was made by the flower of the enemy's army with the most determined spirit; they came resolutely to the point of trial, and in one instant their whole line was cut down; so decisive was the British courage when brought to this last test. Above three hundred of their grenadiers were found dead in the line where they were drawn up. Among many fine anecdotes which have been reserved respecting this action, there is one of General Anson; during the heat of the battle, one of Sir Arthur Wellesley's aides-de-camp came to tell him that a corps should be sent to his assistance; he replied, 'Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance; I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them.' Before the action began, Sir Harry Burrard's staff left the ship; the firing was heard as soon as he reached the shore, and the armies were hotly engaged when he reached the shore, and found Sir Arthur, who told him briefly what measures he had taken for defeating the enemy. The new commander expressed just a feeling of honour to interfere, and approving all the measures, he desired him to go on with what he had so well begun. But when the French were beaten on the left, Sir Arthur called to him, and told him this was the moment to advance—the

right wing ought to march upon Torres Vedras, and the issue the beaten enemy; by this movement Junot would be from the nearest road to Lisbon, and must take a circuitous way of Alenquer, dispirited, defeated, and in confusion. There was plenty of ammunition in the camp for another battle, and there were also provisions for twelve days. But neither the repetitions, urged as they were with natural and fitting warmth, nor the victory which was before his eyes, could induce the Commander to deviate from his former opinion; the thought of responsibility came over him like a cold blast from the north; and he felt that he saw no reason to change his purpose, the same which yesterday induced him to wait for reinforcements with the same weight. At that moment the enemy were retiring in disorder, and most completely disheartened by their defeat the irrevocable opportunity was let pass; and Sir Arthur, from a sense of military obedience would not allow him to act upon his own better judgment, as Nelson was accustomed to do, but the bitterness of his spirit under a semblance of levity, turned to his officers, and said, 'Well then, we have nothing to do but to go and shoot red-legged partridges!'—the game with which the country abounds.

Such was the most lame and impotent conclusion of the battle of Vimeiro, which, had it been followed up as Sir Arthur Wellesley wished to follow it, would have placed the French army at the mercy of the conquerors, have enabled the Portuguese to do some justice upon the robbers and ruffians who had so infinitely oppressed them, and have given a signal example to Europe. On the morning after the battle Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived. The French had perceived that the British did not know how to take advantage of the advantage which they had gained; they supposed it would be easy to make good terms with men who seemed so little to value their own strength; and they proposed terms accordingly, perhaps not less to their own astonishment than to the wounding indignation of Great Britain, were accepted. By these terms the French were to evacuate Portugal, and be conveyed to France, with arms, artillery, baggage, and property, then to be at liberty to return again; and the Russian fleet in the Tagus was to be held in custody by the British till six months after a peace should be concluded between England and Russia, when the ships were to be released, the crews being immediately to be conveyed home in British vessels. It was even agreed that the fleet should leave the Tagus unmolested, but the Admiral, Sir C. Cotton, refused to ratify such an agreement. It is easier to account for the terms of this Convention, than to justify or excuse them. When the Convention was in one general in the morning, in a second at night, and

third on the morrow, there could be no singleness of view, and, therefore, no steadiness of conduct. Sir Hew landed in utter ignorance of the state of the army, the enemy, and the country. Sir Harry had hardly more knowledge than Sir Hew; and Sir Arthur Wellesley, who alone was acquainted with all circumstances, had seen his opinion rejected and overruled at the moment when the tide of fortune was at its flood. After seeing so fair an opportunity lost, he may easily be supposed to have felt a certain degree of indifference as to subsequent measures, over which he had no controul, and for which he was not responsible. There was an unusual delay in sending off intelligence of these proceedings to England,—the first account actually came from the Junta of Oviedo. This delay seems to imply a latent apprehension in the commander that what he had to communicate would not be joyfully received:—men usually lose no time in dispatching the bearer of good tidings. How the tidings of the Convention of Cintra were received is still fresh in remembrance. An outcry of indignation was set up from all parts of the kingdom, such as had seldom been known before. It was unconnected with any party-spirit or party-views; it was the impulse of true British feeling; the fair hopes of the country had been withered at once, like April blossoms by a snow blast;—our own honour and the interests of our allies had been sacrificed—we had looked for a triumph of justice and of moral feeling as well as of our arms;—we had seen these things forgotten and despised, and had been fooled in negociation out of what we had won with the sword.

It is not necessary to pursue this ungrateful subject here, but we must take a brief view of the events which occurred in Spain while Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to England, and detained there during the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry upon the Convention of Cintra. The capture of Dupont's army was followed by a series of successes. Palafox had driven the French with great loss from Zaragoza, after one of the most glorious struggles which has ever been recorded in history. Moncey had been defeated in an attempt to seize Valencia; and in Catalonia, the French, after vain attempts to extend their usurped authority, were confined to the walls of Barcelona. A central and superior Junta had been formed with the concurrence of all the local authorities. Joseph Buonaparte, whom his brother had named King of Spain and the Indies, and who, in that character, had arrived at Madrid, found it necessary to retreat in the course of ten days, taking care in that time to plunder the palace and carry off the crown jewels. The legitimate government was now installed at Aranjuez, and preparations were made upon a great scale for completing the work which had been so happily and gloriously begun. The French had at this time about

60,000 men in Spain, who occupied a strong country, having the Ebro in their front, the river Aragon on their left, and the Bay of Biscay on their right. Three armies were set on foot by the Spaniards, in the hope of expelling them; that on the right, or the eastern army as it was called, under Palafox the deliverer of Zaragoza; the central under Castaños, whose deliverance of Andalusia had rendered him deservedly popular; and the left or western army under Blake, who, for the reputation which he had obtained at the battle of Rio Seco, had been thus promoted. The nominal force of these armies was 130,000 men; but it is not probable that they amounted at any time to more than half that number. The Spanish army before this revolution had fallen into the worst state of indiscipline; and during revolutions discipline is the last thing which a soldier learns. Blake, indeed, had 10,000 men with him, who, with their commander the Marquis de Romana, had been brought off from Denmark by Admiral Keates, in a manner as well planned as it was dexterously executed. These were good troops; but except these, the Spanish armies consisted either of raw levies, or of men who had never seen any thing more than the worthless routine of their slovenly service. The officers were equally inexperienced: in the first ebullition of national feeling, the local authorities assumed the power of granting commissions, and soon abused the power by granting them to their friends and dependents, without any reference to desert and talents. Men in abundance offered themselves—brave, hardy, patient, devoted to their country, and hating the perfidious enemy with all the vehemence of national and religious hatred. But where all were ready to learn there were none to teach. The Spanish commissariat, always bad, was now in so wretched a state that the armies could scarcely be kept together. Men who, when in active service, bore without a murmur the severest privations, were not equally passive when they found themselves without proper supplies in their own quarters; a sense of injury was felt; and acting as if the contract between them and their government was broken, they made no scruple to forsake their regiments and return home—for in the general overthrow there scarcely remained a shadow of law. The obvious remedy for these evils would have been to reorganize the army by the assistance of British officers. But it must be remembered that, at this time, the British army did not possess that character which it established during the Peninsular war; the French, aided too by many misdirected expeditions on our part, had persuaded the continental nations that we were not a military people, and that they were as decidedly superior to us by land as they acknowledged themselves inferior by sea. The Spaniards also, who are proverbially a high-minded people, were elated with their first successes, and would have regarded such a measure

measure as a degradation. They had a confidence in the extent and nature of their country, the spirit of the people, the goodness of their cause, and their old renown, which did not allow them to contemplate the thought of subjugation to France as a thing possible. This confidence may be called blind and unreasoning, as their faith in Santiago and Our Lady of the Pillar; but it was rooted in them. It exposed them often to loss, and to defeat and anger, but it always preserved them from despondency, and in such a contest perseverance was sure of being successful at last.

Buonaparte meantime had not been idle. His first care was to keep the French people as far as possible in ignorance of the events which had taken place in Spain. It is a curious indication of his fear of public opinion respecting this fresh war in which he was about to involve France, merely for his own personal ambition, that he caused it, at this time, to be announced that the King of England was dead, and that the Prince's first act had been to change his ministers, preparatory to a change of policy on the part of Great Britain. He had expected to strike terror into the Spaniards; but after the capture of the fleet, the surrender of Dupont's army, and the signal defeat of Lefebvre's at Zaragoza, he saw that considerable efforts were required to crush the insurrection. Before this was made, it was necessary to be secure of the continental powers; for this purpose he had a conference with the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth, which terminated in an insidious proposal of peace to England, the main object being to secure the alliance of Russia, in case of an apprehended attack from Austria. It was not till after his preparations were complete that Buonaparte thought fit to publish a detail of the affairs of Spain, composed, in his usual style, of misrepresentations and falsehoods. In this paper it was affirmed, that the landholders, the enlightened men, the nobles and the superior clergy, were all animated with the best sentiments; but that the English faction, which had always been very active in the sea-ports and at Madrid, had taken advantage of circumstances, and that England, in fine, had brought about an insurrection by seducing the monks and the Inquisition! The excesses which the people had committed in their fear of treason, and their indignation for the massacre at Madrid, were carefully related, and in this respect the paper is valuable, nothing of this kind being omitted. The loss of the ships at Cadiz was not noticed; it was said that Zaragoza had been almost wholly destroyed by mines, by bombardment, and by fire,—but it was not said that the French had been compelled to abandon the siege;—the only acknowledged reverse was the capture of Dupont. This unexpected event, it was said, which was more important because it encouraged the insurgents, the information that the English threatened the coast

of Galicia, and the heat of the season, which was unfavourable for rapid movements, induced the King (meaning Joseph Bonaparte) to concentrate his troops, and place them in a cooler and less burning than the plains of New Castile, which might at least offer them a milder air and more salubrious water. In summer the principal army of the malecontents had been destroyed at Seco; the body of insurgents scarcely deserved to be taken into account. Men of a right mind saw with sorrow that England succeeded in exciting a civil war in the heart of Spain,—but the event could not be doubtful; and all that the English papers published concerning these transactions, was false and absurd. Buonaparte had completely succeeded in shutting out information from the countries under his controul, that his grand army of many, as it was called, which he now ordered into Spain, knew nothing of what had occurred there till they were in the country. They learnt from the French upon the spot the fate of Dupont at Bailly-Latour, Junot, and the other disgraces and losses which had been sustained. They learnt it with astonishment,—but the impression was temporary. ‘We thought,’ says M. Rocca, ‘we were going upon an easy expedition, which would soon be terminated; conquer Germany, we did not suppose that any thing could afterwards happen to us.’

One of the reasons assigned by the British generals for granting such favourable terms to Junot was, that the British army might be able immediately to co-operate with the Spaniards;—one of the effects of that Convention was to delay this co-operation,—the transports which should have carried the British troops to those ports where they might have advantageously acted with the Spaniards, being employed in transporting the French to their own coast, so that they might lose no time in marching to act against them! The Convention of Cintra was signed on the 30th August; in August it had been determined that a British army should be sent to the North of Spain, but it was not till the 6th October that John Moore received his appointment to the command, and he was ordered to form a junction in Galicia or Leon with 15,000 who were sent to Coruña under Sir David Baird. No time was then lost in making the necessary preparations, and seeking for the necessary local information; but so much had already been lost, that John Moore, with his advanced guard, did not reach Salamanca till the 15th November. Before he entered that city, he learned that the Estremaduran army, or army of reserve, under Count de Albuquerquie, had been routed at Burgos.

Buonaparte had made full use of the leisure which had been given him. The British troops had scarcely begun their march from Portugal before he had commenced his operations. His



object was to destroy Blake's army before it could be supported by the English. That army was successful in the first action; never did men behave more gallantly, and never did any army endure severer privations—from the wretched state of their commissariat, they were without clothing, without shoes, and almost without food, among the mountains and snows of Biscay; yet they made head against the enemy without murmuring. But the French continually brought up fresh troops to supply the place of those who fell; and thus by dint of repeated attacks, and by numbers even more than discipline, succeeded in finally beating down and dispersing the best of the Spanish armies. While Lesebvre and Victor were thus employed, Soult and Bessieres attacked the army of Estremadura, which occupied the center of the Spanish line of operations, for the armies of Castaños and Palafox were now united under the command of the former. This army was weak in numbers, not exceeding 12,000 men, who were mostly recruits and volunteers; among the latter were the students of Leon and Salamanca, youths of high spirit, who were, almost to a man, cut off, fighting with the most heroic and devoted courage. There remained only the army of the right; Lanes and Moncey were to act against this in front and on the left, while Ney, coming upon the rear, was to cut off their retreat: the first part of the plan was carried into full effect, Castaños being defeated with great loss at Tudela; but Ney, stopping a day at Soria for the sake of plunder, did not reach Agreda till a day after the wreck of the Spanish army had past through on their retreat. This last event, which completed the defeat of the Spaniards along their whole line, took place on the 23d November, ten days only after Sir John Moore had arrived at Salamanca.

Sir John Moore enjoyed the highest reputation of any general in the British army. He was a man of acknowledged talents, and of tried courage; indefatigable in business; a strict disciplinarian, but one who reconciled all who were under him to that discipline by his goodness of heart. But he was of a melancholy temperament, and never contemplated any thing hopefully. The difficulties of his situation were very great: he perfectly understood the weakness and disorder of the Spanish armies, and the imbecility of the government: the character of the people he did not understand so well; and judging from the apathy which he saw, he believed that the French would 'have little more than a march to subdue the country.' 'The probability,' says he, in a letter to one of his brothers, 'is that the French will succeed; and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up after the first effort, to take advantage of the impulse, and of the enthusiasm which then existed. The Spaniards have not shewn themselves a wise or a prudent

prudent people. Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action: but still they are a fine people; a character of their own, quite distinct from other nations; and much might have been done with them. Pray for me, that I may make right decisions; if I make bad ones it will not be for want of consideration.' These words feelingly express the state of the general's mind. He arrived by no fault of his own too late in Spain to assist the armies of Blake and of Count Belvedere; and while he waited six weeks at Salamanca, to be guided by the course of events, events occurred so rapidly, and such difficulties appeared to crowd upon him on every side, that he remained in a state of indecision. Great things have been effected in war by hope, miraculous ones by despair; but indecision can lead only to disaster and ruin. From the moment that Blake's defeat was known, it became certain that Buonaparte would make for Madrid,—there were then two courses for the British general, which to chuse, to advance to Madrid, and take upon himself the defence of the capital,—or to retreat and take up a defensive position. Sir John Moore perceived the alternative, and stated it to Mr. Frere the British minister at Aranjuez.

'As soon as the British army has formed a junction, I must, upon the supposition that Castaños is either beaten or retreated, march upon Madrid, and throw myself into the heart of Spain, and thus run all risks and share the fortunes of the Spanish nation, or I must fall back upon Portugal.' 'The question,' he says farther, 'is not purely a military one. It belongs at least as much to you as to me to decide. Your communications with the Spanish government, and the opportunities you have had of judging of the general state of the country, enable you to form a just estimate of the resistance that is likely to be offered. You are perhaps better acquainted with the views of the British cabinet; and the question is what would that cabinet direct were they upon the spot to determine? It is of much importance that this should be thoroughly considered; it is comparatively of very little on whom shall rest the greatest share of responsibility. I am willing to take the whole or a part, but I am very anxious to know your opinion.'

Sir John Moore's own judgment was for retreat. The day after he had thus written to the British ambassador, advices reached him of the dispersion of Castaños's army; upon which he immediately ordered Sir David Baird to fall back on Coruña and embark there, while he made for Lisbon; and he desired Sir David would write to England, and beg that transports might be sent to the Tagus, adding these remarkable words, 'they will be wanted, for when the French have Spain, Portugal cannot be defended.' Mr. Frere was for the bolder course: he argued upon the importance of preserving Madrid, for the effect which it would produce in Spain, and still more in France; and he remarked 'that the siege of the capital by a pretender to the throne would be a circumstance

circumstance decisive against him, even if in other respects his claim were a legitimate one. He thought that a strong force would soon be collected about the British if they advanced there; the remains of Castaños's army were falling back thither, and thither the reinforcements from all parts would be directed; of the people he had no doubt, nor of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were full of resolution, and determined to defend their town. Any retreat he deprecated; but in case Sir John should differ from him in opinion, he ventured to recommend retaining the position of Astorga: a retreat from thence to Coruña would be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon; and in that position he might wait for cavalry from England, which would enable him to act in the plains of Leon and Old Castille.' Every day now brought fresh tidings;—the French advanced rapidly upon Madrid, and the inhabitants became more enthusiastic as the enemy approached. Their spirit had been tried and proved on the second of May; and it had been shewn at Zaragoza that no fortress is capable of such a formidable defence as a great city, when the inhabitants are determined to defend it street by street, and house by house. Mr. Frere communicated this intelligence to Sir John Moore, representing the propriety and necessity of supporting the Spanish people, and taking upon himself any responsibility which might attach to the advice. This dispatch he sent by Colonel Charmilly, a French emigrant officer in the British service. But as Mr. Frere was now informed of Sir John Moore's determination to retreat, in case he should continue in that determination, he desired that Charmilly might be previously examined before a council of war. This was stated in a second letter, which Charmilly was not to deliver unless it were necessary. In writing it, Mr. Frere was not influenced by his zeal for the public service alone; he thought that a council of war would exonerate the general from any responsibility which he might be unwilling to incur. Sir John Moore was exceedingly indignant at receiving this letter; that feeling however was soon subdued, and upon weighing all circumstances, he determined to make a forward movement, and recalled Sir David Baird. Before he could begin his march, he was informed of the betrayal of Madrid; materially as the circumstances had now changed, he thought it possible to strike a blow against an enemy's corps under Soult, of which he had obtained information by an intercepted letter from Berthier. But the movement had been delayed too long, and was undertaken with little or no hope,—it was, he said, 'of the most dangerous kind, as he ran the risk not only of being surrounded by superior forces, but of having his communication with Galicia intercepted:' and he advanced, in his own words, 'bridle in hand, and expecting to have a run for it.' That expectation was woefully fulfilled.

fulfilled. Buonaparte, with all his disposable force, hastened from Madrid, in the hope of cutting him off. Sir John Moore discovered this in time; and to avoid the danger, he retreated from Sabagun, in the heart of Spain, to Coruña, with such rapidity, that stores, baggage, artillery, and treasure were abandoned upon the road, and nearly a fourth part of the troops foundered. The disgrace which must have otherwise attached to the British army, was effaced by the battle of Coruña; and in justice to Sir John Moore it should always be remembered that this battle, so infinitely important to the character of his country, was his work. He was advised to propose terms to the enemy that he might be permitted to embark quietly:—from this ignominy he saved us, and fell like a brave man, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory.

In the opinion of the French, Sir John Moore ought to have advanced for the purpose of covering the capital. By marching, said the *Moniteur*, upon Somosierra or Guadarrama, he would have covered Madrid, and given time to organize the defence of that city, he would have rallied the wreck of the Spanish armies, and whether he succeeded or not, he would have tried his fortune with honour. ‘*La résistance de Madrid,*’ says General Sarrazin, ‘*pendant quinze jours était possible, et dès-lors Buonaparte était dans une position embarrassante.*’ Zaragoza held out nearly for three months at this very time. The disposition of the people of Madrid was equally good; had there been a British army at hand they would not have been betrayed, and the position of Buonaparte would indeed have been embarrassing; for the news of the Austrian preparations reached him now, and recalled him to France, when he was pursuing the British army. The good effect however which Sir John Moore proposed by his advance was accomplished; he drew after him those troops who would otherwise have been sent against Lisbon, and from whom the English at Lisbon, in the universal despondency, were preparing to take flight. A bold enterprize of Sir Robert Wilson’s contributed to this; he, having raised a Portuguese corps, advanced with it to Ciudad Rodrigo, and interrupted the communication between Victor and Soult. It was not till the middle of March that Soult entered Portugal on the side of Galicia, and got possession of Porto, where his soldiers were allowed to commit the most hideous enormities. But the opportunity was lost: a Portuguese force under General Silveira got skilfully in his rear, retook Chaves, making the French garrison prisoners, and cut off his communication with Galicia; Victor, who should have co-operated with him, and entered Portugal from Estremadura, was delayed by a Spanish army, which the Central Junta, with exertions which have never been sufficiently acknowledged, collected under Cuesta, and which, though defeated at Medinilla with great loss,

loss, prevented this conjoined attack, at the only moment when it could have proved successful. Fresh troops meantime had been sent from England to the Tagus, and on the 22d April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon: the error of placing such a man under the controul of inferior minds had been severely felt, and he came now as commander in chief. Thus far our government had grown wiser by experience, but it had not yet learnt to proportion the effort to the occasion.

While the British army was advancing from Lisbon to the Douro, Soult's efforts were directed to the great object of securing a retreat into Spain. Silveira had occupied the bridge of Amarante upon the Tamega, a strong and important position in the road which the French would take; here he was attacked by Laborde and Loison; the post was maintained with the greatest bravery from the 18th April to the 30th; during which time the French were repulsed in daily attacks, and the Portuguese entrenched themselves in the street of Amarante, behind the dead bodies of their enemies. Colonel Patrick, an officer of distinguished bravery and talent, who was with Silveira, fell in this memorable defence. Soult himself then brought fresh forces to the attack, and on the 2d May forced the position. Secure now, as he believed, of his retreat, he returned to Porto, and waited the approach of the English, wishing to see them appear, if General Sarrazin's opinion may be credited, that he might have a fair excuse for getting, as fast as possible, out of a country in which the day of plunder was over, and that of reckoning at hand. While General Beresford, who had been appointed commander in chief of the Portuguese, advanced from Coimbra, in a N. E. direction, to act upon the enemy's left, Sir Arthur proceeded, with all speed, to the Douro, and reached it after a few skirmishes. The Portuguese eagerly brought boats; an immense standard of white cloth, bearing an embroidered cross, was planted by the people upon the beach at Villa Nova, and the opposite wall of Porto, which runs along the river, was lined with people waving white handkerchiefs, and with the most lively gestures inviting their deliverers. General Murray effected his passage at Avintas, about a league from the city. Another division embarked immediately above Villa Nova; and General Sherbrooke, taking advantage of the weakness of the enemy in the town, crossed directly from that suburb. *Les Français*, says General Sarrazin, *furent pris à Porto presque en flagrant délit*. They made a vigorous attack upon the first troops who landed; but failing in this, took flight, and Sir Arthur is said to have sat down to the dinner which had that day been prepared for Marshal Soult. Beresford, meantime, by a rapid movement, had reached Amarante, where he drove in Loison's out-posts, and recovered the bridge; then marched upon Chaves, while

while Silveira hastened to occupy the passes of Ruivães and Melgão; but for this the Portuguese general was too late: for finding Amarante occupied, Soult turned to the left, and leaving every thing behind him, fled by way of Braga and Montalegre, toward Orense. He was pursued as far as Montalegre; but the British troops had then so far outstripped their commissariat, that they could proceed no farther. General Sarrazin says, that with a General more experienced, more active, and more enterprising than Sir Arthur Wellesley, Portugal would have beheld the scene of Baylen repeated. Undoubtedly it would have been easy to surround Marshal Soult, and cut off his retreat—if Marshal Soult would only have been accommodating enough to delay his flight till the enemy could get in his rear. General Mackinnon, on the contrary, observes, that Sir Arthur's conduct, during this short campaign, gives him the first rank among the British generals of the day. Speaking of one of the affairs in the pursuit, he says, 'I was near him, by his orders, when the attack was about to commence; and if I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind.' General Mackinnon was capable of forming such a judgment; he was a man in whom England has perhaps lost more than in any soldier since Sir Philip Sidney.

The French committed great cruelties in their flight; they burnt all the villages, and murdered the peasants, many of whom were found by the British hung up along the road side. They suffered for their crimes;—for every straggler and every man who dropt on the way was put to death without mercy by the country people before our advanced-guard could come up. To overtake them was impossible:—'if an army,' said Sir Arthur in his dispatches, 'throws away every thing and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but impede its progress, it must obviously be able to march through roads where it cannot be overtaken by an enemy who has not made the same sacrifices.' Soult, therefore, escaped with the loss of from 7 to 8000 men, (a third of his army) and the whole of his stores, baggage, and artillery. Sir Arthur then turned his face toward Victor, who had just entered Portugal on the side of Alcantara; that general, however, whose advance had only been designed as a feint in Soult's favour, returned to his former quarters at Truxillo, and if Cuesta had been skilful enough to co-operate with the British army, might have been cut off by a movement which Sir Arthur meditated through Castello Branco and Plasencia upon the bridge of Almaraz. Victor was aware of his danger, and retreated beyond that bridge, and the British army then marched to form its junction with the Spaniards in the same country on the right bank of the Tagus. The Spaniards had at this



at this time two efficient armies on foot if they had been properly commanded; that under Cuesta, which the Junta had re-established with prodigious exertions after the battle of Medellin, and that under Vanegas, in La Mancha, which had in like manner been re-erected after its more opprobrious route at Ciudad Real. The former was now united with the British army; and while Vanegas on the right alarmed the enemy for Madrid, Sir Robert Wilson and his Portuguese legion communicated with the allies on the left, and kept up a correspondence with it. It was a golden opportunity. Buonaparte had received a tremendous check in Germany, and all his exertions were required upon the Danube: the French in Spain were disheartened, and they expected again to be driven beyond the Ebro.

But the course of the British general was impeded at the very moment when Time thus fairly offered his forelock. Vanegas, perplexed by orders and counter-orders, and having neither the eye which sees all occasions, nor the moral courage which incurs any responsibility rather than let one pass, did not advance upon the capital as he ought to have done,—contenting himself with a useless cannonade of Toledo. And Cuesta would not join with Sir Arthur in making an attack upon Victor before he should be joined by Joseph and Sebastiani, for a heap of nugatory reasons, one of which was that he scrupled at fighting upon a Sunday! His priests might have told him that if his horse or ass had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, it is the fool only who would scruple to help them out,—much less should a man scruple to stretch forth his hand for the assistance of his suffering country! Victor employed the time well which had been thus insanely given, and fell back upon the army which was hastening to join him. Had the attack been made when Sir Arthur proposed, the victory was certain; and the possession of the capital would have been the reward; all difficulties concerning subsistence would then have been at an end. These difficulties were now severely felt. The Spanish commissariat was in the most miserable state;—ours was at that time only in its apprenticeship; it was interfered with by that of our allies; and owing partly to the nature of our government, and partly to an excess of honourable feelings in the British character, we have sometimes sacrificed the common interest to an overstrained delicacy on these points. A proper search in Talavera would have discovered large deposits of grain, for the ample supply of both armies, at a time when Sir Arthur was actually disabled from advancing by want of bread and of means of transport. Cuesta acknowledged this inability, and advanced alone in pursuit of Victor, expecting to enter Madrid; he received a check at Torrijos from the combined armies of the enemy, and retreating twenty miles, re-crossed the Alverche,

verche, and again formed a junction with the British. Sir Arthur then perceived that having lost the opportunity of making the attack, it must be his fate to abide it. He made his dispositions accordingly, and the battle of Talavera was fought. That battle has been fought in verse, and therefore all its circumstances are generally known;—the vain attempt of the enemy upon the Spaniards on the right; their repeated attacks by day and night upon the hill which was the vital point of the position; the memorable charge of cavalry, which, fatal as it was to the brave regiment who made it, decided the battle in that quarter,—and that horrible scene where the shrubs took fire and burnt so many of the wounded as they lay upon the field—these circumstances are fresh in every reader's recollection, because they have been recorded in that song which describes with so much spirit the exploits of Britain on that day, and the final retreat of France.

‘Far from the field where late she fought—  
 The tents where late she lay—  
 With rapid step and humbled thought  
 All night she holds her way;  
 Leaving to Britain's conquering sons  
 Standards rent and ponderous guns,  
 The trophies of the fray;  
 The weak, the wounded and the slain,  
 The triumph of the battle-plain,  
 The glory of the day.’

The battle was obstinately disputed;

ἰδοῦσθαι

Ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρω μαχῶν τέμνειν τέλος.

Except at Albuhera the French throughout the whole war never opposed us so well. There were two causes for this: after they had ceased to attack the Spaniards on the right, they brought a force twofold in number to bear upon the British army;—and they had not yet fairly learnt of what materials that army is made. The battle of Coruña had been represented to them as a victory on their part, and that of Vimeiro appeared like one by the convention which followed it. They were now beaten to their own conviction;—according to General Sarrazin, *la sanglante journée de Talavera avait répandu l'effroi dans l'armée Française, et l'on convenait que les Anglais se battaient tout aussi bien que les Russes*. This general, however, who is a general ‘all compact,’ passes a severe censure upon Sir Arthur Wellesley's conduct in this campaign. He says, and there may be some justice in the observation, that the means of transport which the British used from Plasencia should have been detained at Talavera,—in which case there would have been no impediment on that score. When he says that the

want

of means of transport can never be admitted as a sufficient reason for not advancing, we may hesitate whether to admit or dissent from the remark ; but when he adds, *La vérité est que Lord Wellington craignait une défaite, et qu'il manqua de courage d'esprit*, must reply that General Sarrazin writes like a Frenchman, and the assertion is as opposite to the truth as light is to darkness. At the battle of Talavera, he says, orders were given to evacuate Madrid, and Soult's movement upon Plasencia was only a *ruse de guerre*, which, however, completely succeeded. The slightest attention to dates and distances might have shewn him that the movement was not concerted after the battle. The action was fought on the 27th and 28th, and Soult received orders on the 24th to move upon the rear of the allies by way of Plasencia, at which time he occupied Zamora and Salamanca. Galicia had been evacuated ; and having been joined by Ney's corps from Astorga, Bermejo, and Leon, and by Mörnier's from Valladolid and Medina del Campo, his force amounted to little less than 30,000 men. At the beginning of the campaign Sir Arthur knew that this force was directed in that direction, and was well aware in what manner it would be directed ; but he could not spare a detachment to occupy passes against them ; and Cuesta, though urged in time to take every possible precaution, neglected it till it was too late. Sir Arthur Wellesley was deceived in nothing but in the amount of the force ; he turned back to attack it, and throw open his communication with the Tagus which was otherwise cut off, and he left Cuesta to maintain the post at Talavera. The Spanish general soon sent him an accepted letter, in which the British army was said to be 25,000, and Soult was ordered to bring it to action, a plain indication that the force must be not less than 30,000 ; Victor's beaten army also was said to be returning upon Talavera, and Cuesta, believing himself unable to resist it, set off to join the British general, leaving the British hospital in that town. Cuesta was very unequal to the command of an army in such times, and unquestionably marred the campaign by his previous blunders ; but in this instance he was excusable ; for he had hardly begun his march before the French were in sight. Sir Arthur now saw that his only course was to retreat to the Tagus, before that retreat could be cut off ; for he was between two armies each superior to his own, and had seen how their present state of discipline was to be expected from his own. The bridge of Almaraz had been destroyed ; he crossed there at the Puente del Arzobispo, and took a position which enabled him to defend the passage at Almaraz and keep open the defiles of Deleitosa and Xaraicejo. A plan which Ney had formed of cutting those defiles and cutting him off from Portugal was thus frustrated, and the French, not thinking it prudent to make any further

ther movements against such an enemy, turned their efforts against Vanegas, who, after a successful defence at Aranjuez, was defeated at Almonacid; but the French purchased the victory with so severe a loss that they were not able to follow up their success.

All the wounded at Talavera who were in a state to be removed were carried off by General Mackinnon, a difficult and painful office, which he performed with his usual ability. About 1500 were left, who were recommended to the French, and were treated with great humanity. Victor and Mortier, into whose hands they fell, were men of better character than most of their fellow dukes, and upon this occasion they observed all the humanities of war in a manner which should always be mentioned to their honour. This conduct was felt as it is deserved by the British army;—but they had seen enough of the wanton havoc and deliberate cruelty of the French to understand and abhor the character of Buonaparte's armies. When they first entered Talavera, all the public buildings had been entirely destroyed; the tombs opened, the altars overturned; and half the houses were in the same state. The chairs, tables, and other furniture had been carried off to the camp, where the French, Frenchmen like, had established a regular theatre. They had built large huts for their soldiers, and General Mackinnon mentions, 'as a small proof of the destruction caused by the armies of the usurper Joseph,' that all these huts were thatched with the straw unthrashed! Another officer, in his journal, says, that near the village of Casalagos they found the bodies of two Spanish peasants recently killed; one of whom had been burnt to death by the French, and lay with his arms lifted up, his hands clenched, and his features distorted,—the whole body having stiffened in one dreadful expression of agony! He had been burnt alive for having been found with arms in his hands!

The experiment of co-operating with the Spanish army had now been fairly tried; the want of discipline in the troops, the want of capacity in the leaders, and the want of vigour in the government, rendered it impossible to rely upon them for effectual assistance; and at home here we had not yet learnt the full measure of our own strength, and still shrunk from putting it forth. Attempts were made by Marquis Wellesley to convince the Junta of the wretched consequences which must result from their military system; and he would have taught them how to render their armies efficient, and the resources of their country available—but it was in vain; the national character of the Spaniards was the rock upon which the designs of friends as well as enemies were wrecked. Painful as the determination was to a man like Lord Wellington, (for so he must now be called, having been raised to the peerage after the battle of Talavera,) there was no alternative, but to withdraw his army

to the Portuguese frontier, and there await the march of events, a force was created in Portugal which it was in vain to look for in the sister country. Before the close of the year, the Spanish army ran headlong into that destruction which no counsels could prevent them to avoid: they suffered at Ocaña a more tremendous defeat than any which they had endured since the commencement of the war, and that evil drew after it the discomfiture of the Duke of Angoulême's army at Tamames. This last event left the French at liberty to direct their operations against the most vulnerable part of Portugal. On the side of Alentejo, Lord Wellington was in no want of an attack, attempts having always proved unsuccessful there: after what Soult had suffered, he did not apprehend that a second experiment would be made from the Galician frontier. But he knew that a French council of war had advised the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; the capture of that fortress would cut off the communication between the Spanish government and the northern provinces; it would give the enemy possession of Old Castille, bring about the fall of Almeida, and open the easiest way into Portugal. He, therefore, that he must prepare to defend Portugal on this side, he withdrew his troops, at the end of 1809, from the Guadiana to the right bank of the Tagus, extending them from thence to the Douro. The new year was opened with vigorous measures on the part of the enemy. They forced the passes of the Sierra de Guadalupe almost without resistance, overran the kingdom of Andalusia, entered Seville, and were only prevented from getting possession of Cadiz by the celerity of the Duke de Albuquerque, whose military talents might have produced the happiest result for his country, if intrigue and envy had not excluded him from the rank to which he was entitled, and finally sending him into an ignominious banishment, completed their work by persecuting his spirit to madness and death! The Junta was overthrown by popular commotion; but, like the Spanish people, they comported themselves with dignity in their overthrow, and did not give up their liberty till they had appointed a Regency and convoked the Cortes. The seat of the new government was necessarily fixed in Cadiz—their asylum, and its authority might seem to be confined to the Isle of Leon: for, except Galicia in the north, and Valencia in the south, and Catalonia, where fortress after fortress was now falling, the French were nominally masters of Spain. The favourable opportunity had passed by. Instead of enabling Lord Wellington to make a great effort while Buonaparte was engaged in a doubtful contest with Austria, England had misdirected its force, and one of the finest armies that ever left its shores, upon a fatal expedition to Walcheren. Austria was now subdued, and the emperor had even submitted to purchase peace by sacrificing his daughter.

ter in marriage to Buonaparte, black as the tyrant was with crimes; and that tyrant, strengthened by the alliance, was at leisure to turn his whole power and undivided attention toward the Peninsula. The chief object was to expel the English—if that were accomplished, it would leave him in military possession of the whole country, and time and merciless severity, he thought, would do the rest.

Marshal Massena who, in the late Austrian campaign, had been made Prince of Essling, was appointed to the army destined for this service, and his first operation was to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, before which his troops appeared at the end of April. Lord Wellington had taken up a strong position upon the Coa: the Portuguese army had now been reorganized and disciplined; it was yet to be seen whether, in the hour of trial, they would approve themselves good troops; no person who knew the people or their history could doubt it,—but it was boldly denied in England by those who knew neither; the thought of making soldiers of the Portuguese was ridiculed, and the expulsion of Lord Wellington, and the total subjugation of Portugal and Spain were predicted with insolent exultation, as if the event were rather to be desired than deprecated. Lord Wellington contemplated the danger with a wiser and braver mind. The names of Buonaparte and his redoubted generals did not act as spells upon him; he knew that when French and English are brought to the proof, the Englishman is the braver animal; the bayonet is the test of that bravery, and the English have never shrunk from it. But even with all the efforts which had been made in raising and disciplining the Portuguese, he had not force enough to undertake offensive operations, and, painful as it might be, was compelled to content himself with the defence of Portugal. From the beginning of the contest, he had seen where was the vantage ground, and immediately after the issue of the Talavera campaign, gave orders for forming the famous lines of Torres Vedras, for the protection of Lisbon. The works were carried on with remarkable secrecy; they even escaped the notice of the English newspapers; and the enemy, with all their skill in obtaining information, had not the slightest suspicion that Lord Wellington, while he watched their movements, ready to seize every occasion of impeding them, had an impregnable line of defence upon which to fall back. Ciudad Rodrigo held out gallantly: the trenches were opened on the 15th June, and though the works were old and imperfect, and the place hardly to be ranked in the third order of fortresses, Massena is believed to have lost 9000 men before it surrendered on the 10th July. Almeida was his next object; the place was well provided; there was a sufficient garrison, an English governor, and Lord Wellington at hand, to take advantage of



of any opportunity in their favour; but on the second day the powder magazine blew up, and Almeida was no longer tenable. Throughout the whole of Lord Wellington's career in the peninsula, the accidents of war have been uniformly against him; nothing, therefore, is to be detracted from his merits and carried to the score of fortune.

Massena's army consisted of 68,600 men, in three corps, under Regnier, Ney, and Junot; besides which, he had one division of 7000 men at Benevente, and another of 8000 at Astorga. In full expectation of seeing the English fly before him, and perhaps of receiving the crown of Portugal for his reward, he ordered his army to provide itself with food for seventeen days, expecting, that, in that time, Lisbon would be their own. This confidence was so strong, that when he perceived the English army had taken post upon the Serra de Busaco, as if they meant to oppose him there, he said to one of his generals, 'I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does, *I have him*; to-morrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more I shall drown the Leopard.' The boaster was woefully undeceived; he left nearly 5000 men killed or wounded upon the mountains, and he took away as many more disabled, whom he left at Coimbra. By an accident, or mistake of counter-orders, Colonel Trant was prevented from occupying in time a circuitous and difficult road, by which Massena, after his defeat, turned the left of the British position. The error was well redeemed, by the manner in which he entered Coimbra immediately after Massena left it, captured his wounded and his hospital stores, and cut him off from all supplies in that direction. The allied army, meantime, retreated before the enemy by easy marches, and in perfect order: instead of spreading panic by the rapidity of their march, their steadiness and admirable discipline inspired the peasantry with courage; under their protection, the Portuguese removed their property, destroyed their mills, broke up the bridges, and laid the country waste. In this manner Lord Wellington retired within the line of Torres Vedras. These works extended from the sea to the Tagus, at a point where the Tagus, being about twelve miles wide, protected them as efficiently as the sea itself: Massena reconnoitered them; he had promised to drive the English into the sea, but he thought it necessary now to solicit reinforcements from Buonaparte before he ventured to make the attempt.

It was easy for Buonaparte to order any force upon this service; but the difficulty was to support those who were already there. When Pombal was once threatened, that the French and Spaniards would march 60,000 men into Portugal, he replied with a smile,

‘Portugal is a small country ; there is not room for them.’ With the sea open, Lisbon could be supplied with succours from England, and with food from all parts of the world : but Massena had behind him an armed population ; (and no country under heaven can shew a braver or more patriotic people ;) Spain was in no state to supply him with food ; and his convoys and reinforcements from France had to traverse that country, a distance not less than 600 miles, before they could reach the frontier, with guerrilla parties harassing them the whole way. Famine must soon have driven him out of Portugal, if the orders of Lord Wellington and the Portuguese government for removing all provisions, had been duly executed : the usual supineness of the local authorities had neglected to enforce this most necessary measure, and individuals listened rather to their own hopes and fears than to the voice which it was their duty to obey. A great quantity of private stores, therefore, was found by the enemy. But though Massena displayed the talents of a consummate general in the field, he, like all the generals of Buonaparte’s school, had been taught to rely upon the resources of predatory war ; and as they acted like robbers in all other respects, so had they all the characteristic improvidence of banditti. Instead of collecting the provisions in magazines, Massena gave notice that the soldiers were to provide themselves for two months, a licence of general plunder, which produced all the waste and havoc that might be expected from it. No army could be in better order for actual service ; but when they were not on duty, the state of insubordination and indiscipline was such as shocked even those of their own officers, who remembered better times. The number of deserters was so great, that they formed themselves into a little army, which they organized into regular companies, and called the eleventh corps, electing general, officers, and subalterns. It consisted of more than 1600 men, who frequently attacked the foraging parties of the French, and made the prisoners join them. They occupied the country about Caldas and Alcobaça, in full sovereignty, as an established army of avowed professional robbers ; and Massena at last found it necessary to send two divisions against them ; they fought desperately ; but at length, being surrounded and overpowered, they laid down their arms ; the leaders were then shot. The men were again incorporated in their regiments, not being the less fit for the service in which they were employed. One of the favourite sports of Massena’s soldiers was to go hunting for women, whom they sold to their officers, or to the best bidder.

The French, while they waited for reinforcements, had taken up a position at Santarem, which Lord Wellington did not think it advisable to attack. He could only have forced it at a heavy expense

pense of men; and he was not like Buonaparte, a general, as Kleber called him, who spent at the rate of 10,000 men a week. Both parties were now looking for reinforcements; but Massena, who knew that he could not much longer feed the force which he already had, placed his chief reliance upon the advance of a French army into Alentejo. This also Lord Wellington had foreseen, and guarded against by preparing lines from the Tagus to Setubal, securing thus the heights of Almada, from which Lisbon might be bombarded. It is said that the jealousy between the French generals which frequently discovered itself in Spain, was manifested on this occasion, and that Soult, who had been disappointed in his hopes of winning the kingdom of Portugal for himself, was not very willing to assist Massena in obtaining it; for which reason he ordered Mortier to form the siege of Badajoz, instead of sending him immediately into Alentejo. But the imputation seems groundless; for it is not likely that Mortier would have advanced, leaving two such garrisons as those of Elvas and Badajoz in his rear. That general's movements were but too successful. Romana's army, which had joined Lord Wellington, and, after the death of its leader, had been detached for the relief of Badajoz, under his successor Mendizabal, was surprized and almost destroyed, and the city itself scandalously given up by its governor, at a moment when he had received intelligence from Lord Wellington that Massena had begun his retreat, and that he might rely upon speedy relief. Dearly did the British and Portuguese pay for this man's cowardice or treason!

Massena had remained till the latest moment in his position. There was a church opposite his own quarters in Santarem, in which a number of children, whose parents had been murdered by the French, had got together, as if seeking that compassion from God which they had no hope of finding from man. Many of them had literally died with hunger under Massena's eyes; and when the English entered the town immediately upon his retreat, they found the floor of the church strewn with the dead or living skeletons of these poor innocents. The first thought of the British soldiers was to give them their own rations, but most of them were too far gone, and expired with the bread beside them, which British humanity had held to their lips. If, among the generals of Buonaparte, there be one man who will be remembered with more peculiar infamy than his colleagues, it is Marshal Massena, for his conduct in this retreat: it was marked by the most wanton destruction, and the most systematic cruelty,—by a 'barbarity,' says Lord Wellington, 'seldom equalled, and never surpassed.' Lieut. Colonel Jones, speaking of the ability with which he conducted his retreat, adds these memorable words, which we transcribe with pride, as speak-

ing the true feelings of a British officer :—‘ Having paid the tribute of praise, which is due to Marshal Massena as a general, it is but proper to notice his conduct as a man, and to endeavour to hold him up to the execration of his fellow-beings, by stating, as an eye-witness, that the inhuman cruelties which marked every step of his retreat, rank him as one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced the human form.’ The church and convent at Alcobaça, the value of which may be expressed to an English reader, by saying, that they were to the Portuguese what Westminster Abbey and the Bodleian are to the history and literature of England, were burnt by orders from the French head-quarters. As much injury, as time allowed them to commit, was done to Batalha, the most beautiful Gothic structure, not in Portugal alone, but in Europe: the royal tombs were broke open, and among the bodies which were taken out to be torn in pieces for the mockery of these ruffians, was that of Prince Henry, whose name has ever been pronounced with veneration by all enlightened nations, as the first patron of maritime discovery. But the cruelties which were perpetrated cannot, and ought not to be described. Suffice it to say, that upon an official inquiry, it was ascertained, that in the diocese of Coimbra alone, 2969 persons, consisting of men, women, and children, were murdered on the retreat, and every one with some circumstance of aggravated barbarity! Never before had such cruelties been committed in civilized ages, and by people calling themselves civilized; they have left an indelible stain upon the national character; and the name of Frenchman is become more odious and more infamous in Portugal than even that of Jew has been; with this difference, too, that the infamy having been well deserved, and the hatred well founded, they will both endure when all prejudices shall have passed away.

The retreat was conducted with great military skill, but not without some blunders. It was known at the time, that Ney and Massena had quarrelled, but the cause of the dispute was not known. It arose from some reproaches which the commander in chief made to Ney for the slowness of his column, which the latter attributed to the quantity of carts and animals laden with plunder, collected as they went along. In consequence of these reproaches, when they reached the Foz d’Aronce, Ney ordered a guard to take possession of the bridge, seize all the plunder, and burn it; and the execution was begun upon Massena’s own share, who did not venture to countermand the order, however bitterly he resented it. Shortly afterwards, he deprived Ney of his command, which was given to Loison. Having reached the frontiers, the French were safe from further pursuit. Lord Wellington, whose means were greatly inadequate to the demand upon them, leaving his army, hastened

hastened to the Guadiana, to see if Badajoz could be recovered. Had the British army been provided with a due proportion of sappers, miners, and pontooneers, with the requisite materials of such an establishment, that important city might have been easily recaptured, before the French could have repaired the breaches which they had made, or filled up their own trenches. But we had not even a corps of sappers in our service; and men had to learn the first operations of the most difficult and dangerous branch of the military art, under the fire of an enemy who had made it their particular study. From the Guadiana Lord Wellington was recalled to the Coa; Massena had been allowed to make one effort more to re-establish his claim to the boasted appellation of the Child of Victory which Buonaparte had given him; his troops had been re-equipped, and strongly reinforced; and in the beginning of May he attacked the allied army, in hopes of relieving Almeida from its blockade. The chief scene of this memorable action was at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French were defeated here, as they were in every general action during the whole war: Almeida was evacuated, and Massena was on this removed from the command, Marshal Marmont being appointed to succeed him.

After this victory, Lord Wellington hastened again to that part of his force which he had placed under Marshal Beresford's orders. He arrived too late to prevent the battle of Albuhera; and renewed the siege of Badajoz, which that battle had interrupted. While this was pursued with miserably inadequate means, and with a heavy loss of men, Soult and Marmont formed a junction, to relieve the garrison. The British general could not afford to win such victories as Albuhera; he therefore raised the siege, recrossed the Guadiana, and taking up a position within the Portuguese frontier, defied their collected force, which he knew could not long be kept together. While Lord Wellington, acting upon this confidence, baffled, with consummate skill, the efforts of an enemy greatly superior in numbers, he was secretly preparing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. The first business was to restore the works at Almeida, so as to make it a secure place of deposit for his artillery and stores. There was a possibility that the place might be reduced by blockade; for standing in a hostile country, sixty miles from the nearest French cantonments, supplies could not be thrown in without an escort at least equal in number to the blockading force; but it was not easy for the French to keep together so large an army when they had no magazines. With these views, as soon as Marmont and Soult had separated for want of supplies, Lord Wellington again returned to the Agueda, and, by the middle of September, Ciudad Rodrigo was so much distressed, that Marmont, with between 60 and 70,000 men, was compelled to come

to its relief. The allies retired behind the Coa, and the French papers boasted that they would have been driven to the lines of Lisbon, if the moment had been come which was fixed for that catastrophe! When that moment should arrive, Marmont was to be joined by the army of the south, of whose unbroken force he boasted. Lord Wellington had his eye upon that force; and General Hill, being detached against a division of 5000 men under General Girard who occupied the country about Caceres, surprised them completely, killed above 600, and took above 1400 prisoners, with the whole of their artillery, baggage, stores, &c. This was the first act of enterprize that the British had attempted. While the French were astonished at the change of system in their enemies, General Hill continued to alarm them by repeated incursions; and Lord Wellington, taking advantage of a moment when Marmont had detached part of his troops to assist Suchet in the conquest of Valencia, brought up his battering train against Ciudad Rodrigo, invested it on the 8th January, and carried it by storm on the 19th, four days before Marmont collected an army at Salamanca to march to its relief. As soon as the place was again rendered tenable, he delivered it to the Spaniards, appeared suddenly before Badajoz, invested it once more on the 16th March, and in twenty days was master also of that strong fortress. Both places were purchased at a heavy expense of life; for, owing to the deficiency of our military establishment in these important branches, that was accomplished by courage which ought to have been effected by art. But they were both points of the greatest importance; and admirable indeed was the skill by which a general, with less than 50,000 men, was enabled thus to take two fortresses of such magnitude, in spite of two French armies amounting to more than fourscore thousand men. The tide of fortune had turned; Buonaparte was at this time preparing for a war in Russia; another breathing time was given to Spain; and England now began to feel her own strength, and to glory in her army and her general.

The Spaniards were now so sensible of Lord Wellington's services that they created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and named him commander-in-chief of their armies. But this appointment added little to his actual means. The character of the Spaniards, such as it appears in history, had been strikingly exemplified during this war; nothing could subdue the spirit of the people, nothing could teach wisdom to their rulers. The Cortes, from which so much had been hoped, wasted their time in metaphysical discussions, and in making a constitution after the fashion of the French philosophy; they removed many grievances and they abolished that accursed tribunal which never should be mentioned without execration;



execration; but unfortunately they committed acts of great injustice against the clergy and the nobles, and most impolitically offended all the deepest prejudices of the nation. Little or nothing was done to improve their armies; and Lord Wellington had only his own troops and the Portuguese to rely upon, the latter indeed fully equal to any service which might be required from them, but both too few in number for the great opportunity which was presented. It was, however, possible that some striking exploit might rouse the government, and give the people an opportunity of again displaying themselves as they had done at the commencement of the struggle. The first object was to impede the communication between Soult and Marmont, now carried on by a bridge of boats established in place of the fine bridge at Almaraz. This was defended by formidable works on both sides the river. General Hill, with his usual ability, surprised and destroyed them in May, and in June Lord Wellington advanced from the Agueda to Salamanca, took the forts which the French had constructed at that city, making 800 prisoners, and pursued Marmont to the Douro. Marmont concentrated his force on the right bank between Pollos and Tordesillas, having possession of all the bridges, and here he was joined by Bonnet's army from Asturias, giving him a considerable superiority over Lord Wellington, who then found it necessary to retreat. It was an awful sight to behold two great armies in an open and level country moving in parallel lines, in full march, and frequently within half-cannon shot of each other, each waiting for some favourable moment in which the antagonist might be found at fault. The weather was at this time so sultry that, on one occasion, when the French prest upon our rear and were driven out of village by the bayonet, some of our men fainted with heat. On the 21st July the whole of the allied forces was assembled on the Tormes; the evening was overcast, and a thunder-storm began as the enemy took up their position;—the whole sky was kindled with almost continuous lightnings, and in spite of heavy rain the enemy's fires were seen along their line. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left and the allies their right, each upon one of two remarkable rocky points called the two Arapiles. Here the French general, who, confiding in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner when he was informed of this movement: he saw at once the advantage which had been given; he rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaimed that 'Marmont's good genius had forsaken him,' and in an instant was on horseback, issuing those orders which won the battle of Salamanca.

Salamanca. He attacked the French immediately where they had thus weakened themselves, and overthrew their whole army from their left to their right, taking 7000 prisoners, eleven guns and two eagles. Marmont lost an arm in the action, and nothing but the coming on of night saved his army from total destruction. This was the most severe defeat which they had yet sustained, and the most humiliating. Hitherto we had been satisfied with repelling their attacks and remaining masters of the field of battle: Lord Wellington now drove them before him: he followed them to Valladolid, then leaving the pursuit, recrossed the Douro and moved upon the capital. The intruder took flight for the second time from that city, and 1700 men who were left in the Retiro surrendered to the British arms.

This was a bold movement: the allied army did not exceed 50,000 men, and the enemy had armies on all sides amounting to more than thrice that number. Against these there was to be taken into the account, a hostile population, whom it was everywhere necessary to keep down by force; and numerous bodies of guerrillas, who waged upon the invaders a consuming and disheartening war. Something Lord Wellington calculated upon a Spanish army in the south under Ballasteros, a man of admirable activity and courage: and he relied still more upon a diversion in Catalonia, where a British army from Sicily was to land to co-operate with the Catalans whom Great Britain had too long suffered to struggle without support; they, of all the Spaniards, having made the greatest efforts, and received the least assistance. But Ballasteros carried with him through all stages of his military progress the habits of insubordination which he had learnt as a smuggler; and being instigated by some of those persons who were blindly and obstinately jealous of the British influence in Spain, he refused to obey Lord Wellington's orders at the most critical moment, saying, he should not think himself worthy to be called an Arragonese if he could thus consent to tarnish the honour of the Spanish army. The Regency immediately removed him from the command, and sent him into exile; but the evil was done; and Soult, who, in consequence of the advance upon Madrid, had broken up the long protracted siege of Cadiz, abandoned Seville, and evacuated the whole of Andalusia, was thus enabled to make his retreat unmolested, and prepare with a formidable force to act against Lord Wellington. The hopes of co-operation from the Sicilian army were not less cruelly disappointed; that army was not strong enough to land in Catalonia, it proceeded therefore to Alicante, and thereby enabling the Spanish army in that quarter again to come forward, prevented Suchet from moving upon Madrid; this was as much as so weak a force could do, but much more was required at such a crisis.

There was yet another point to which Lord Wellington looked for support: the resources of Galicia had never been worth since the French were driven out in 1809; it was said an army of 25,000 men was ready to act with him from thence, to make a stand if they were put in possession of Burgos. Don't's army, now refitted under General Clausel, and amounting to 25,000 men, was advancing in this direction, and Lord Wellington judged it best to march against this part of the enemy's army and obtain possession of Burgos, leaving half his army under Sir Rowland Hill, to observe the movements of Soult from the north.

The castle of Burgos is an old building which the French had no means of defence. These irregular fortifications are sometimes far more formidable than they appear, and besieging armies have often suffered from mistaking them too cheaply. Lord Wellington invested it on the 18th of September; three 18-pounders and five 24-pounder iron-batteries were the whole of his artillery; but after what had been done at Rodrigo and at Badajoz it was supposed that nothing could be accomplished by the assault of British soldiers. There are situations in which courage, however enterprising and desperate, can compensate for the want of science; the siege was undertaken almost by the means of any kind, and the men, after failing in their first attempt, lost heart; they saw that the proper means were wanting, and that they were opposing bayonets and flesh and blood against iron and stone walls. Ammunition also failed, and it was necessary to wait for a supply from St. Andero: thus operations were retarded till Soult, with a superior force, began to threaten Sir Rowland Hill, and Clausel, having been strongly reinforced, was enabled to act on the offensive. The siege was then raised, after nearly six weeks perseverance and the loss of 2000 men. It was necessary to retire from Madrid. Sir Rowland Hill fell back and Lord Wellington on the retreat, and the French armies, to the amount of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse, formed their junction in the pursuit, upon the Tormes; the allies not exceeding 50,000, of which 9000 were cavalry. If a victory had been gained against the French, it could not have been pursued; the retreat was thereupon continued to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the campaign of 1812 was closed. As far as the commanders were concerned, the retreat was made with excellent skill. 'None,' said Lord Wellington, 'ever known in which the troops made such short marches; and in which they made such long and repeated halts; none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy.' The army met with no disaster, it suffered no privation such as might have been prevented by due care on the part of the officers, and no hardships but what unavoidably arose from the situation.

from the inclemency of the weather.' 'For my part,' said Lord Wellesley, speaking in parliament with becoming pride of his brother's conduct,—'for my part, were I called on to give my partial testimony of the merits of your great general, I could before heaven, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they are:—I would go to the moments when difficulties pressed on him when he had but the choice of extremities,—when he was overpowered by superior strength! It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability!' But this praise (and it is the highest which a general can acquire) perfectly deserved, the ill effects of the repulse at Burgos were lamentably apparent in the retreat, and the soldiers became so subordinate as to call forth a severe reprehension from the commander.

Mortifying as it was thus to have retreated, and deeply painful as it was to retire from Madrid where the people had welcomed their deliverers with such enthusiastic joy, yet the campaign was productive of the most beneficial consequences. The only fortresses which enabled the enemy to threaten Portugal had been wrested from him, a number of his troops nearly equal to the whole allied army had been destroyed, and the whole south of Spain delivered. The honours and rewards which Lord Wellington had so well deserved were now decreed him by his grateful country. The restrictions upon the Regency having expired, the first use which the Prince Regent made of his new power was to create him a marquis of the united kingdom, and parliament unanimously voted a grant of £100,000 to purchase lands and endow him to support the dignity of the peerage. In Portugal he had already been made Count of Vimeiro and Marquis of Torre Velho, and now by a remarkable coincidence, the Prince of Etruria conferred upon him the additional title of Duke of Vittoria. The winter and early spring were spent in preparing for a campaign which might complete the great work of delivering the Peninsula. For this purpose Marquis Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government, and the armies of the country were at length brought into a better state of discipline. In England also it was at last acknowledged that the best economy in war is to spare no expense in doing the work speedily. Bonaparte had been driven from Russia; and never had any army been overtaken with such tremendous vengeance as that which his wanton and blind ambition he had led to Moscow. Prussia seized the opportunity to throw off his yoke; his whole forces were now required for the struggle in Germany;—and the British government, which in the worst times had bravely and wisely per-

arduous struggle, made full use of the favourable opportunity. Notwithstanding Soult with a considerable body of troops had called to Germany, there were still above 150,000 French in Spain; but of these a great number were dispersed in garrisons, Catalonia and Valencia required a large proportion. A force, however, of 70,000 was collected to oppose the allies; it consisted of whole armies of the south and the center, with some divisions of the army of the north, and of the army of Portugal, whose remains were still retained after its complete expulsion from that country. The puppet King Joseph was at their head, thinking it prudent to leave Madrid before he should be driven from it, that his retreat might be more decorous than the former; and Marshal Marmont had the command. Their head-quarters were in Valladolid. In the latter end of May, Marquis Wellington, took the field with 80,000 men. The enemy retired from the Tormes and advanced; and he moved up the right bank of the Duero, and the Esla, and took their line of defence along the Duero completely in reverse; they therefore necessarily retreated, and our army, acting to advantage in the flat country, kept them so in check and cramped their movements so as to prevent a single reconnaissance on their part, to discover the numbers, routes, or intentions of the British army. Burgos, which had opposed so formidable resistance the preceding year, was abandoned and blown up: our great commander, pursuing the same system, amused the enemy upon their main front, while three or four divisions, hastening forward by lateral roads on their flank, crossed the Ebro also, before they could take possession of its almost impregnable positions. These successes, which would have been considered as an ample reparation for two or three general actions, were obtained by the skill of the general with scarcely the loss of a single life. The French, deprived, by these admirable movements, of the advantage which they might have derived from these rivers, and the strength of the army about the Ebro, drew up for battle upon the river Zadora, Vittoria; the high road to that city being in their center, their line extended across the mountains to La Puebla de Arlanzon, and the right of their center rested on a strong circular hill, which they filled with infantry, and with several brigades of guns, to defend the passage of the river. The position, though in other respects chosen, was liable to be taken in flank, and Marquis Wellington saw at a glance where its weakness lay. He began the action on the right, where the Spaniards under General Murillo attacked the heights of La Puebla with great gallantry: their leader was killed, but remained in the field; the French made great efforts to gain this ground, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient

ficient strength, and here the stress of the battle lay, reinforce coming from both sides ; but Sir Rowland Hill remained at possession of this important point, and being enabled to pass the river, and a defile which it formed, carried the village of Saldes de Alara in front of the enemy's position. This being lost, the French perceived the center of the allied army advanced to attack the hill above the Zadora, while Sir Rowland attacked the center on the other side, they began to retire toward Vittoria in good order ; meantime Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, covered their retreat on the road to Bayonne. The contest was now carried close to the walls of Vittoria, and was soon terminated by an officer, who bore a part in this day's glorious work, well expressing it, ' the French were beaten before the town, and in the town, through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town.' Every where they were attacked, and every where put to utter rout. They themselves had in previous actions made greater slaughter of a Spanish army, but never in any instance had reduced even an army of raw volunteers to a state of total wreck,—stores, baggage, artillery, every thing abandoned,—one gun and one howitzer only were they able to carry off, and even that gun was taken before it could reach Vittoria. King Joseph attempted to escape in his coach, a pistol discharged into the carriage, and he had just time to leave it and fly on horseback and gallop off, while a party of dragoons impeded his pursuers. The number of prisoners was inconsiderable, and the French ran without making an attempt to form and rally, and the pursuit was not directed with the same skill as the attack. The number of killed and wounded was comparatively little, so speedily had the victory been won. The superiority of generalship on the part of the allies was indeed never more decidedly manifested than in such of the enemy as had been in action with the English. It did not fight the better for the recollection. Marshal Jourdan's staff was among the spoils, which resembled those of an Oriental rather than of an European army ; for the intrusive king, who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of dissipation, had with him all his luxuries and treasures, and the officers, who carry the pestilential manners of their country with them as they go, followed the example as far as their means allowed. The finest wines and choicest delicacies were found in profusion. The baggage was presently rifled, and the soldiers attired themselves in the gala-dresses of the flying enemy ; they who had to draw a female wardrobe in the lottery, converting silks, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their more moderate triumph. Some who were more fortunate got possession of the army chest and loaded themselves with bullion. ' Let



was the general's reply when he was informed of it; 'they have fought well, and deserve all they can find, were it ten times more.' The blow which was thus struck at Vittoria was felt in Germany, and Soult was sent to collect fresh armies and oppose the victorious general, whose name was now become terrible to the French troops. But Marquis Wellington was now master of the field, and Soult could neither recover his footing in Spain, nor prevent the allies from invading France. We pass rapidly over the brilliant achievements that ensued,—the battles of the Pyrenees, the recovery of St. Sebastian and Pamplona, (places of which the enemy had obtained possession by the foulest treachery, and which were now wrested from him by the united armies of Great Britain and Portugal, and Spain,—nations whom he had so often insulted and whose union he had so often affected to despise,) the passage of the Adour, the battle of Orthies, the restoration of the Bourbons at Bordeaux, and the last defeat of Soult before Thoulouse, where Marquis Wellington, anxious to avoid all further bloodshed when the termination of the war might so certainly be expected, permitted him and his troops to file off under the cannon of the victorious army. Having beaten the French from the mouth of the Tagus to the Garonne, that war which he had commenced at the extremity of Portugal he concluded in the heart of France. We pass reluctantly over this glorious part of our national history that we may have room for a few concluding observations.

Since the peace of Utrecht, in which the interests of Europe were sacrificed by that party-spirit which is the reproach of England, our military reputation had declined. The character of our wars was truly described, though in somewhat affected language, by a writer about the middle of the last century. 'We have nothing,' he says, 'in our military scramblings of that sole and separate point of view that holds determination fixed, and its pursuit and graduation manifest. Timid confederacies, disguised false pretences, with jealous apprehensive nibbling avarice, negotiate menace into smoke, and send out motley armies to the field, as the phrase goes, for observation; it being, it seems, the business of a general of the new impression not to attempt upon, but wait the motion of attempters. Slow, languid, hesitating consultations, fluctuating from expedient to expedient, hang prevention upon hope, till energy is starved to death by the thin diet of deliberation: so wars begin and end, and give no clue whereby to track their conduct.' Severe as this censure is, it is not overcharged. The American war contributed to lower us in the estimation of our neighbours; for though the courage of our men was never found wanting on the day of trial, the circumstances of the contest were such that, after

after the first season for vigorous measures was gone by, it became morally impossible. This was not taken into the account. The war ended to our loss; and the disgrace which should have been sily have attached to our councils, affected our arms also. the Duke of York was made commander in chief, our establishments were in a wretched state; boys held commissions literally before they were out of leading strings, and there was a single institution in Great Britain wherein tactics were taught. the great general whose exploits have been imperfectly sketched on these pages was obliged to go to France to learn the elements of war. The Duke of York soon began a silent and efficient reformation. Abuse after abuse was removed, defect after defect supplied. These improvements were known only to persons connected with the army, and its military character suffered materially in the revolutionary war from causes which are neither imputable to the Royal Highness as commander, nor to the soldiers under him. Then also, as in the American war, they were placed in circumstances which rendered success impossible. The evil had been done. The enemy insulted us; the continental nations persuaded that we were not a military people; and we, contented with our acknowledged maritime supremacy, were too ready to assent to an opinion, which in its consequences have operated as a death-sentence upon national honour, power, and national independence. It is not too much to say that our army would have sunk into contempt if the expedition to Egypt had not thrown some splendour over the close of a misfated war. But the effect which that expedition produced on public feeling soon past away; and the French convinced themselves that our success had been owing to the incapacity of Napoleon, the disputes among their generals, and the universal desire of the troops to escape from Egypt,—any cause rather than the truth. A second war broke out; and while the enemy obtained the signal victories, we had only the solitary battle of Maida to show for our share, which was upon so small a scale, and so nugatory in its consequences, that probably half the continent have never heard of it, though our disgrace at Buenos Ayres was known every where. Meantime the French had persuaded Europe as well as themselves that Buonaparte was the greatest military genius of a or of modern times; that his generals were all consummate masters in the art of war; and that his troops were, in every respect, the best in the world. This opinion was more than ever prevalent when Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in Portugal in 1808. The events which followed the battle of Vimeiro, and the retreat of Sir John Moore, had given the enemy cause for exultation; and a peace-party in England affirmed that defeat and ruin were

able if we persisted in contending against the invincible power of France. It is not possible to speak of this party with more severity than their ignorance, their presumption, and their pusillanimity have deserved. No effort on their part was ever wanting to deaden the hopes, to thwart the exertions, to disgust the allies, and encourage the enemies of their country. In their egregious folly they represented a continuance of the war in the Peninsula as not only insane, but wicked. 'It would be blood-thirsty and cruel in us,' they said, 'to foment petty insurrections, after the only contest is over from which any good can spring in the present important state of affairs,' (meaning the Austrian war in 1809.) 'France has conquered Europe. This is the melancholy truth! Shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter. For the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished!' Even after Massena was driven from Portugal they canted about our 'unprofitable laurels;' and when Lord Wellington had begun his career of victory, they insolently exclaimed, 'Let us hear no more of objections to a Buonaparte reigning in Spain!' Happily our government was not influenced by such advisers. It had screwed its courage to the 'sticking place,' but its exertions were not commensurate with the occasion; and for four years Lord Wellington was continually crippled by the inadequacy of his means. Yet even while thus crippled, he contended successfully against the undivided power of France; for during the years 1810 and 1811 Buonaparte had no other object than that of completing the conquest of the Peninsula. Foresight and enterprise with our commander went hand in hand; he never advanced, but so as to be sure of his retreat; and never retreated, but in such an attitude as to impose upon a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and never lost one. His movements were so rapid as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He foiled general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress; and raising the military character of Great Britain to its old standard in the days of Peterborough and Marlborough, made the superiority of the British soldier over the Frenchman as incontestible as that of the British seaman.

The spirit of the country rose with its successes. England once more felt her strength, and remembered the part which she had borne and the rank which she had asserted in the days of her Edwards and her Henrys. Buonaparte had bestowed upon France the name of the Sacred Territory, boasting, as one of the benefits conferred upon her by his government, that France alone remained inviolable when every other part of the continent was visited by the calamities of war. That boast was no longer to hold good! Our victories in the Peninsula prepared the deliverance of Europe, and

Lord Wellington led the way into France. A large portion of his army consisted of Portuguese and Spaniards, who had every imaginable reason to hate the people among whom they went as conquerors; they had seen the most infernal cruelties perpetrated in their own country by the French soldiers, and it might have been supposed, prone as their national character was to revenge, that they would eagerly seize the opportunity of retaliation. But such was Lord Wellington's influence over the men whom he conducted to victory, that not an outrage, not an excess, not an insult was committed; and the French, who had made war like savages in every country which they had invaded, experienced all the courtesies and humanities of generous warfare when they were invaded themselves. In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name is blessed by the people. Seldom indeed has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the half million, the honours and rewards which his Prince and his country have so munificently and properly bestowed, are neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There is something more precious than this, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he has secured by his military achievements:—it is the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements have been directed, that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations; for the safety, honour and welfare of his own country, and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilized world. His campaigns have been sanctified by the cause;—they have been sullied by no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses;—his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he may remember his victories among his good works.

And here we might have concluded, were it not for the late events. One man has now rekindled the flames of war, and drawn again upon France all those evils from which the restoration of the Bourbons, and the establishment of a mild and equitable government had so recently delivered her. Seldom or never had Europe seen so fair a prospect of a long peace, as when Buonaparte added this fresh crime to his offences. The man for whose personal ambition and by whose personal guilt she is thus again involved in war, is black with crimes; he has poured out blood like water, he is familiar with murder and massacres, he has made a mockery of oaths and treaties: yet the French soldiers have received him with open arms, forgetful of the infamy which he has brought upon them,—forgetful of the destruction to which he sent them, and of the dangers in which he more than once abandoned his army.

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They had been, the greater number of them, delivered by means of his overthrow, from a state of imprisonment, to which his tyranny would else have condemned them for life. France was in perfect peace; her colonies had been restored, her territory (though too extensive for the security of Europe) had been left entire; and she was recovering from all the evils which she had endured, with a rapidity which almost excited apprehension as well as wonder. He himself had been suffered to withdraw, not indeed voluntarily like Sylla, into retirement; but safely like Sylla, notwithstanding the multitude of his offences, and the blood which cried out for vengeance. Almost it seems as if he, and the flagitious army by which he is supported, and the guilty people who endure the usurpation, were stricken with judicial blindness, and acted thus madly that they might draw upon themselves the full measure of that chastisement which they have deserved. In this unexpected renewal of hostilities, we feel the full value of what Wellington has done for us. To him and to the change which his victories have effected in public opinion, it is owing that we know ourselves; (a knowledge not less important as the foundation of national policy than as the beginning of individual wisdom;) to him it is owing that we are confident in our strength; and that in whatever effort may be required, the exertion of the government cannot go beyond the will and the wish of the people. To him it is owing that the statesman, who should now talk of the march to Paris, instead of being hissed and hooted at for his presumption, would be cheered by the unanimous voice of Britain. The heart and the arm of the country are now as they should be! The crisis, indeed, is most important: but never was there a more powerful confederacy, never had any confederacy a clearer cause, nor stronger bonds of union; as far as human foresight can perceive, there is the best ground for believing that by vigorous and well directed efforts, this conspiracy of the perjured, the profligate, and the lawless, against the peace and order of society, may speedily and effectually be crushed; that the root of the evil may be cut up; and all things then established upon the best and surest foundation.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1815.

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ART. I. *The Lord of the Isles.* A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 440. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. London: Longman and Co. 1815.

[F poets were to take precedence of each other according to the number of their admirers, we are inclined to think that the author before us, and one or two of his contemporaries, might fairly enter into competition with some of the greatest names which the annals of our literature can boast. The writings of Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, have not perhaps so many genuine admirers as is commonly supposed; because the merit which they possess is of a quality so far above the standard to which the taste of the general reader is adapted, that it can be fully appreciated, we imagine, only by minds of some considerable cultivation. Magni est viri, says Quintilian, speaking of Homer, virtutes ejus non æmulatione (quod fieri non potest) sed intellectu sequi. The works of our modern bards, however, are obviously calculated for a much larger description of readers; the characters and sentiments which they contain, the species of interest which they inspire, are, for the most part, level to all capacities; while their faults and deficiencies are such that none but persons of refined and practised taste are in any sensible degree affected by them. Whether this be a sort of merit which indicates great and uncommon talents, may perhaps admit a doubt; but at all events it is a very useful one to the public at large. The productions of Mr Scott, possibly, bear no more proportion to the *Iliad* or the *Paradise Lost*, than the excellent tales of Miss Edgeworth to the *Histories* of Tacitus or Clarendon; but this is a separate question. Such men as Homer and Milton are of rare occurrence; in the mean time we are in the enjoyment of a description of poetry, which is adapted to the genius of a greater number of writers, and is capable of affording amusement to a greater variety of readers than any which antiquity possessed.

But although it is clear, that some conveniences have resulted from thus lowering the qualification formerly required even from the readers of good poetry; it has also been attended with some disadvantages. Authors will not, any more than other men, bestow

upon their wares a greater degree of polish and perfection, than their customers generally require; and since all that the purchasers of poetry seem now to insist upon is an interesting story, spirited narrative, and good and picturesque descriptions of visible objects, it cannot be expected that poets should feel very anxious to furnish them with any thing besides. There is certainly no great amusement to be extracted from the *nine years labour* of revising the language and composition of a long poem; and as no commensurate increase of fame, or at least of popularity, would probably ensue from it, a poet who, like the author before us, seems to write merely with a view to please himself and his contemporaries, has no adequate inducement for devoting himself to so irksome an occupation. But if it be, in this point of view, possible for a poet to bestow upon his writings a superfluous degree of care and correction, it may also be possible, we should suppose, to bestow too little. Whether this be the case in the poem before us, is a point upon which Mr Scott can possibly form a much more competent judgment than ourselves; we can only say, that without possessing greater beauties than its predecessors, it has certain violations of propriety both in the language and in the composition of the story, of which the former efforts of his muse afford neither so many nor such striking examples.

We have ever shewn ourselves much more disposed to praise the many excellencies of Mr Scott's poetry than to censure its faults. We have not now any quarrel with Mr Scott on account of the measure which he has chosen; still less on account of his subjects; we believe that they are both of them not only pleasing in themselves, but well adapted to each other and to the bent of his peculiar genius. On the contrary, it is because we admire his genius and are partial to the subjects which he delights in, that we so much regret he should leave room for any difference of opinion respecting them, merely from not bestowing upon his publications that common degree of labour and meditation, which, we cannot help saying, it is scarcely decorous to withhold.

It seems idle to offer any general remarks upon this subject; let the essence of poetry be defined as it may, still it is plain that whatever tends to give grace and delicacy to the pleasure which it imparts, cannot be without importance. Those qualities which result from taste and judgment constitute perhaps rather the ornaments than the elements of poetry specifically considered; they are, however, such as in different proportions necessarily enter into the composition of every poem, and unless they be to a certain degree attended to, it is impossible to prevent other feelings than those of pleasure from predominating in the mind. We are far from meaning to say that such is the case in the composition



sition before us ; in this, as in all Mr Scott's productions, there is unquestionably the prevailing feeling which is excited we cannot but think that this feeling is more frequently excited by others of an opposite description in the poem we are now considering, than even the licence of popular poetry can reasonably be expected to sanction.

We do not found this opinion upon a consideration of the faults we may have observed in this or that passage, or even in any department of the poem ; but we speak from the general impression which a perusal of it has left upon our minds. It would of course be possible to convey this to the minds of our readers by extracts ; and as the faults to which we allude differ from those which we have had occasion to point out in Mr Scott's former productions, not in kind but in degree, particular examples, in the present instance, must be altogether unnecessary ; and as general remarks which we may have to offer, they will only be better understood, when we shall have put our readers in possession of the story upon which the poem is founded.

For some introductory lines rather pleasing than appropriate the poem is opened by a party of minstrels assembled ' from land and from isle,' in the castle of Artornish, for the purpose of celebrating the bridal-day of the chief to whom it belongs, and who is the hero of the tale, with the sister of a neighbouring chieftain.

' " Wake, Maid of Lorn ! " 'twas thus they sung,  
And yet more proud the descant rung,  
" Wake, Maid of Lorn ! high right is ours  
To charm dull sleep from beauty's bowers ;  
Earth, ocean, air, have nought so shy  
But owns the power of minstrelsy.  
In Lettermore the timid deer  
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear ;  
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark  
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark ;  
To list his notes, the eagle proud  
Will poise him on Ben-Calliach's cloud ;  
Then let not maiden's ear disdain  
The summons of the minstrel train,  
But while our harps wild music make,  
Edith of Lorn, awake, awake ! " '

Edith of Lorn, however, was less pleased, it would seem, with the *aveillée*, than might have been expected ; and although the minstrels changed the note and tried a ' softer spell,' yet she persisted in not making her appearance. But not the minstrels' art was tried in vain upon the bride ; she was as insensible to the charms as to the Muses ; and although Cathleen of Ulna ' braided her

her hair,' and ' young Eva drew on her light foot the silken s and Bertha wound round her white ankles ' strings of pearl, ' Einion of experience old' arranged the folds of her crimson. tle, yet nothing could elicit from her the smallest symptom of sure or approbation. At length Morag, her foster-mother, voked at such strange behaviour, took her aside to a turret w overlooked the Sound of Mull, and pointing to the spacious s asks whether ' amid the ample round' she supposes that one cl ed brow was to be found except her own? Morag then expat upon the greatness of Lord Ronald's domains,—till Edith, some resentment, desires her to forbear from urging such unwc considerations, which can never be supposed to compensat the want of Lord Ronald's affection. She had been betrothe him from her infancy—and the fame of his virtues and exp had often made her bosom throb, even before her personal quaintance with his great qualities had commenced.

' Since then, what thought had Edith's heart,  
And gave not plighted love its part?  
And what requital? cold delay—  
Excuse that shunn'd the bridal-day—  
It dawns, and Ronald is not here—  
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,  
Or loiters he in secret dell,  
To bid some lighter love farewell;  
And swear that, though he may not scorn  
A daughter of the House of Lorn,  
Yet when these formal rites are o'er,  
Again they meet to part no more?'

Fortunately for Morag's argument, the fleet of Ronald is at moment seen unmooring from Aros bay, and she avails herself the circumstance to encourage Edith with more worthy thou of Ronald; Edith answers only with a sigh, and points out, type of her lover's course, a lonely bark which she had obse from break of day wearing and tacking, as if the only obje those on board had been to keep from Artornish. In the mean the fleet of Lord Ronald, decked with silk and gold and ma with island chivalry, is seen to sweep by without noticing the bark. The poet leaves Lord Ronald for the skiff, which, after l ing against the wind all day, is at length so damaged as to be i pable of keeping the sea. The person whom it contained w other than Robert Bruce, who, with his sister Isabel and Ed his foster-brother, was now upon his way from Ireland to join of his adherents, who, it seems, had taken up arms against th ranny of the English, and were only waiting for him to put hi at their head, in order to commence an open rebellion. As B had formerly slain Comyn the kinsman of Lorn, Edith's bro

whom and the English faction Ronald was in strict alliance, Arnish was the last place in which Bruce would voluntarily have surrendered his person ; nevertheless, as the state of his bark left him no alternative, he resolved upon running the desperate chance, trusting to the laws of honour and hospitality for his safety. Accordingly Bruce takes the helm and steers straight to the castle, aided by the innumerable lights with which it was illuminated.— description of the scene possesses considerable merit.

Artornish, on her frowning steep,  
 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,  
 Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,  
 And landward far and far to sea  
 Her festal radiance flung.  
 By that blithe beacon light they steer'd,  
 Whose lustre mingled well  
 With the pale beam that now appear'd,  
 As the cold moon her head uprear'd  
 Above the eastern fell.

## XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore  
 Until they near'd the mainland shore,  
 When frequent on the hollow blast  
 Wild shouts of merriment were cast,  
 And wind and wave and sea-bird's cry,  
 With wassail shouts in concert vie,  
 Like funeral shrieks with revelry.  
 Now nearer yet, through mist and storm  
 Dimly arose the castle's form,  
 And deepen'd shadow made,  
 Far lengthen'd on the main below,  
 Where, dancing in reflected glow,  
 An hundred torches play'd.

Arrived at the Castle, they are at first taken to be the abbot's attendants, who were momentarily expected, for the purpose of receiving the hands of Edith and the chieftain of the Castle ; however, upon stating that they are warriors ' not unknown to fame,' and by necessity of weather to seek for shelter, without further delay they are permitted to land. Accordingly Bruce and his companions quit the boat and ascend the postern stairs, until they reach a ' low vaulted room,' in which the inferior followers and chiefs are plying their revelry. Here they remain until their arrival has been announced in the hall. In the mean time, though warned by Eachin the steward, not to gather round the strangers, as if they had never before seen

' A damsel tired of midnight bark,  
 Or wanderers of a moulding stark,'

the revellers all leave the table at which they had been sitting, and assemble round the new-comers, until Lord Edward, annoyed at their want of courtesy, seizes the plaid of one of the by-standers and throws it over Isabel. This the person to whom it belonged did not appear much pleased with, but Bruce made so 'brief and stern an excuse,' as completely overawed the whole assembly.

' Proud was his tone, but calm ; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high  
Which common spirits fear ;  
Needed nor word, nor signal more,  
Nod, wink and laughter all were o'er,  
Upon each other back they bore,  
And gazed like startled deer.'

Just at this juncture the seneschal makes his appearance, with an invitation to the strangers to enter the hall ; and with this the first canto, which is of great merit, closes. It is full of business and description, and the scenes are such as Mr Scott's muse generally excels in.

The scene between Edith and her nurse is spirited, and contains many very pleasing lines. The description of Lord Ronald's fleet, and of the bark endeavouring to make her way against the wind, more particularly of the last, is executed with extraordinary beauty and fidelity. So is the picture of Ronald himself during the feast

' With beaker's clang and harper's lay,  
With all that olden time deem'd gay,  
The island chieftain feasted high ;  
But there was in his troubled eye  
A gloomy fire ; and on his brow  
Now sudden flush'd, and faded now  
Emotions such as drew their birth  
From deeper source than festal mirth :  
By fits he paused,—and harper's strain,  
And jester's tale went round in vain,  
Or fell but on his idle ear  
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.  
Then would he rouse him, and employ  
Each art to aid his amorous joy,  
And call for pledge and lay,  
And for brief space, of all the crowd,  
As he was loudest of the loud,  
Seem gayest of the gay.'

Although Ronald's mirth thus 'outstripp'd the modesty of nature,' yet none of those around him suspected that it was in any way acted or constrained. Even the proud and suspicious Lorn,  
and

and the keen De Argentine, (who was among them as ambassador from England to the western league, of which John of Lorn and Ronald of the Isles were then at the head,) seemed to be completely deceived, and imputed the changeableness of Ronald's mood merely to 'a lover's transport-troubled mind.'

'But one sad heart, one tearful eye,  
Pierced deeper through the mystery,  
And watch'd with agony and fear  
Her wayward bridegroom's varied cheer.  
She watch'd, yet fear'd to meet his glance;  
And he shunn'd hers, till when by chance  
They met, the point of foeman's lance  
Had given a milder pang.'

Again Ronald attempted to drown his feelings in noise; springing from the table, he asks for the 'mighty cup' which his ancestors had appropriated to occasions of extraordinary festival, and filling it to the brim, was upon the point of drinking to the union of his house with that of Lorn, when suddenly the warder's horn is heard, and the untasted cup falls from his hand; upon learning however from the warden, that it is not the abbot, but some strangers whose arrival was announced, Ronald resumes his courage, and after stating the circumstance to his guests, desires that the strangers may be ushered in. They enter accordingly; the seneschal, whose business it was to determine the rank and precedence of his master's guests, after examining Bruce and his companions with attention, perceived something in their air and manner which

'Suited well the princely dais  
And royal canopy;  
And there he marshall'd them their place  
First of that company.'

It seems, however, that the 'lords and ladies' were by no means equal judges of physiognomy, for they 'spoke aside,' and shewed by their angry looks the displeasure which they felt that 'guests unnamed, unknown,' should take such precedence. But Owen of Erraught persisted that he had been a seneschal for forty years, and would 'gage his silver wand of state' that the strangers had often sate in 'higher place than now.' Old Ferrand too, the minstrel, observed, that he was also qualified, by his trade, 'of rank and place to tell,' and that, as far as he could judge, the place at table which the seneschal had assigned to the new guests was that to which they were entitled. John of Lorn, however, by the same tokens, had come to a much more exact conclusion; he whispered De Argentine, and then turning to the strangers 'question'd high and brief,' whether in their voyage they had  
chanced

chanced to hear any news of 'the Bruce and his rebellious crew.' The answer which Lord Edward returned to his enquiries mightily displeased the mountain chief; Ronald, however, interposed to prevent any further high words, by requesting a lay from Ferrand. Lorn eagerly caught at the proposal, and after whispering to the minstrel, the latter 'waked the hall' with a song about a 'brooch' which it seems had been torn from the plaid of Bruce in an encounter that had formerly taken place between Lorn and him among the mountains. The song does not possess any great merit; however it produced the effect which was intended. Edward, in fury, 'glared and grasp'd his sword,' but Bruce with calmness checked his brother's anger, and turning to the minstrel, observed, that he had omitted to mention certain circumstances which would not equally redound to the honour of those by whom the trophy was gained; nevertheless he presents Ferrand with a chain of gold.

' For future lays a fair excuse  
To speak more nobly of the Bruce.'

The song, as our readers may have guessed, was chosen by Lorn merely to 'catch the conscience of the king,' and the indignation which both Bruce and his brother had in different ways evinced, sufficiently proved that his conjecture, as to their real qualities, was well founded. He therefore immediately exclaims that the stranger is no other than the Bruce himself, and proposes to put both him and his companion to death upon the spot, and though Ronald with vehemence interferes, Lorn still persists in his murderous intentions. Upon this a prodigious confusion is created; the followers of the 'mountain chief' on one side, and those of the 'island chief' on the other, drawing their swords, and being restrained solely by their reverence for the laws of hospitality from converting the banquet into a scene of a very different description. Edith and the 'stranger maid' attempt to pacify the combatants, and the latter having thrown aside her veil and turned her eye upon Lord Ronald, a deep blush instantly suffused his cheek; he recognizes the secret object on whom he had bestowed that love for which the unhappy Edith sighed in vain. It is unnecessary to say that after this discovery the Island Lord was still more confirmed in his purpose of protecting the strangers from insult; the uproar, however, still continued, when the bugle again sounds, and immediately the long-expected abbot makes his appearance. To him they resolve to commit the subject of their quarrel. Lorn endeavours to incite the abbot against Bruce, who, it seems, was under the ban of the church for having slain Comyn at the altar; Ronald pleads the stranger's cause, and Isabel and Edith follow on the same side; De Argentine claims Bruce in the name of his sovereign—and this in so high a tone as to provoke Ronald



to declare that he looked upon his cause as the cause of land, in which sentiment he is joined by 'stout Dunvegan's knight.' At length the abbot, having heard them all very patiently, turns to Bruce, and asks what he has to urge on his behalf. He avows his repentance of the crime for which he underwent sentence of excommunication, and professes an intention, should Providence ever restore to him the sceptre of his ancestors, of expiating his offence by undertaking an expedition to the Holy Land. For the rest, he retorts with scorn the opprobrious language which Lorn and De Argentine had applied to him, and concludes with setting them and their menaces at defiance. The abbot, who, it seems, was a seer of great reputation among the isles, then addresses the audience, and to the astonishment of them all, instead of pouring out curses upon the excommunicated king, bestows upon him his blessing, and prophesies greatness of his future fortunes. Exhausted with the effort, he sinks into the arms of his attendants, by whom he is carried to the hall, and placed on board the vessel which had brought him to Artornish.

Such is the story of the second canto. It exhibits fewer of Mr Scott's characteristical beauties than of his characteristical faults. The scene itself is not of a very edifying description, nor is the effect of agreeableness in the subject compensated by any detachment in the details. Of the language and versification in many places, it is hardly possible to speak favourably. The same must be said of the speeches which the different characters address to each other. The rude vehemence which they display seems to consist much more in the loudness and gesticulation with which the speakers express themselves, than in the force and energy of their sentiments, which, for the most part, are such as the barbarous chiefs whom they are attributed might, without any great premeditation, either as to the thought or language, have actually uttered. The kind language and sentiments proportioned to characters of extraordinary dimensions as the agents in the poems of Homer and Milton, is indeed an admirable effort of genius; but to see such as we meet with in the epic poetry of the present day, persons often below the middle size and never very much above nature, merely speak in *character*, is not likely to occasion either much culty to the poet, or much pleasure to the reader. As an example, we might adduce the speech of 'stout Dunvegan's knight,' which is not the less wanting in taste because it is natural and characteristic.

“ Nor deem,” said stout Dunvegan’s knight,  
 “ That thou shalt brave alone the fight !  
 By saints of isle and mainland both,  
 By Woden wild, (my grandsire’s oath,)

Let

Let Rome and England do their worst,  
 Howe'er attainted and accursed,  
 If Bruce shall e'er find friends again  
 Once more to brave a battle-plain,  
 If Douglas couch again his lance,  
 Or Randolph dare another chance,  
 Old Torquil will not be to lack  
 With twice a thousand at his back.—  
 Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,  
 Good abbot! for thou know'st of old,  
 Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will  
 Smack of the wild Norwegian still;  
 Nor will I barter freedom's cause  
 For England's wealth or Rome's applause.”

The third canto commences with the following beautiful line

‘Hast thou not heard, when o'er thy startled head  
 Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,  
 How when its echoes fell, a silence dead  
 Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?  
 The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,  
 The rustling aspen leaves are mute and still,  
 The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,  
 Till murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,

The savage whirlwind wakes and sweeps the groaning hill!’

Such was the silence which ensued upon the disappearance of the abbot. As the assembled chiefs begin to recover from the astonishment, Lorn and the Lord of the Isles are observed earnestly speaking together; in a minute after, the former starts forward, and having uttered some passionate expressions of indignation at the proposal which Ronald had made to him embracing the cause of Bruce, he is about to depart, when information is brought to him that Edith is no where to be found. His surprize may easily be conceived; nor was his anger at all lessened when he learned, that she and her nurse had gone on in the abbot's vessel. Immediately he orders every galley which could be spared to set sail in pursuit of the fugitives, and Cormac Doil, a noted pirate among his followers, is the foremost to obey. Lorn and those who were attached to him then take their departure, and after the requisite apologies from Ronald for the interruption which their mirth had met with, the remainder of the guests withdraw to their respective chambers. Bruce and his brother are, however, scarcely retired to rest, when they are startled by hearing a secret door jar and perceiving the light of a taper on the ground. It was Ronald and Torquil, who had come in order to swear allegiance to Bruce, and to promise him the assistance of all their powers for the purpose of restoring him to his throne. The poem here takes rather too much the

e of common conversation; however, their plan of fur-  
 erations is settled, and orders are immediately given for  
 g all the barks, which accordingly leave the haven, part,  
 ward and Isabel on board, setting sail for Ireland, and the  
 th Ronald and Bruce, for the coast of Sky. The weather  
 become squally, these last found themselves, at the close  
 ext day, under the necessity of taking shelter in Scavigh  
 here they resolve to land for the purpose of killing deer,  
 h, it seems, Lord Ronald's page Allan was particularly  
 They had not proceeded far, when Bruce breaks out into  
 ion of the scenery, protesting that although he had seen  
 in her wildest forms, yet never had he seen a scene so  
 e in barrenness' as that before them.

' No marvel thus the monarch spake,  
 For rarely human eye has known  
 A scene so stern as that dread lake,  
 With its dark ledge of barren stone.—  
 The wildest glen but this can shew  
 Some touch of Nature's genial glow ;  
 On high Benmore green mosses grow,  
 And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,  
 And copse on Cruchan-Ben :  
 But here—above, around, below,  
 On mountain or in glen,  
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
 Nor aught of vegetative power  
 The weary eye may ken.  
 For all is rocks at random thrown,  
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,  
 As if were here denied  
 The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,  
 That clothe with many a varied hue  
 The bleakest mountain-side.'

picture of barren desolation is admirably touched. Bruce  
 it to moralize upon its particular features, when suddenly  
 erceive under a jutting crag five men, whom, by the badge  
 they wore in their bonnets, Ronald judges to be followers  
 n. Bruce resolves to wait their approach; and as soon as  
 re sufficiently near, he desires them to stop and explain who  
 hat they are. They inform him that they had been ship-  
 ed upon the island the preceding night, and that supposing  
 to whom they were speaking might be in the same unfortu-  
 irstances, they had come for the purpose of offering to  
 with them a fallow deer which they had killed. Bruce thanks  
 for their intention, but declines accepting the offer, as his  
 is waiting for him and his companions in the bay. The  
 strangers

strangers reply, that if the vessel to which they allude belonged to them, they may spare themselves the trouble of seeking for that upon the appearance of an English vessel she had been seen by some of their party from a mountain-head making and was by this time probably out of sight. As this information left Bruce but little alternative, he agrees to follow the strangers, resolving, however, to keep their two parties separate. Upon entering the cave in which the strangers had taken up their quarters, Bruce was surprised to find a beautiful boy, dressed in the garb of a minstrel, who, upon hearing the voice of Ronald, exhibited evident symptoms of the deepest emotion and agitation. In answer to their inquiries, the strangers answer that the boy was a captive whom they had taken the evening before in a vessel which was their own, had suffered shipwreck; his mother, whom they had taken at the same time, and who was drowned with the remainder of the crews, informed them, that he had been a mute from his infancy. The strangers then desire Bruce and his companions to unbelt their swords and sit down to their cheer; instant compliance on the part of the captive gave the king a keen and warning look which was immediately understood; accordingly Bruce answers, that he and his companions are upon a pilgrimage, and that in consequence of a vow which they had made never to take off their swords, or to sleep at a stranger's board, or to sleep except by turns, it is necessary that they should be allowed not only to sleep in beds separate from those of their hosts, but also to eat at a separate fire. The strangers seem to consider as rather a churlish vow; nevertheless, as Bruce adds that it does not bind them to fast 'force or gold may buy repast,' they make no further objection to the whim of their guests, and matters are arranged accordingly. Ronald watches till midnight; he is then to be succeeded by the king, after whom Allan, Ronald's page, is to take his turn. Lord Ronald easily keeps himself awake by thinking of the lady Isabel—of the strange chance by which he had so lately met her—of Edith, and of the engagements which he had contracted with her brother. Bruce, in his turn, lightly wards off the influence by reflections upon the unhappy state of Scotland and the unjust usurpation of England—by filling his imagination with the thoughts of 'castles stormed,' and 'cities freed,' and of battles and routs, and truces, and so forth; but poor Allan, who was neither a lover nor a king, finds his division of the watch a matter of some hardship; however, although his musings were neither so amorous nor so high as those of Ronald and Edith, yet they were much more poetical.

‘ To Allan's eyes was harder task  
The weary watch their safeties ask.

He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine  
 With bickering light the splinter'd pine;  
 Then gazed awhile where silent laid  
 Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.—  
 Then thought he of his mother's tower,  
 His little sister's green-wood bower;  
 How there the Easter gambols pass,  
 And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass.  
 But still before his weary eye,  
 In rays prolong'd the blazes die—  
 Again he roused him—on the lake  
 Look'd forth, where now the twilight flake  
 Of pale cold dawn began to wake.  
 On Coolen's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,  
 The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,  
 The short dark waves, heaved to the land,  
 With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand;—  
 It was a slumb'rous sound—he turn'd  
 To tales at which his youth had burn'd,  
 Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,  
 Of sprightly elf, or yelling ghost;  
 Of the wild witch's baneful cot,  
 And mermaid's alabaster grot,  
 Who bathes her limbs in sunless well  
 Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.  
 Thither in fancy wrapt he flies,  
 And on his sight the vaults arise;  
 That hut's dark walls he sees no more,  
 His foot is on the marble floor,  
 And o'er his head the dazzling spars  
 Gleam like a firmament of stars!  
 — Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak  
 Her anger in that thrilling shriek?  
 No! all too late, with Allan's dream,  
 Mingled the captive's warning scream.  
 As from the ground he tries to start,  
 A ruffian's dagger finds his heart . . . . .  
 Upwards he casts his dizzy eyes,  
 Murmurs his master's name . . . and dies!

'Not so awoke the king!' he springs upon his legs, and seizing  
 spotted brand' from the flame, with one blow lays the ruffian  
 had murdered Allan dead upon the floor. Ronald in like  
 manner dispatches another, and he is upon the point of doing  
 same to a third, when the 'father ruffian,' getting behind  
 island lord,' raises his hand in the attitude of striking; at  
 moment the captive springs upon his arm, and clings to it  
 he assassin is seized and felled by Bruce. The ruffian then  
 confesses, what we dare say most of our readers have already an-  
 ticipated, that he is a follower of Lorn, his name Cormac Doil;  
 but

but of the stranger-boy he professes to know no more than what he had already declared. Bruce then turns to the stripling, and after promising to be to him a father and protector, he laments the unhappy fate of Allan, and afterwards proceeds to the ship for the purpose of ascertaining whether his bark had really sailed, or whether the story was fabricated by Cormac Doil.

This canto is full of beauties: the first part of it, containing the conference of the chiefs in Bruce's chamber, might perhaps have been abridged, because the discussion of a mere matter of business is unsuited for poetry; but the remainder of the canto is unobjectionable; the scenery in which it is laid excites the imagination; and the cave scene affords many opportunities to the poet, of which Mr Scott has very successfully availed himself. The description, which we have extracted, of Allan's walk is particularly pleasing; indeed, the manner in which he is made to fall asleep, mingling the scenes of which he was thinking, with the scene around him, and then mingling with his dreams the captive's sudden scream, is, we think, among the most happy passages of the whole poem.—

‘ Stranger, if e’er thine ardent step hath traced  
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,  
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,  
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;  
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,  
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,  
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown,  
Mingle their echoes with the eagle’s cry,  
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes! ’twas sublime but sad.—The loneliness  
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;  
And strange and awful fears began to press  
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.  
Then hast thou wish’d some woodman’s cottage nigh,  
Something that shew’d of life, though low and mean;  
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,  
Glad sound its cock’s blithe carol would have been,  
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.’

It is with these exquisite lines expressive of the desolate grandeur which marks the scenery of the northern Highlands, that the fourth canto commences. Bruce and Ronald proceed to the shore, when on a sudden a bugle is heard, and immediately after they perceive Lord Edward darting towards them from rock to rock; as soon as he arrives within hearing, he greets them with the welcome news, that Edward the First has breathed his last, and that the partisans of Bruce, encouraged by so unexpected an event, had already taken up arms in various parts of Scotland. Unaccustomed



it seems Bruce was, to reveal the emotions which he felt, yet the gladdening news mastered his self-command. The recovery of his throne and of the independence of Scotland, were placed, at this event, within the reach of probability. In giving vent to joy, however, he does justice to the great qualities which Edward the First possessed, and reproves his brother for the too violent expression of his hatred and exultation. After the funeral of Allan, which is pleasingly described, they get on board their vessel and sail for Brodick bay. The voyage is marked with considerable spirit; the description of it is, however, in itself, rather proportionately long, but at all events too long for the purpose of extracting; we shall therefore await their arrival at the isle of Iona. As the vessel approaches its destination, Ronald is observed in deep conference with Bruce, urging his suit to the hand of Isabel: an union to which all obstacles seem removed by the death of Edith, and the recall of the promise of her hand by Lorn. Bruce refers the decision to Isabel, which, he adds, may speedily be ascertained, as she is then at the convent of St Bride, a place at no great distance—in which it is intended that she should remain until affairs became more settled. While they are thus discoursing, the ship arrives. The king leaps on shore, and having sounded his bugle, is soon surrounded by his followers, who strongly testify the joy which his re-appearance among them produces. The scene is then suddenly changed to the convent of St Bride, where an aged sister is described telling Isabel that a stranger of noble mien is at the gate desiring admittance to her presence. From the account which the sister gives of his awe-compelling looks, Isabel concludes that he can be no other than 'her darling brother, royal Bruce,' and gives orders for him to be immediately introduced. After some preliminary conversation, Bruce proceeds to explain the object of his visit, which, as our readers may guess, is to urge the suit of Lord Ronald. Isabel is about to reply, when she perceives the 'speechless boy,' who had accompanied his master, standing at a little distance in an attitude of the deepest sorrow. The king, understanding the cause of her agitation, desires that she will explain herself without reserve. The boy, he tells her, is a mute to whom he is indebted for his life, and whom he has brought with a view to leave him with her at the convent as her page. Isabel then returns an answer to the king's proposal. With blushes which sufficiently prove that she is not insensible to Lord Ronald's merits, she desires her brother to say, that it is her fixed resolution to pass the remainder of her days in the seclusion of a convent; but that were it otherwise, never would she accept of vows to which another could prefer a superior claim; nothing, she concludes, even in other circumstances,

stances, would induce her to alter the determination which she had made, unless she saw at her feet the ring and contract by which Lord Ronald's faith had been given to the 'ill-requited' Lorn.' Scarcely had Isabel ended speaking, when the boy sprang upon her neck—immediately recollecting himself, he bent down on his knee, and then twice kissing her hand, as suddenly disengaged himself. Isabel was naturally somewhat surprized at the 'bearing' of her new page, but 'good king Robert' begs that she will not be angry at what must have been merely an ebullition of joy at being admitted into her service. Bruce returns with the scroll which he had received; though much lamenting the resolution of his sister to take the veil, the great enterprize in which he is embarked soon drives all other thoughts from his mind, and the canto closes with a soliloquy, in which he expresses his intention of desiring Lord Edward to find out some messenger to the coast of the shore, for the purpose of engaging Cuthbert 'his father's man' to light up a signal whenever it shall appear that a proper opportunity occurs of passing over with his followers to the mainland.

The above is an outline of the fourth canto, which cannot be very greatly praised. It contains, indeed, many pleasing passages, but the merit which they possess is too much detached from the general interest of the poem. The only business is the arrival at the isle of Arran; the voyage is certainly described with spirit, but the remainder of the canto is rather tedious, and without any considerable inconvenience, have been left to be dealt to the reader's imagination. Mr Scott ought to reserve for as much as possible, the interlocutory parts of his narrative, for occasions which admit of high and animated sentiment, or for the play of powerful emotion, because this is almost the only part of the beauty of which speeches are susceptible. But to fill up the fourths of a canto with a lover's asking a brother in a quietly friendly manner for permission to address his sister in marriage, and a brother's asking his sister whether she has any objection to his doing so, is, we think, somewhat injudicious.

Matin prayers are over, and Isabel has retired to her chamber in order to pursue her private devotions, when she perceives on the pavement, a gold ring tied with a silken string to a scroll. The scroll is addressed to the Lady Isabel; within it were the following words:

' 'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,  
 With this, his promise I restore;  
 To her who can the heart command,  
 Well may I yield the plighted hand.  
 And O! for better fortune born,  
 Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn  
 Her, who was Edith once of Lorn!'

A momentary flush of joy passed over the cheek of Isabel at seeing thus removed the only obstacle which impeded her union with Lord Ronald ; it was, however, instantly succeeded by a deeper flush of shame to think she could be capable of enjoying so ungenerous a triumph. She determined on no account to avail herself of the right which the ring seemed to bestow—but by what means and by whom could it have been placed in the situation where she discovered it? There were traces of a light step upon the dew, and the ivy that grew upon the buttress beneath her window seemed to have been pressed and torn ; but upon enquiry it did not appear that any one had been seen except her brother's page, who at peep of dawn, being invited by Mona, an aged sister, to attend the chapel, had darted by, the tears bursting from his eye, and without returning an answer. The truth immediately rushed upon the mind of Isabel ; and every circumstance which she now recalled to her memory, still farther convinced her, that the ' speechless boy' whom her brother had left at the convent could be no other than Edith. Finding that Bruce had sailed in the morning for Brodick bay, she dispatches father Augustine with a most urgent request, that in case he should not be able himself to return with the page, he should instantly deliver him into the charge of her messenger. The king, who was on the point of sailing, expresses the surprise and concern which her message gave him, as he had that very morning sent the page to St. Bride's. The monk answers, that the boy had indeed been there, but that he had staid only a short time ; the mystery is however solved by Lord Edward, who informs Bruce that while he was pondering in his mind whom he should send to Cuthbert, he observed the page sitting mournfully upon a tomb, and that upon making his purpose known to him, the boy's eyes flashed with joy at the commission. The king reproaches Edward for so unmerciful an act ; but as the thing is done, he orders the embarkation to take place with speed, and desires the father to tell Isabel, that if successful on the Carrick shore, his first care shall be to restore the page. Our limits put it out of our power to transcribe the description which follows of the night-voyage ; it is, however, a passage of very considerable merit. On the opposite shore, a light is observed, which Bruce and his followers suppose to be the signal agreed upon with Cuthbert, but which on approaching nearer, assumes an appearance altogether portentous.

' The light that seem'd a twinkling star,  
Now blazed portentous, fierce and far.  
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,  
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd.  
Red were the rocks on ocean's brim,  
In blood-red light her islets swim ;

Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,  
 Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave.  
 The deer to distant covert drew,  
 The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.  
 Like some tall castle given to flame,  
 O'er half the land the lustre came.'

When they reached the shore, the light which had create much amazement could no longer be mistaken ; it was clearly a beacon, but some natural or preternatural phenomenon of which they could give no account. Soon after their debarkation it disappeared, and while they were yet uttering exclamations of amazement at the strangeness of the circumstance, the mute page proached, and put a paper into the hand of Bruce. It was from Cuthbert, who, fearing lest the meteor might be mistaken for a beacon, had sent the page to warn Bruce and tempt him to venture over, had sent the page to warn him on the shore with information that Clifford was not only on his guard, but had that very morning received a reinforcement from Lorn. Bruce and his followers are a good dealconcerted by this unwelcome news ; nevertheless, after some conversation, they resolve to abide the event, and to place themselves in ambush, with a view to seize the first favourable opportunity of making themselves masters of the castle.

' Now up the rocky pass they drew,  
 And Ronald, to his promise true,  
 Still made his arm the stripling's stay,  
 To aid him on the rugged way.  
 " Now cheer thee, simple Amadine !  
 Why throbs that silly heart of thine ?"  
 That name the pirates to their slave  
 (In Gaelic 'tis The Changeling) gave—  
 " Dost thou not rest thee on my arm,  
 Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm ?  
 Hath not the wild bull's treble hide  
 This targe for thee and me supplied ?  
 Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel ?  
 And, trembler, canst thou terror feel ?  
 Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart ;  
 From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part."—  
 —O ! many a shaft at random sent,  
 Finds mark the archer little meant !  
 And many a word at random spoken,  
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !  
 Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrified,  
 Close drew the page to Ronald's side.'

After having ascended the rocky pass which led from the shore they gain the castle park, which is described in some very interesting lines. The party cross the chase with quickness lest they should be descried from the castle.

‘ Copses they traverse, brooks they cross,  
Strain up the bank and o’er the moss;  
From the exhausted page’s brow  
Cold drops of toil are streaming now;  
With effort faint and lengthen’d pause,  
His weary steps the stripling draws.  
“ Nay, droop not yet,” the warrior said,  
“ Come, let me give thee ease and aid!  
Strong are mine arms, and little care  
A weight so light as thine to bear.—  
What! wilt thou not?—capricious boy!—  
Then thine own limbs and strength employ.  
Pass but this night, and pass thy care,  
I’ll place thee with a lady fair,  
Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell  
How Ronald loves fair Isabel!”—  
Worn out, dishearten’d, and dismay’d,  
Here Amadine let go the plaid;  
His trembling limbs their aid refuse,  
He sunk amid the midnight dews!

XXI.

‘ What may be done?—the night is gone—  
The Bruce’s band moves slowly on—  
Eternal shame, if at the brunt  
Lord Ronald grace not battle’s front!  
“ See yonder oak, within whose trunk  
Decay a darken’d cell hath sunk;  
Enter and rest thee there a space,  
Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.  
I will not be, believe me, far,  
But must not quit the ranks of war.  
Well will I mark the bosky bourn,  
And soon to guard thee hence return:—  
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!  
But sleep in peace and wake in joy.”—  
In sylvan lodging close bestow’d,  
He placed the page, and onward strode,  
With strength put forth, o’er moss and brook,  
And soon the marching band o’ertook.’

Carried out with anxiety and fatigue, Amadine quickly falls  
—his dreams, however, are soon disturbed by one of Lord  
rd’s servants, who, passing near the oak in search of a hart,  
vers the page, and immediately recognizes him as the strip-  
who the morning before had sought the cell of old Cuthbert.  
brought before Lord Clifford, who, being informed of the  
ious circumstances under which he had been found, and of  
solute silence which he preserves, orders him to be immedi-  
taken away, and hung on the oak in which he had been dis-

covered. This is about to be put in execution, when Bruce perceived it from the ambush in which his party had been, suddenly sallies forth, and while one division of his men is the victim, another seizes the gate of the castle. In a few minutes the business is settled—Clifford slain, and Bruce once more in possession of the hall of his ancestors. This Canto is not distinguished by many passages of extraordinary merit; as it is, however, full of business, and comparatively free from those long and tedious dialogues which are so frequent in the poem, it is upon the whole spirited and pleasing. The scene in which Ronald is discovered sheltering Edith under his plaid, for the love which he bears Isabel, is, we think, more poetically conceived than any other in the whole poem—and contains some touches of great pathos and beauty.

Having thus put Bruce in possession of his paternal hall, the poem pauses for about eight years! during which interval the poet desires us to believe that many things have taken place, and among others, that the mute page, having resumed the attire of her former days, has taken up her abode with Isabel, now a nun, in the convent of St. Bride. In this retreat, days and months and years had passed away in calm seclusion, when news is brought to the countess that Bruce had recovered the whole of Scotland from the grasp of the English, with the exception of Stirling castle, the garrison of which had entered into a stipulation for surrendering themselves to his charge, unless, by a day fixed upon, the English should raise the siege. On the morning after the countess arrived, Isabel takes an opportunity of informing Edith, that she must part. By the death and flight of her kindred, it seemed that Edith was now heiress to all the lands of the house of Lord Bruce, being naturally desirous of preventing so powerful a legacy from devolving upon any person of equivocal fidelity, she renewed the long-suspended treaty of marriage between the houses of Lorn and Clan-Colla. In this politic wish, the king was still farther confirmed, by having observed, that since the heart of Ronald had been closed on the side of Isabel, he had gradually become sensible of the merits of Edith, and penitent for the treachery, or at least for the imprudence, of his former conduct towards her. Under these circumstances Bruce had dispatched a messenger, acquainting Isabel with the prosperous state of his affairs, and requesting her to send Edith to him under the protection of a knight whom he had directed to take charge of her. The countess of Lorn, of course makes many coy excuses; (as well she might, for the transaction was not remarkable for its delicacy;) but she is at last, however, overruled by the kind persuasion of Isabel, and finally sets out, equipped in male attire, in order that she might have an opportunity of being an eye-witness of Ronald's re-



at the camp of Bruce on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn, which is described with considerable spirit. The account is necessary to relate: as soon as the battle is terminated, he gives orders for the celebration of the nuptials; whether ever solemnized it is impossible to say; as critics, who certainly have forbidden the banns; because, although it is true that the mere lapse of time might not have eradicated the memory of Edith, yet how such a circumstance alone, without the assistance of an interview, could have created one in the mind of Ronald, is altogether inconceivable. He must have married her, merely from compassion, or for the sake of her lands, and upon either supposition, it would have contravened the delicacy of Edith to refuse his proffered hand. It is an outline of the story upon which the poem before me is founded; and in whatever point of view it be regarded, with reference to the incidents it contains, or the agents by which it is carried on, we think that one less calculated to keep the interest and curiosity of the reader could not easily have been devised. Of the characters, we cannot say much; they are conceived with any great degree of originality, nor do they possess any particular spirit. Neither are we disposed to cavil at the minuteness of the incidents of the story; but we consider the whole poem, considering it as a narrative poem, to be upon wrong principles. The poem is obviously composed of two independent plots, connected with each other merely by the accidental circumstances of the same place. The liberation of Scotland by Bruce has no more connection with the loves of Ronald and Edith, than with those of Dido and Æneas; nor are we able to conceive any possible motive which should have induced Scott to weave them as he has done into the same narrative, or his desire of combining the advantages of an heroic poem with a domestic subject, we may call, for want of an appropriate word, an attempt; an attempt which we feel assured he never would have made had he duly weighed the very different principles upon which the dissimilar sorts of poetry are founded. This is a subject upon which we cannot now expatiate; we may however observe that to engraft a domestic episode upon an heroic story is a very different thing from engrafting an heroic episode upon a domestic subject. When the leading object of the poet is to present his reader in some great historical catastrophe, which may be brought about by the agency of individuals, or of events, it is impossible to suppose, but that in the progress of the story frequent occasions must arise in which the reader will be led to sympathise with their particular distresses. These, however, are only incidentals; they should give interest to the main story, but they should not be the main story.

of the poem, and in this case, when they do occur, the feelings which they will excite, merely pass through the mind, without heating the imagination, or greatly disturbing the curiosity with which it still looks forward to the general catastrophe. But when the interest of a poem is principally founded upon the fortunes of individuals—as all novels and romances, whether in prose or verse, ought to be—nothing can be more contrary, we conceive, either to prudence or propriety, than to attach those fortunes to the fate of states and empires; because, when the imagination is filled with great events, we are always apt to calculate things in the gross, and, as common experience shews, to estimate the value of particular interests, not by themselves, but with reference to the importance which they possess, as items in the great account. Thus, had Mr Scott introduced the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn as an episode of an epic poem upon the subject of the battle of Bannockburn, its want of connection with the main action might have been excused in favour of its intrinsic merit; but by a great singularity of judgment, he has introduced the battle of Bannockburn as an episode in the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn. To say nothing of the obvious preposterousness of such a design, abstractedly considered, the effect of it has, we think, decidedly been to destroy that interest which either of them might separately have created; or if any interest remain respecting the fate of the ill-requited Edith, it is because at no moment of the poem do we feel the slightest degree of it, respecting the enterprise of Bruce.

We have now put our readers in possession both of the story upon which the poem is built, and of our opinions as to its merits. The many beautiful passages which we have extracted from it, combined with the brief remarks subjoined to each Canto, will sufficiently shew, that although the '*Lord of the Isles*' is not likely to add very much to the reputation of Mr Scott, yet this must be imputed rather to the greatness of his previous reputation than to the absolute inferiority of the poem itself. Unfortunately, its merits are merely incidental, while its defects are mixed up with the very elements of the poem. But it is not in the power of Mr Scott to write with tameness; he chooses the subject what it will, (and he could not easily have chosen one more impracticable,) he impresses upon whatever scenes he describes so much movement and activity—he infuses into his narrative such a flow of life, and, if we may so express ourselves, of animal spirits, that without satisfying the judgment, or moving the feelings, or elevating the mind, or even very greatly interesting the curiosity, he is still able to seize upon, and, it were to calculate the imagination of his readers, in a manner which is truly unaccountable. This quality Mr Scott possesses in an admirable

able degree ; and supposing that he had no other object in view than to convince the world of the great poetical powers with which he is gifted, the poem before us would be quite sufficient for his purpose. But this is of very inferior importance to the public ; what they want is a good poem, and, as experience has shewn, this can only be constructed upon a solid foundation of taste and judgment and meditation.

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**ART. II.** *Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the Missionary Society.* By John Campbell, Minister of Kingsland Chapel. London. 1815.

**W**E shall not be classed among those who affect to despise or ridicule the labours of the missionaries ; though we may sometimes have felt it necessary to hint at their failings. To the Baptist missionaries of India and China, the European world is indebted, in no small degree, for the extension of its knowledge of oriental literature : the philological labours of Carey and Marshman, and the translations of Ward and Morison, must always be considered as valuable monuments of great talent and perseverance not uselessly applied. On the literary works of men like these, self-taught and unpatronized, criticism would be employed with an ill grace, by dwelling on every little violation of taste in composition, or fault of expression ; or by refusing to pardon any want of judgment in the selection of materials. To the Moravian missionaries, a considerable share of merit, though of a different kind is also due. Waving all pretensions to literature, their avowed object is, first to make the savage sensible of the benefits to be derived from the useful arts of civilized life ; and afterwards to instil into his mind the divine truths of the Christian religion. A third kind of merit, varying in its nature and degree from either of the former, is likewise due to the Evangelical missionaries, who seem to have no other object in view than that of ‘ preaching Christ and Him crucified.’ Nor do we think that Mr. Campbell rates the services of these Gospel missionaries too high in claiming for them ‘ the merit of philanthropy, and a most exalted display of the power of Christian principles, when they consent to leave European society and retire to a gloomy wilderness, like that of southern Africa, merely to do good to its scattered and miserable inhabitants, from love to Jesus Christ and the souls of men.’ Cold and fastidious indeed must the heart of him be, who can witness unmoved the personal dangers and privations of every kind to which these Evangelical preachers voluntarily surrender themselves, for the sole purpose of instructing the lowest of the human species in ‘ the one thing needful.’ It were to be wished,

at the same time, that their zeal was tempered with a little more of worldly wisdom and human prudence than they sometimes exhibit. But these are qualities which the present publication, among many others, gives us reason to suspect are not always to be found even among the directors of the missions, and can hardly therefore be expected in their instruments.

The death of Doctor Vander Kemp, who superintended the African missions, and of whom we gave a brief account in our review of Lichtenstein's Travels, made it expedient in the opinion of the directors,

‘To request one of their own body, the Reverend John Campbell, to visit the country, personally to inspect the different settlements, and to establish such regulations, in concurrence with Mr. Read, and the other missionaries, as might be most conducive to the attainment of the great end proposed—the conversion of the heathen, keeping in view at the same time the promotion of their civilization.’—(*Adver.* p. vi.)

Such readers of Mr. Campbell's book as may be led to expect something more than ‘the conversion of the heathen,’ will not consider the directors to have made the most happy choice of a minister. From his own narrative we have not been able to discover that he used any exertions, or indeed possessed any resources, for promoting the secondary object of his mission—‘the civilization of the native Africans.’ We are not sure, indeed, that his talents at all suited the first and main object of the society. He seems to us to want zeal, which we always understood to be an indispensable ingredient in a Gospel missionary. On his arrival at the Cape of Good Hope in November, the spring of the year, he suffers himself to be diverted from his journey into the interior, ‘till the sultry summer months should be over, as his constitution had been weakened by the tropical heats’—tropical heats on a passage to the Cape! In the interim, he prepares himself by ‘short journies’—little jaunts of pleasure, from the Cape to Stellenbosch—to the Paarl—to Darkenstein—to Groene-Kloof; and on the 13th of February, the most sultry of the summer months, he sets out on his tour. This however is no affair of ours; but we really did expect that he would have employed the four months to the passage, and the three thus spent at the Cape, in acquiring some little knowledge of the Dutch language, which is the key to those of the people whom he was proceeding to convert.—No such thing—even after a nine months journey, with companions who spoke little else than Dutch, he cannot give us a word of it correctly; and we fear, from this circumstance, that the many sermons which he preached to the Dutch, and Hottentots, and Gonas, and Booshuanas, and Namaquas, may, according to his own account, be set down as *vox et preterea nihil*. ‘I preached,’ says

re, 'through two interpreters to the Coranas. When I had spoken a sentence in English, Mr. Anderson repeated it in Dutch, and a third person in the Corana tongue. The Corana interpreter stood with his coat off, and seemed fatigued by speaking so often.' In preaching to the Booshuanas, the sermon had a fourth transmutation to undergo.

Another objection to the choice of Mr. Campbell is the evident absence of every qualification with which, in these days, a traveller is expected to be gifted. The most common objects of nature he is either unacquainted with, or affects to consider as beneath his notice; and the reader who looks for information as to the natural history or the geography of that part of south Africa, hitherto but little travelled by Europeans, will meet with disappointment; false nomenclature, and vague and confused description, are all he is to expect. In justice, however, to Mr. Campbell, it is right to state that we believe his veracity to be unquestionable; and, that there are in his book traits of character and insulated facts which, with all its drawbacks, stamp a certain value upon it even as a book of travels—of its other merits we must leave the Missionary journals to speak; but we would by all means recommend to the society to leave out, in the next edition, that hideous, full-length portrait of Mr. Campbell, which we would fain hope bears no resemblance to the original: for though we mean not to profess ourselves disciples of Lavater, we do not think that, in the choice of persons to deal with savages, personal qualifications are altogether to be disregarded.

The expedition, which on the 13th February left Cape town, consisted of two waggons, one drawn by twelve, the other by fourteen oxen; two drivers, Cupido, a converted Hottentot and a preacher of the Gospel, and Britannia, a Gonaqua; two Hottentot ox-leaders, John and Michael; and two Hottentot ladies, Elizabeth and Sarah, who were hired in the capacities of cook and washer-woman. We find but few occurrences worthy of notice during the first eighteen days. They killed a grey serpent 'which shone in the dark, and emitted a rattling sound, evidently intended by Providence to warn people of its approach'—they found shells of the land-tortoise which had lately been killed by the crow, 'who raises them into the air, when she lets them fall, either upon stones or hard ground, by which their shells are broken, and they become an easy prey;' they caught a scorpion, and surrounded him with fire to put to the proof the vulgar opinion that so circumstanced he would sting himself to death; 'but it died as quietly as any other animal, only darting its sting from it, as if to oppose any ordinary assailant;' and they saw another animal 'resembling an animated piece of straw, which the boors called the Hottentots' god.' These and a few similar observations,

with

with some hair-breadth escapes from rugged rocks, precipices, deep rivers; an occasional sermon in Dutch from Cupido, profusion of moral and religious reflections on the scattered miserable inhabitants of the wilderness, make up a tolerable chapter, at the end of which we find ourselves at the New D of George Town, founded by Lord Caledon.

‘A more pleasant situation I have not yet seen in Africa. It is with wood, water, and majestic scenery. The neighbouring country is extensive, full of all kinds of trees belonging to the climate, sufficient to supply them with timber for a thousand years. The soil is good, either for corn or pasture; there is plenty of clay for bricks, and abundance of lime on the sea shore, which is only a few hours distant. The Landrost’s house is building—the prison and court-house are finished—the Secretary’s and some other houses nearly finished—the two principal streets are to cross each other at right angles, and the church is to stand in the centre. The streets will be 200 feet wide; on each side of them is to be planted a row of trees, not only for ornament, but for defending passengers from scorching rays of an almost vertical sun.’

Lord Caledon deserves the thanks of the colony for this first attempt at building a distant town, drawing the inhabitants thither, and creating a market for the interchange of commodities. Independent of local conveniences, the situation is judiciously chosen. It is midway between Zwellendam, and Plettenberg bay, in that choice district of country formerly known by the name of Autoniequaland, which was reserved especially by the government for rearing and supporting its numerous herds of oxen. Why it had not before been settled, and why European settlers are not encouraged to cultivate the rich and extensive tract of land, well wooded and well watered, that stretches along the sea coast of the colony for many hundred miles, is to us inexplicable. The discouragement of colonial population, prevailing to the age we live in, and unworthy of that liberality which generally distinguishes the British government.

Here Captain *Dik-kop*, (in other words, Captain *Thick*), a Hottentot chief, brought about sixty of his people, most of them males, to hear a sermon from Cupido; after which they remained at the captain’s kraal. A very old man, nearly in a senile nature, welcomed the missionaries with lively expressions of gratitude—but, on being asked if he knew any thing of Christ, he replied, ‘I know no more about any thing than a beast.’ One would naturally conclude that such an answer was rather discouraging; but not so Mr. Campbell. ‘Could I have brought,’ says he, ‘the great missionary meetings of the month of May to this kraal, to witness the scene that passed, I think I would have thrown in handfuls of gold to aid the Missionaries.’



s, till the directors should be alarmed and cry out, like Moses at the Tabernacle in the wilderness, "Stop, brethren, you are giving more than is necessary."

From George Town to Bethelsdorp little occurred worthy of notice, beyond the usual difficulties which all travellers have to encounter in this country from the passage of rivers and rocky hills, and the occasional scarcity of fresh water. At one place, while Cupido was preaching, a wolf made an attack on two cows, of which he killed, and wounded the other. We have already observed that Mr. Campbell is no naturalist;—"the difference between trees, flowers, &c." says he, "is but little; in a week or so, foreign trees and flowers become as familiar to the eye, as the furze and briar bushes are to Englishmen; nothing but the unsearchable

Jehovah can fully gratify man's immortal mind;" and although he confesses that "he derived much pleasure from the curiosities of Africa—yet he would rather look at a believer in *than* a mountain of *crystal*." With professed indifference to the works of creation, we need not be surprised at his "seeing very beautiful myrtles growing to the height of fifteen or twenty feet," in a country where the myrtle is not an indigenous plant! We are disposed to give him more credit for sagacity in distinguishing the merits of the human character; and are most willing (we speak from experience) to bear testimony to his good opinion of the Hottentots. "I think (he says) the Hottentot's mind is better cultivated than the minds of many in the lowest classes in London; and I should expect to be much better served, and to be more safe in travelling with twenty Hottentots, than with twenty Europeans." We verily believe that there is not on the face of the earth a more faithful, attached creature than a Hottentot, nor a race of men possessed of quicker natural talents—but, as a nation, they may almost be considered as extinct. On the 20th March the party arrived at Bethelsdorp, where, after a good deal of preaching, and assisting at a love-feast, which consisted of a cup of coffee and biscuit, they found a little time to look over the establishment. From the account here given, it seems to be what Lichtenstein described it to be, "the Beggar's village;" but this author has been roughly handled for telling the truth, and especially for exposing the weakness of its founder, Peter Vander Kemp, in marrying a Hottentot, or, we rather think, a slave, woman, in his old age, neglecting his person, and slothful in filth and idleness. Mr. Campbell says, the place has a miserable appearance; the houses are mean, and many of them fallen into ruins; the grounds in the neighbourhood so barren that no verdure is to be seen near them; neither trees, nor shrubs, nor gardens to relieve the eye.

Had the founder of Bethelsdorp been more aware of the importance

ance of civilization, there might at least have been more external appearance of it than there now is. He seems to have judged it necessary rather to imitate the savage in appearance, than to induce the savage to imitate him—perhaps, considering his conduct countenanced by what Paul says, of his becoming all things to all men, that he might gain some—the Doctor would appear in public without hat, stockings, shoes, and probably without a coat.’

The truth appears to be—that having violated decency, in the first instance, he gradually lost all sense of it, and descended, perhaps by imperceptible steps, to the habits of the savages with whom he associated; and we confess we have not much hope from the exertions of his coadjutor and successor Mr. Read, who following the example of his principal, married a Hottentot girl at an age which, in this country, would not be considered marriageable.

From Bethelsdorp, the mission proceeded in an easterly direction, through that part of the country formerly known by the name of Zaurefeld, or the Sour Grass Plain, which extends from the Zwartkops nearly to the Great Fish river, a district to which they have now given the name of Albany. Here a chain of military posts has been established, to prevent the incursions of the Caffres, though it does not appear that any use is made of the country by the colonists; the only inhabitants being, at each post a subaltern, with a few men, generally of the Hottentot regiment and occasionally a straggling party of Caffres or Hottentots. The officers were mostly Scotch and Hanoverians. Mr. Campbell seems at a loss to conjecture how they passed the time, especially as he observed that the library of one of them consisted only of a dictionary and an almanack, with which, however, he appeared to be very well contented. The head-quarters are at Graham’s Town, but where this is situated, it is impossible, either from Mr. Campbell’s description, or from his miserable map, in which it is not inserted, to determine. From Graham’s Town however, they directed their course north-westerly, towards Gra-Reynet. On the way they visited Captain Andrews on the Fish river, whose house and whole establishment formed a remarkable contrast to those of the Dutch boors in the vicinity. Though the best house in the whole district of Albany, it was built by himself and the Hottentots whom he instructed: he had an excellent garden, watered by an engine, which raised the water thirty feet out of the river; this engine, we suppose, was the wheel of the Chinese, with scoops or buckets appended to its circumference: the boors gaped at it with astonishment, but when he offered to let the water of two good springs to the grounds of one of these people, provided he would sow grain, he said it was too much trouble he could purchase flour at five days’ journey! Here Mr. Campbell observed

served an ant-hill of a larger size than we had apprehended they reached in this part of Africa; it was about five feet high, twelve in circumference. With these hills (from two to three feet high, and about two feet diameter) whole plains are studded. They are encrusted with a clayey substance, as hard almost as stone; internally they are composed of a dark-brown substance, an indurated peat, which makes an excellent fuel; and by perforating the side and setting fire to the interior, the boors have once an excellent oven to bake their bread, or roast their mutton, when travelling over the deserts. The activity of the insect bees probably with the heat of the climate; here they sometimes work their way into a boor's house, and devour the multitudes of contents of the great family chest; but on the east coast of Africa, about Congo and Bemba, if we may believe Father Mari, they make no ceremony of eating up a whole ox in the course of a night; indeed he himself had a narrow escape from being devoured: the ants, he says, having 'broke loose,' poured a torrent into his house, and before he could get out, were ready half a foot deep upon the floor.

The bees frequently drive out the ants and take possession of their habitations. In those cells, and in the crevices of rocks, or hollow trees, the boors employ the Hottentots to seek for honey: this, indeed, the Hottentots enjoy the monopoly, having persuaded the colonists, that in every nest a certain moth is engendered whose bite is mortal. A specimen of this moth was brought to England as a most extraordinary curiosity; on examination, however, it was found to be only a species of phalæna, already well known under the name of the *death's-head* moth.

During their stay at Graaf Reynet, they had a great many meetings for preaching and prayer. Here Cupido and Boozak, two converted Hottentots, also 'addressed the heathen.' Our readers, perhaps, may wish to see a specimen of a Hottentot sermon.

At eleven A. M. Cupido preached. He spoke of every thing proceeding from God: he asked "Who made the trees? You will say they come from other trees. Well then, who made the first tree? It could not be man, or he would be able to make them still; but it is beyond the power of man to make a tree; it must be God."

Boozak was equally eloquent, but in somewhat better taste.

Before the missionaries came to us, we were as ignorant of every thing as you now are. I thought then I was the same as a beast; that when I died there would be an end of me; but after hearing them, I found I had a soul that must be happy or miserable for ever. Then I became afraid to die. I was afraid to take a gun into my hand, lest it would kill me, or to meet a serpent lest it should bite me. I was afraid then

then to go to the hill to hunt lions or elephants lest they should kill me. But when I heard of the Son of God having come into the world to die for sinners, all that fear went away. I took my gun again without fear of death went to hunt lions, and tigers, and elephants. You shall soon have an opportunity to be taught the same things.

On another occasion Cupido rose into a higher strain of eloquence.

‘He illustrated,’ says Mr Campbell, ‘the immortality of the soul, alluding to the serpent, who, by going between the two branches of a bush which press against each other, strips himself once a year of his skin. “When we find the skin,” said he, “we do not call it the serpent; no, it is only the skin; neither do we say, the serpent is dead, no, for we know he is alive, and has only cast his skin.”—The serpent he compared to the soul, and the skin to the body of the man.’

Leaving Graaf Reynet for the Sneeuwberg, and proceeding across the Bochimans, or Bushman country, they arrived at a place where there was a great amount of game of the higher class—elks and zebras, gnus, quagga, and hippopotami; lions, too, figure in almost every page of the journals. I have met with no African traveller, ancient or modern, who has had the good luck to fall in with such multitudes of these animals, as Mr. Campbell and his party. A boor of Graaf Reynet had shot a male lion, on which his mate sprang from behind and dashed the murderer to the ground with a stroke of her paw. As he was proceeding to tear him in pieces, when the brother-in-law of the man levelled his musket, and shot her through the throat. Not before she had dreadfully lacerated her intended victim. The skin of the dead lion, with its black and shaggy mane of twelve inches long, had a terrific appearance to Mr. Campbell; but he had now to encounter living lions. Indeed the party had not proceeded far in the Sneeuwberg before the alarm was given of lions being close upon them in a thicket. Thirteen of the party therefore, advanced with loaded muskets within fifty yards of the spot, and poured in a volley of balls, when one of these animals was made off, apparently wounded, but the other, a female, was disabled, as to be killed by a second fire. Here they halted till the night; and while at supper, discoursing of lions and lion-hunters, were assailed by a terrible roaring of one of these creatures, behind the tent, which they concluded to be the male lion in search of his mate. The boors informed Mr. Campbell that the Bushmen are in the habit of throwing their children into the lions, to preserve themselves, which has thus given them a taste for human flesh, especially that of Bushmen; so marked, indeed, was this predilection stated to be, that if a white man and a black man were together, and met a hungry lion, he would at once prefer the former to the latter. Pigaletta has recorded the preference of tigers on the west coast, for blacks to whites.

lers indeed seem to agree, that a lion will at all times select a Hottentot from among the boors, or make his way through a whole herd of cattle to get at him; and in this he shews both strength and judgment. The boors and quadrupeds would require to be uncased, or stripped of their clothes, hair, and wool; but a Hottentot is not only ready plucked, but larded. There is a story told by Barrow of the perseverance of a lion in waiting at the foot of a tree for a Hottentot, who had fled to it for protection. Mr. Campbell has a story of the same kind; only his lion and Hottentot both fell asleep, when the latter tumbled out of the tree upon the former, which so astonished the royal brute, that he took to his heels, leaving the Hottentot master of the field. In crossing the Sneeuwberg, they visited a deep cavern, formed by rocks, whose roof resembled that of 'a cathedral in miniature;' within it they observed hundreds of bats hanging by their feet so close together, that at first sight they appeared like carved-work on the roof; their dung lay in the bottom of the cave, half-leg deep. The only other curiosity that the Snowy Mountains afforded them was, 'a Bushwoman about sixty years of age, who only measured three feet nine inches, and knew no more about God than the very cattle.'

The 'Bushman's country,' which they had now to pass, is a very desert, between the confines of the Sneeuwberg and the Orange or Great River. In crossing it they were accosted by a Bushman's family, consisting of three men, a woman, and a child, and nearly at the same time they encountered a couple of lions; but the latter walked away without molesting them. None of the Bushmans had any name, Mr. Campbell says, except the father, whom they called in their language *Old Boy*. He advised the party to wash her face, having observed it to be extremely dirty, but she declined the operation, with a significant shake of the head; and the Hottentots explained to him that their countrymen liked the dirt, because it kept them warm. Their food consisted of a bulbous root, which, when roasted, had the taste of a peanut. Mr. Campbell calls it *ouches* (*nintjes*, we presume, *little boys*, the *iris edulis*). In summer they lay in a stock of locusts, which are dried and pounded into powder. Soon after this interview, while chasing a flock of elks, they saw no less than five lions in one group, who, notwithstanding their numbers, ran away as swiftly as the elks; and on the following day they again saw three lions together; but, excepting these, neither beast nor bird was seen the whole day. 'It appeared,' says Mr. Campbell, 'to be a land forsaken by every creature, on account of the scarcity of water.' The next day, however, they again fell in with three lions, pursuing a herd of quachas, which fled towards their advanced party; they

they thought proper therefore to face about, and make for waggon, the lions following in full chase; but passing the waggon they gave them no further disturbance. On the succeeding day the party crossed a plain, on which was a lake of such extent that Mr. Campbell says, it was the first he had seen in five months of travel that deserved the name, but the water was salt. The lake abounded with game, particularly with various kinds of birds, of which they shot nine; also one quacha and one ostrich. In ten days they had accomplished the passage of this dreary desert, a part of the journey which Mr. Campbell thinks might have been fatal to the expedition, had not a copious rain fallen; for, otherwise, it was ascertained, they would have met with nothing but a scanty supply of brackish water, and that only twice in the seven days, and very little either of water or grass during the five. The sight of the Great River was therefore most acceptable to man and beast, and both cattle and men rushed towards it with the greatest eagerness. 'Neither the thickets with which its banks were covered, nor the steepness of its sides, seemed any impediment to the cattle; they pushed heedlessly forward, till their mouths reached it, when the rapid motion of every tail indicated satisfaction and enjoyment.'

Here, however, it was not fordable; but after travelling for eight days along the southern bank, in an easterly direction they at length reached a ford. Several Hottentots, who reside on the opposite side, came across to assist them; these people load their oxen in the waggon, and others swam on '*wooden horses*,' and before them the loose cattle, sheep, and goats. These *wooden horses* are described by Mr. Trüter as logs of wood from eight to ten feet in length, having pegs driven into the side at an equal distance from one of the ends. On one of these logs a man stretches himself at full length, holding fast by the peg with his hand, whilst with the other, and occasionally with his feet, he pushes it on by striking the water, as in the act of swimming. The end of the log, which goes foremost, is held obliquely to the current in an angle of about 45 degrees, by which it is pushed across the river, out being carried far down with the current. It is a singular circumstance, that in the whole extent of this river, (which is known for at least 600 miles,) the banks of which are inhabited by sedentary tribes of people, who have abundance of cattle, and who raise pulse, grain, tobacco, &c. there should not be a boat of any description; and it is the more so, as on the banks there is an almost uninterrupted belt of wood, in some places less than a quarter of a mile in depth. One would think that the missionaries, who have for some years past formed settlements at no great distance from the banks of the Orange,



uld have so far administered to their own convenience and comfort, as to have contrived some sort of raft, or coracle, to keep up a communication with the two banks.—The Moravians could immediately have accomplished it.

A long day's journey brought the party to a missionary station, called Klaar water, in the Briequa or Corana country. Mr. Campbell calls this part of the country Griqualand, and the natives Griquas, for no other reason that we can discover, except that it was the residence of 'two brothers of the name of *Grika*, who some years ago fled from the colony, in consequence of having committed forgery; the one was trodden to death by an elephant, the other accompanied Dr. Cowan, and was murdered along with him.' The name of the two brothers, whose story is told in Mr Trüter's Journal, was *Krüger*. These men first visited the Briequas, and succeeding travellers have continued the appellation; but none of them have told us, before Mr. Campbell, that 'they were dressed much like the common people of England.' In one house was noticed a Dutch quarto Bible, and in others, parts of the New Testament. Some of the people had small gardens, in which were pumpkins, cabbages, kidney beans, &c., tobacco, millet; in that of the missionaries were potatoes, peaches and peach trees, with a few vines; there was also a smith's shop, of little use, as there was nobody to instruct the natives.

From the Briequas the party directed their course towards Lattakoo, or, as Mr. Campbell chuses to call it, Lattakoo, the principal town of the Booshuanas. They had not proceeded far before they observed four or five lions on a rising ground, who slowly turned round and looked at them; but, by a sort of tacit compact, neither party seemed disposed to molest the other, the one remaining stationary, the other moving forward. (On this occasion, Mr. Campbell mentions a *contrivance* of one of the party to shoot a lion, by placing a trap-gun at the entrance of a kraal; this contrivance, (as he will find on reading Kolben) known, and practised with success, in the very earliest periods of the colony, under the name of a *stell-roer*.

On the fourth day after leaving the Great River, they halted at a spring near the foot of the *Blink*, or shining mountain, so called from 'a shining stone, resembling the lead of which pencils are made in England, and which, when ground, the Booshuanas use for hair-powder. It also contains a red stone, with which the neighbouring tribes paint their bodies.' Mr. Campbell calls this place 'a kind of *Mecca* to surrounding nations.' With a lighted candle Messrs. Campbell and Read visited this powder-mine, wading half up the leg in 'black-lead dust,' (*mica*, we suspect,) in a subterranean passage, towards the centre of the mountain.

‘The arched roof was full of projecting pieces of the shining and large caverns appeared on each side as we advanced. The one place appeared curiously carved, as if the work of art, part of which we were able to reach. On touching this carved work, we perceived it had life, and, on examination, we found it to be composed of a multitude of bats, hanging asleep from the roof and projecting rocks on the sides of the cave. Moving them backwards and forwards, neither did we nor made any of them loose their hold of the rock on which they were by the claws of their hinder legs, but holding the candle at a little distance under one of them, awoke it, when it flew to another part of the cave.’

Three days further travelling brought them to the Kroumou fountain, or, as Mr. Trüter more correctly, we doubt not, call it Kourmanna fountain, which both describe as one of the best springs in all Africa. Near the mouth of the cave from which it issues, Mr. Campbell says it flows in a stream, nine feet wide and eighteen inches deep. Mr. Trüter says it gushed from a cleft of rocks as from the sluice of a mill-dam, and that it forms a stream a hundred paces from its source, a stream of at least thirty feet wide, and two feet deep. Three days more brought them to Leetakoo, and in these the only observation of note that occurred to Mr. Campbell is, that the paths in the Kroumou country are all narrow, ‘because the people walk as geese fly, one immediately behind the other;’ a custom which he thinks, may probably ‘be owing to a scarcity of subject for conversation.’ In this part of the journey they discovered the track of Mr. Burchall’s waggon, ‘the only European now who ever visited the city of Leetakoo, *where it now stands*. The same people once lived three or four days’ journey near the colony, where they were visited by Messrs. Trüter, Vandenberg and Janz.’ Who the two latter may be we know not; but rather unlucky for Mr. Campbell’s geographical accuracy, in the meagre chart, whose outline he has traced from the map fixed to Mr. Trüter’s Journal, he has laid down the Leetakoo which *he* visited, three days’ journey ‘nearer to the colony than that which Mr. Trüter visited. That it is nearer, we infer from the latter placing *Patanie* six days’ journey to the west of Leetakoo, and Mr. Campbell calling it but *three* days. We know indeed, from the last accounts transmitted by the unfortunate Count to the Earl of Caledon, that the town of Leetakoo, visited by Messrs. Trüter and Somerville, had been destroyed in consequence of a schism among the principal people; and that the King had caused a new capital to be built at the distance of 60 S.W. of Leetakoo, to which he gave the name of Rampan.

The Mr. Burchall here mentioned is, we understand, a Mr. Burchall, the nurseryman; he has been several years in the interior of Africa, and is now on his passage home; with a collection

lection of various subjects of natural history, and a great number of sketches and drawings, which, we have heard, are exceedingly curious and interesting.

On descending towards the valley in which Leetakoo was situated, they were rather surprized that no person was to be seen in any direction, except two or three boys; they advanced within a hundred yards of the town, yet no inhabitant appeared. On entering the principal street, a man came forward, and beckoned the party to follow him. 'Proceeding amidst the houses, every thing remained as still as if the town had been forsaken of its inhabitants.' Arriving opposite the king's house, they found several hundreds of people assembled, among whom were a number of tall men with spears, drawn up in military order on the right side of the square, marked out by bushes and branches of trees. In a few minutes this square was filled with men, women, and children, who poured in from all quarters, to the number of a thousand or more. They observed, however, a shyness and suspicion, and a whispering among one another, which, with the dead silence experienced on entering the town, they were unable to comprehend, until it was at length explained to them, that on the hearing of their approach, the natives had been alarmed lest the object of their visit should be to revenge the murder of Doctor Swan and his party, who, they said, had been put to death by the Wanketzens, a tribe of people to the northward of Leetakoo. Finding, however, that the journey of the party had no relation to this unhappy business, they soon acquired confidence. The old king, Moolihaban, who conducted himself with so much kindness and hospitality to Messrs. Trüter and Somerville, was present, and his son Mateebé was from home on a party for hunting jackalls, but the two uncles of this chief, Munaneets and Makooto, with several of the principal men of the place, came to their tent; they were followed by one of the king's wives, who brought them some milk, for which they gave her in exchange a pipe of tobacco. She asked Mr. Read for snuff: he said he did not use snuff; to which she shrewdly replied, 'he would have the means to give away on that account.'

Here they remained eight days, before Mateebé arrived from his hunting excursion. He entered the town with many attendants carrying spears and poles dressed with black ostrich feathers, which are used to frighten away lions, by sticking them in the ground where they halt. In passing the waggons, he took not the least notice of them, and acted just as if no strangers were present. Having heard from his ministers the events that had taken place during his absence, and related his own adventures, of which did not occupy more than ten minutes, the waggons were ordered to advance, when he stretched out his right hand,

hand, which each of them shook. 'During all this,' says Campbell, 'there was not the smallest alteration in his countenance. He appeared thoughtful, deep, and cautious, exactly like the portraits I have seen of Buonaparte, which were taken ten or twelve years ago.' They thought at first he had a fading aspect, but every hour he grew in their estimation, and felt much,' says Mr. Campbell, 'at parting from him.' He not absolutely refuse to receive a permanent mission, but he gave out little encouragement. His people, he said, had no time to give to their instructions, because they had to attend to cattle, planting, and many other things; besides, what was taught was contrary to their customs: but, on being told that the instruction would not interfere with industry; that the white people were industrious, as he might see by the clothes, waggons, and so forth, which were made by them, he at length said, 'I will be an instructor, and I will be a father to them.'

The Booshuanas are represented by Mr. Campbell as the most contented and good-humoured people which Mr Trüter describes them to be. Every day, and many times in the course of a week, parties of women and young girls danced and sung before the tents, some marked with chalk and red ochre, and others decorated out in straw or feathers, in the most fantastic manner. They seemed to have nothing to do but loiter about the town. Great numbers visited their tents every day, but not a single article was missing during their stay, except two buttons, for taking which the culprit was driven out of the public square.

Lichtenstein, Alberti, and Barrow, all surmise that the Caffers of whom the Booshuanas are a tribe, are descended from the Arabs—from their features, from the several Arabic words in their language, and from the Islamic rite of circumcision being universally practised among them. The Booshuanas, it seems, could give no account of their origin. They said they came from some far country to the northward; that two men came out on the water, the one rich, having plenty of cattle, the other poor having only dogs. One lived by feeding his cattle; the other by the chase. This is the vague account collected by Mr. Campbell, but what can a people tell who, if they ever had the art of perpetuating the memory of events by written characters, have it? They could not even give any account of the ruins of a town as large as Leetakoo, standing on the heights near it, the foundations of whose buildings were of stone, and of the same circular form as their present houses.

'Having heard,' says Mr. Campbell, 'of some paintings in Salakooto's house, we went after breakfast to view them. We found them rough representations of the camel-leopard, rhinoceros, elephant, tiger, and stein-buck, which Salakooto's wife had drawn on the clay.'

in white and black paint: however they were as well done as we could find, and may lead to something better.

If any credit were due to the authority of M. Humboldt, they are already 'something better.' 'Mr. Trüter relates,' says this traveller, 'that in the southern extremity of Africa, among the Bushuanas he saw children busy in tracing on a rock, with some sharp instrument, characters which bore the most perfect resemblance to the P and the M of the Roman alphabet, notwithstanding which these rude tribes were perfectly ignorant of writing.' No such passage, nor any allusion to such a circumstance, occurs in the only journal which Mr. Trüter wrote: we take upon ourselves to assert this positively, having examined the original manuscript with great care. Yet this is a fact on which M. Humboldt hangs one of his numerous theories.

Higher up to the northward, and on the eastern coast, they have been more fortunate. When Vasco de Gama first visited it, he found a continued succession of kingdoms, with large well-built fortified cities, inhabited by a civilized, industrious, and commercial people, the descendants of those Arabs who, many centuries before, had carried their arms and established their settlements in every accessible part of the coast from Cape Guadafui, to Cape Brantes; he found them carrying on an extensive commerce with India, Persia, and Arabia, from Sofala, Mozambique, Zanzibar, Quiloa, and Melinda. Of the rich, populous, and extensive kingdom of Quiloa, reaching from Mombaza on the north, to Sofala on the south, Almeida, the Portuguese admiral, procured an extract from its recorded history, commencing with Halli the founder, and brought down to Ibrahim the reigning sovereign; a period of four hundred years. From these Arabs and the native looms of the north-west, mixing with the original Africans, who are probably a superior kind of negroes, have unquestionably been derived the various tribes we meet with on the eastern coast and the central parts of southern Africa, with the exception of the Hottentots, who are a distinct and peculiar race.

A people who, like the Booshuanas, at Leetakoo, according to Mr. Campbell, collect together to the number of seven or eight thousand, and occupy fifteen hundred dwellings in one spot, must but have made some progress in civilization. The houses consist of a circular row of wooden pillars, supporting a conical roof, and each house has an inclosure fenced in with bark or the stalks of the Caffre corn. These houses are represented as neat and clean; and an inclosure belonging to one of the principal people had, Mr. Campbell says, 'much of an English appearance.'

The women perform all the laborious work, from which the men of the king are not exempt; they build the houses, mould the

the pottery, dig the ground, and plant and the grain and pulse. The men tend and milk the cows, dress their hides and make them fit to wear, and go out on excursions, sometimes to hunt, and sometimes to plunder the neighbouring tribes. They have their cattle in the same good order and discipline as the Caffres; and when they refuse to yield their milk, they, in common with all the tribes of southern Africa, follow the method which Herodotus tells us was practised by the Scythians with their mares, and which is forcibly described by a print in old Kober.

The Booshuanas are simple in their diet. With great abundance of cattle, they rarely indulge themselves in animal food; they have no kind of intoxicating liquor; and snuff and tobacco are their only luxuries. Mr. Campbell is not a man of observation, or he would not have failed to add that of the hookah, which is in general use among them. We have no doubt they, as well as the Hindoos, had it from the Arabians. With the Booshuanas it is extremely inartificial: a cow or an eland's horn is filled with water; into this, through the side, is inserted a hollow tube, the top of which is a small receptacle for the tobacco; the smoke is then inhaled, by means of another tube, through the water. With regard to snuff, it is made from various kinds of pungent herbs dried and pulverized, and then mixed up with wood ashes. Men, women, and children all use it in great quantities; they take it in the palm of the hand and draw it up the nostrils, through a reed, till the tears trickle down their cheeks. Somewhat of their style of living may be collected from the following passage:

'The royal family were at dinner, in the corner of their yard, outside the house. The king's distinction seemed to consist in his sitting near the pot that contained the boiled beans, on which they were dining, and having the only spoon we saw, with which he helped himself and his friends, by putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him. One of the princesses was employed in cutting with an axe a dried paulownia into small pieces, and putting them into a pot to be boiled, either for a complete that repast, or to serve for another soon after. One of Mateebé's sisters was cutting up a filthy-looking piece of flesh, and putting it into the same pot. Certainly an Englishman would be dying for want of food before he accepted an invitation to dine with the king of Leetakoo.'

Before their departure from Leetakoo they had some conversation with Mateebé on the subject of Dr. Cowan's murder. He told them that, when on an expedition with the Wanketzens, he saw the chief of this tribe, whose name is Makkabba, appear at a dance in the clothes of Cowan, which were red and striped; that so far from concealing the murder, this chief advised Mateebé to treat the white people as he did, and then he would get such articles also, and that he had observed some of the barrels of their muskets



loyed to smooth the seams of their skin cloaks. He further learned from a party of Booshuanas and Coranas, who had assisted the Wanketzens in an expedition against an enemy farther off, that these savages took an opportunity, while Dr. Cowan, Lieutenant Donovan were bathing in a pool at a little distance from the waggons, to put to death the people that were tending the cattle, then those at the waggons, and lastly the unfortunate Cowan and his companion. One man escaped who fled to the missionary station at Klaar-water, but was afterwards put to death by another chief of the name of Makrakka, who had revolted from Moolihaban. This catastrophe is reported to have taken place near the city of Melita, where Makrakka, the chief of the Wanketzens, resides. The same story, with very little variation, had been told to them at Leetakoo, before the chief's arrival, by several persons, and among others by their own interpreter, who had seen Cowan's tent, sheep, spoons, and clothes; some of the latter being in fact in Leetakoo. Mr. Campbell has placed the *Wanketzens* north-east from Leetakoo a five days' journey, which does not at all agree with the account he received from a Corana named John Hendric, who went to Melita to shoot game and barter for cattle. Leaving Leetakoo Hendric travelled eastward to a people called Red Caffres, named Makka, a mongrel race between Booshuanas and Hottentots. The first of their villages was four days' journey from Leetakoo, the name of the principal one, Reebé. After six days' journey from hence, in a north-easterly direction, he came to the city Moosso, much larger than Leetakoo, containing from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants; this is the capital of the Morolong, Baroloos of Mr Trüter; they are the same people, and have the same manners and customs as the Booshuanas. From Moosso travelling north, he reached in three days the city of Melita, which is somewhat smaller than Moosso; the language, manners, and customs nearly the same. From this account, and taking an average day's journey at twenty miles, which is about the average of Hottentot's travelling, Melita will be situated about two hundred and twenty miles north-east of Leetakoo.

The account of a journey performed by Materee, usually employed as an ambassador from Mateebé to other chiefs, is curious. He set out with a party on a plundering expedition. Travelling north, they reached Chué, or Honey Valley, the fourth day; they then struck off to the westward, and journeyed for five days over extensive deserts, entirely destitute of water, but supplied with wild water-melons in great abundance, which served them both for food and drink. They then reached a nation called Mampoor, who reside near a great water, across which they could see no land, and on which they observed the sun, to

go down. They saw the people go upon this water in which they pushed forward with pieces of wood put into water. Materree represented them as a peaceable and hardy people, a great many of whom he murdered, and then brought away their cattle without molestation, and returned in five days to Leetakoo. Whether the cattle lived also on water-melons Campbell does not say, but we think the account carries with it internal evidence of Mootere's having crossed Africa to the southern Atlantic, or Ethiopic ocean.

From Leetakoo the party determined to proceed to the northward, on a report that numbers of the natives residing in that quarter would gladly receive missionaries. The appearance of the country before them was that of a corn field bounded by a low horizon. They killed a beautiful quacha, two buffalos, and a number of all of which were eagerly devoured—saw large flocks of springboks, and some wandering Bosjesmans;—on the second day they came to a Booshuana village of ten huts, resembling inverted tea-cups; and on the day following reached a red Caffre village situated in the opening of some hills, which they called Wanket Pass, where nearly a hundred people from Leetakoo met them to get the start of them to gather ‘*ouches*’ for food. The thermometer at sunrise stood at 24°, and the ice was half an inch thick; at noon the mercury had mounted to 60°, and was generally 68° in the middle of the day. These red Caffres, obviously Booshuans, are described as extremely wretched, living in dwellings shaped like ‘half a hen’s egg, with the open part exposed to the weather, and so low as to be hardly visible among the bushes quite close to them.’ Three miles beyond this brought them to the town of Maiapeetsee, the people of which gazed at their approach with ‘fear and astonishment.’ It consisted of fifty huts, and about three hundred inhabitants; a quiet, indolent, good-humoured sort of people, living almost entirely on the produce of their cattle, of which they had two thousand cows at this station as many at two other stations. The men are neither so tall nor so black, nor so industrious as those of Leetakoo, but they are just the same.

Observing in the hair of one of the principal men of the party a small silver bugle-horn, it struck them forcibly that it must have belonged either to Doctor Cowan or Lieutenant Donovan. By employing one of their followers, they obtained it for a pipe of tobacco. The man who wore it said he had it from a person living to the northward, and upon further inquiries, it appeared that the account received here, and at Leetakoo, was correct, and that Makkabba, the chief of the Wanketzens, was the donor. We may be permitted, however, to doubt the accuracy of the information obtained by Mr. Campbell respecting the

manner of the death of Doctor Cowan and his unfortunate companions. We have seen his last letter, which is dated the 21st of September, 1808. On the 14th of that month he had observed the sun's meridional altitude to be  $86^{\circ} 30'$ , from which and the time and distance subsequently travelled, the situation, at the date of the letter, must have been somewhere about lat.  $24^{\circ}$  and  $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , which may be stated at eleven days' journey beyond Makoo, and six days' beyond Melita, where by Mr. Campbell's account they were murdered. This spot was the situation of Makoo's capital, the chief who had separated from Moolihaban, nothing could exceed the kindness which the travellers experienced from him; at their departure he sent his own brother to accompany them, and to introduce them to the next tribe lying to the northward, which Cowan calls the Wanketchies. This country is described as more rich and beautiful than any which had yet appeared in Southern Africa. It was watered by the river Meloppo, rising out of a large lake, and running in a north-westerly direction; the face of the country diversified by clumps of the tall spreading accacia.

Doctor Cowan states his intention, on leaving the Wanketchies, to strike off in a north-easterly direction towards Sofala river, by which he meant to descend to the coast. On a rumour from Sofala of some disaster having befallen the party, Lord Caledon immediately dispatched a ship from the Cape to collect information from the governor. The account he received was, that the travellers arriving in the evening within the dominions of the king Mafure (a slave-dealer) in two boats drawn by oxen, (tilt-wagons,) the king had asked for one of these boats as a present, which not being granted, the party were set upon in the middle of the night, and put to death, except two persons who effected an escape; that this happened between Sofala and Inhambana, at forty leagues from the sea coast. The governor of Mozambique sent trusty blacks up the country, who returned with pretty nearly the same story. Either, therefore, Mr. Campbell's geographical must be very erroneous, (which in fact it commonly is,) or the articles which he saw and heard of must have passed in barter from one tribe to another. Lieutenant Donovan belonged to the light infantry, and the bugle was unquestionably the ornament on his cap.

Mr. Campbell's party now turned to the southward, and traversed over the most rough and rocky ground which they had encountered in the whole journey; but another day brought them to the summit of a hill, whence 'one of the most charming countrys they had seen in Africa came all at once into view.' The hills were beautifully ornamented with trees to their very tops, and the valleys resembled the finest parks in England. The windings

windings of the Malalareen river in the front of the hills, contributed not a little to enliven the scene, and they saw, or thought they saw, distant forests beyond it. Such partial beauty of scenery and bursts of vegetation are not uncommon in south Africa, and, like the oases in the northern deserts of the continent, occasionally cheer the desponding travellers, and lead them, like Mr. Campbell's party, to 'look at each other as if they had got into a new world.'

In this beautiful country they stumbled upon a Bosjesman kraal, consisting of a few huts, the inhabitants of which he turned out, and drew up in battle array. The chief, whose name it appeared was Makoon, brandished his bow and jumped into the air, with a view to intimidate them; the women disappeared. He passed over Mr. Campbell's exhibition of his watch, which on other occasions, would hardly be pardonable in a school-boy, to record the answer of Makoon to an offer of sending missionaries to his kraal. 'I shall be very glad if any person will come to this country, to tell me and my people what we do not know; we are peaceable Bosjesmen—so was my father, and his father; they never stole any thing from their neighbours;—and he added, 'I have plenty of game and water.' This poor man appeared to be possessed of nothing but the skin cloak that covered him, and his bow and arrows; and we agree with Mr. Campbell in opinion that 'those missionaries, who consent with cheerfulness to spend their days for the benefit of such a race of men, well deserve the thanks and support of all the churches of Christ.'

Proceeding from this kraal, on the 14th July, in a southerly direction along the Malalareen, one of the main branches of the Orange river, and keeping on the northern bank, they reached Briequa town on the 26th, just six weeks after their departure from it on their journey to Leetakoo.

In this part of Africa, which is very little known to Europe, the only objects mentioned by Mr. Campbell are the cameldalis, one of which they saw apparently eighteen feet high, afterwards eleven in one herd, a common gnou, and one of the other species mentioned by Mr. Trüter, as large as a buffalo. He notices, however, a different species of quacha from that which is common on the south side of the Orange river;—'both are striped over the whole body, but those on the north side have black and white stripes, while those on the south are black and brown.' The large species of quacha mentioned by Mr. Trüter, and described by Mr. Daniel, is described as having black and brown stripes. We conclude that both species are plentiful: wolves and jackals are too common to attract notice, but on one occasion they countered more formidable objects.

'About sun-set I observed one of'

ing for sunset

as motionless; when our waggons came near he turned about, and ran to us rather agitated. On inquiry, we found he had come suddenly on two lions, and they stood looking at each other until the great size of our waggons among the stones induced them to walk off. Had he not possessed sufficient fortitude to continue looking directly at them, he certainly would have been torn to pieces; but so long as you can boldly look a lion in the face, he will not attack you.'

Mr. Campbell, we take it for granted, speaks only from hearsay; but we believe that unless wounded, or hard pressed by hunters, this royal brute, whose courage and generosity have been so often extolled at the expense of truth, will not face his enemy; true to the feline spirit of the tribe of which he is placed at the head, pounce at once from an ambush on his unwary prey. The boors agree, that a lion, unless under one of these circumstances, is a cowardly animal, and that his courage does not increase with the numbers that may be collected together. Mr. Campbell, indeed, had an opportunity afterwards of verifying this observation, when his party fell in with no less than nine of these formidable creatures. 'One of our Hottentots says he was in imminent danger of being destroyed by three of them, which he came unawares upon among some bushes. They stood looking towards each other for some time; when he turned about to make a sign to his companions to come to his assistance, they advanced; but immediately, on turning his eyes again towards them, they made a bolt; when the other came up with his gun they walked off.' In this journey they saw the junction of the Malalareen with the Yellow river, the latter of which is 'larger than the Thames above the tide;' a few miles farther down, and flowing from the north-east, another stream, which, out of compliment to the Colonial Secretary, they called Alexander river, and farther, still flowing from the same quarter, another copious stream, to which they gave the name of Cradock river. The junction of the Malalareen, the Yellow river, the Alexander, and the Cradock, all of which probably descend from the tropical regions, forms the great, or Orange river, which crosses the continent of Africa, and flows into the southern Atlantic ocean; and which, though visited by several Europeans at different times, and at different points, since its first discovery, had not been traced throughout the whole of its course across this part of the continent till the present journey of Mr. Campbell and his party.

The number of people in Griqua town, as Mr. Campbell is pleased to call it, and its out-posts, consisted of 291 men, 399 women, 310 boys, and 266 girls, in all 1266; and of Coranas, who, for the sake of protection, and afterwards for instruction, connect themselves with the same society, 1341, making a total of 2607; the Church, or Christian society, consists of 26 men and 16 women;

women ; and there were added during the last 12 months two and two women. To us, who are not in the secret, this does not appear very creditable to the labours of the missionary. The school is better attended, the number stated at two hundred and ten ; here and at the out-posts it is posed that upwards of a hundred persons can read, and a few write. Several acres of land are under cultivation, and many gardens, principally for raising tobacco : they have a considerable number of cattle, sheep and goats ; their progress in civilization has been retarded by the difficulty experienced by the mission of making them settle in one spot ; like the pastoral Arabs, inclination disposes them to a wandering life. They understand a little of smiths' work, and rough masonry ; they hollow out vessels of wood to contain their milk ; and the women make mats and baskets ; ' but trades,' says Mr. Campbell, ' can scarcely be said to exist.' We would ask him, why they do not ? We are greatly mistaken if he would not have served these poor savages more effectually by making them a present of a good carpenter, smith, and farmer, than by manufacturing a criminal code, which he seems to have issued with as little ceremony as Buonaparte once did his imperial decrees. To prevent crimes by threatening the necessity of committing them, appears to us more worthy of the service in which he was employed, than by threatening the punishment of hanging, shooting, whipping, hard labour, and imprisonment for the commission of them. In applying the laws of civilized nations to a horde of savages, Mr. Campbell betrays a woeful ignorance of human nature—but it is in vain to reason with persons of his stamp : he has an answer for all, ' It is the Lord doing.'

As a month's journey would carry them across the continent from the Briequas to the Namaquas, where there was a mission station, and thereby save at least two months which would be consumed by returning direct to the Cape, and from thence to the mouth of the Orange river, they determined on the former, and travelling westward, on the north side of the river, reached on the third day the village of Hardcastle, one of the out-posts of the Briequas, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains of asbestos. Between the strata of the rocks was found abundance of that ' rare mineral,' as Mr. Campbell calls it ; ' that which becomes, by a little beating, soft as cotton, and of Prussian blue ;' but he found some of the ' colour of gold,' some white, some brown, some green—and it occurs to him that if this land had been known to imperial Rome, many a mercantile ship would have been laden to the asbestos mountains, and many thinks also that if the ladies' gowns in England were woven of asbestos, many lives would annually be saved that are now lost by  
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catching fire—and that it is remarkable the Griquas should call it *handkerchief stone*—*dookstens*, which, by a little mistake in *hoëpy*, not uncommon with our author, stands for *doekstein*, a Dutch word for *cloth stone*.

Here the number of persons is stated to be 110 men, 165 women, 110 boys, 100 girls, and 400 Corana Hottentots, in all 885. They had several acres of land under cultivation. Having waited in vain five days to cross the river, from which the village was miles distant, the villagers began to think of building a large passage boat. The party, however, preferred to move on, but were obliged to make a tour to the northward, passing the dorp village of Rowland Hill, and turning down by Vansittart mountain to the southward.

On clearing Vansittart mountains, we entered a desert of sand, which, commencing at the great river to the south, runs up Africa to the north, no one knows how far. However, I think it very probable that this desert is the same in which Materé travelled five moons living on dried water-melons, of which we saw many strewed about. Many a melancholy groan proceeded from the poor thirsty oxen, while dragging their waggons through deep sand across the desert. Many a longing look was directed towards that quarter where we expected to find the greater; but when the sun forsook us, and went to illumine other lands, there was no indication of our approach to water; nothing but parched and scantily interspersed with small tufts of withered grass. No beasts, nor birds, and but few insects, were visible; the land was forsaken; nothing to please the eye, to gratify the taste, or to quench the thirst. At last at midnight the cry of River! River! relieved us all, and made us at once forget our toils.

Here they repassed the river much in the same manner they had at first crossed it, and, from the description of the two islands and three streams, we conclude at the very spot where it had been crossed by Messrs. Trüter and Somerville; the passage occupied them about three hours. The belt of trees on the bank, a quarter of a mile in width, was as difficult to pass as the river. The time consumed in both gave room to two reflections as Mr. Campbell took his solitary walk: the first was, that there was 'no rattling of carriages, no prancing of horses, no cracking of whips, no noise in Cheapside or the Strand;' and the second was, that 'the mass generations of trees piled one upon another is solemn, impressive, and instructive,' as they put one in mind of 'the ravages of time on the generations of mankind.'

Nothing occurred worthy of notice in the course of their journey along the northern bank of the Orange river; the surface of the country was one uniform desert, covered with sand or broken into naked rocks or stones, 'equally solitary and equally safe,' for not even a lion interrupted their journey; a few wandering Coranas,

Coranas, now and then a black snake, and a colony of little birds assembled in a solitary tree, were the only animal beings that occurred.

Kok's kraal is situated about the middle point between the place where they first crossed the Orange river and its mouth; and the number dwelling there amounted to 425 persons. He informed them that he had recently been hunting elephants on the north side of the river; that he travelled six days without meeting with a spring of water; but that the water-melons dispersed over the country, when roasted, afforded him plenty of good water. This corroborates the account of Materé's five months' expedition.

As they proceeded to the westward, the surface of the country became more rugged and barren, and the heat of the weather increased. Lizards and field-mice swarmed on all sides. Mr. Campbell was surprised how these creatures could exist without water; but the mystery was solved on observing the field-mice dragging little berries of succulent plants full of water into their holes, 'just as seamen take casks of water into their ships.' Snakes were everywhere abundant. It is said that the Hottentots catch them whenever they can, and squeeze out the poison from under their teeth, which they drink; that it makes them giddy, but preserves them ever after against injury from the bite of that reptile; at least Mr. Campbell says he has not the least doubt of it. This idea of the Hottentots is not confined to snakes; if a scorpion sting them they use all pains to catch the animal, which they bruise and lay on the wound. They are said also to allow scorpions and certain kinds of snakes to sting them in different parts of the body when young, which renders them invulnerable for the remainder of their lives!

On the 12th September, after twenty-three days' journey from the last crossing of the Great River, in which sometimes for three days together the cattle had not tasted a drop of water, they arrived at Pella, a missionary station in Namaqualand, so called because it had been a refuge from the ravages of a marauder of the name of Africaaner, 'as ancient Pella had been to the Jewish Christians when Jerusalem was invaded by the Romans.' It seemed to be a miserable spot, situated at the foot of sand hills, where the thermometer at three in the afternoon stood at 96° in the shade, and this too in winter or the first month of spring. 'Every thing had a sickly dying aspect'—rocks and sand, with not a blade of grass, with here and there a solitary koker tree (*aloe dichotoma*), the sides of hills appearing as if burnt in a furnace with ashes strewn over them,—convey a general representation of the country; but 'the lively green of the trees which line the river on both sides forms a striking contrast with the melancholy, death-like

pearance of these mountains.<sup>1</sup> The number of people settling this wretched place is stated at 636. The church consisted of 9; the school contained 150; the girls, to the number of 10, were taught needle-work: these poor people are represented as simple and honest, living entirely on the milk of their cattle and a few roots.

In Pella they turned directly towards the colony, before long which they had the melancholy prospect of a long three days journey without water, over a desert of sand. On the second day the howling of the oxen and the howling of the dogs for water were painful to hear,—more painful to reflect how much more tired and thirsty they must be before any relief could be obtained. *Quick-fontein*, after thirty-eight hours dragging the waggon through deep sand, gave to their famished and thirsty oxen some relief, but there was no grass in the neighbourhood. The third day brought them to *Silver-fontein*, where stands the last mission in the colony on this side, inhabited by a missionary family. Shortly after, they reached a boor's house; his name was Lear; he had ten daughters, all married, though the parents were not more than forty years of age. Their servants were all Hottentots, dressed with tattered skins, and so filthy that they seemed not to have been washed from the time of their birth. Mr. Campbell has described the picture of this rural retreat in his own words.

A lady sits with a long stick in her hand, commanding in the tone of a general, and her orders are instantaneously obeyed. The chief articles of furniture visible in the house were skins. There was a low table, and some broken things which had once been chairs. In the corner there was a bed enclosed by a mud wall, about eighteen inches high, with some straw spread on the floor of it, which probably was the family bed. On it, a tall young man, of eighteen years of age, was lying on his back, gazing at the strangers. His name was Daniel, and the place he lay resembled a den.<sup>2</sup>

The next place they came to was that of Mrs. Vanderwesthuis, whose house Vaillant resided for some time. On informing the lady, then in her 75th year, that Vaillant had celebrated her travels, she asked if he had mentioned the drubbing she had given him with a sambock, for speaking disrespectfully of her country?—she added, however, 'had I been alone, he would, I think, have given me a drubbing; but two of my sons were present, both strong young men.' She said that Vaillant was never far from her house above ten days, and these he passed among the mountains just by, seeking for birds, stones, and flowers, which she thought very idle employment: the conjecture, therefore, that he never was in any part of the country which he visits beyond the Orange River, seems to be correct.

The heat of the weather increased to an alarming degree. The thermometer

thermometer in the shade at noon stood at 101°. The ink became thick, the water warm, the butter turned into oil, 'the cattle walked about our waggon as if we had all been dead.' For several days the mercury continued to rise to 95°, 98°, and 100°. At these great heats, when no water is at hand, the Hottentots turn the ground for cold earth or sand to rub over their bodies, which they experience a temporary relief. One of Mr. Campbell's party, after a long search for their oxen, was drooping with want of water. He felt, he said, as if fire was burning him in the middle of his back; he frequently thrust his head into the middle of a bush to smell the damp, while his companions dug up cold sand and applied it to his back; this they were obliged to do from bush to bush until he reached the water.

Nothing can be more miserable in every respect, than the interior coast of southern Africa. From the Cape to the Kamiesberg it gradually becomes more sandy and desolate: from the Kamiesberg to the Orange River, all is a dreary desert. Since Mr. Campbell's return, a letter has been received from Mr. Schmetten, a missionary on the Namaqua station, of which the following is a tract:

'On the 18th of May I left the Great River, continually travelling northward, though with great difficulty, but I was not able to reach the sea on account of the mountains and scarcity of water. At times I have been in a dismal wilderness for a fortnight together, without meeting one human creature. I continued travelling north as it was possible, when, on the 5th July, I could proceed no farther and was obliged to turn my waggon southward.'

On the 31st October, after an absence of nearly nine months, the author and all his party arrived safe at the Cape of Good Hope.

From the whole of Mr. Campbell's narrative, we think it fairly to be concluded that the missionaries, employed at the stations in southern Africa, have been of some use to the natives, but not by any means to that extent which might have been expected. These natives have no religious prejudices which they are to overcome, and consequently oppose no obstruction to the path that leads to life eternal. They have ample means of self-improvement within themselves, and room enough to increase those means. This, however, is not to be expected from giving them codes of criminal law, but by making them provident; by teaching them to increase their property; to build sheds for their cattle in the rigorous cold of the winter nights, which kills thousands of their oxen and calves, and to lay up provender for their use in the hot season when the grass is burned up. The banks of the Orange River, for many hundred miles on each side, present a continued forest of timber which would afford them lumber for their buildings; and they want missionaries, like the Moravians, to instruct them in the

ry and husbandry. If this be considered by the Gospel as *infra dignitatem*, carpenters, smiths, and agricultural profession, should at least accompany the several missions. Where tribes of people are met with living in fixed habitations, to the amount of ten or twelve thousand together, the barrier is already passed that separates the savage from the civilized; and they are in a condition to acquire the arts, and the comforts, of civilized society.

peculiarly interesting to learn from Mr. Campbell and his fellow-travellers into southern Africa, that the whole of this great continent is not doomed to an irremediable state of slavery; all accounts supply a refutation of a doctrine once too prevalent, that slavery was the unalterable lot of the African. As far as the Cape of Capricorn, in the interior, we may safely pronounce slavery to be wholly unknown; and as far as De la Goëne along the sea coast, the natives are free from that scourge. To use the language of the Declaration of Vienna, 'has so polluted Africa, degraded Europe, and afflicted humanity.' From Cape Corientes to Cape Guadalupe, indeed, an extent of 100 leagues, this odious traffic is still permitted to exist, not in its former activity, since the Cape of Good Hope and the French islands have fallen into our possession.

In the hope of drawing some little portion of the attention of the British government, the African Institution, and the friends of humanity in general, to the eastern as well as to the western coast of this great continent, we cannot better conclude this argument by taking a hasty view of the state of that abominable traffic which England has made felony—which the chief powers assembled in Congress, have justly stigmatized as repugnant to the principles of humanity, and disgraceful to those engaged in it; but which, nevertheless, some of those powers reluctantly consented to abolish, even at an indefinite period of time, that it remains doubtful whether they ever really discontinued it, except by compulsion.

Portugal is the only European power that does or can trade in slaves on this coast, and here only within her own settlements; other settlements with which she trades embrace a pretty large space; she has them, such as they are, in Asia, in Africa, and in America. On this side of Africa, from Inhambana under the name of Inhama, to Cape Del Gado, in 10° south, she occupies the whole of the coast; but the little island of Mozambique is the place to which her trade in slaves is concentrated. Mozambique, however, is no longer in the flourishing condition it was when the colonies of the French and Dutch, in the eastern and southern world, drew supplies of slaves from it. The 20,000 once annually collected from the coast and the opposite island of Madagascar,

Madagascar, are now reduced to about 2000, which are drawn from the former only. It is said by some of our naval officers, who recently visited Mozambique, that owing to the little demand in the interior, the value of three or four dollars in handkerchiefs, beads, and coarse linen, will now purchase a stout slave. It would seem, indeed, that the natives of the interior are increasing to such a degree as to threaten a retaliation; and that the Portuguese, in order to defend their plantations on the coast opposite to Mozambique, have trained an armed militia of domestic and field slaves to resist the attacks of their own countrymen. Being well treated, they are stated to be happy and contented with their lot; and their fidelity to their masters is unquestioned.

But they are threatened with retaliation of a more alarming nature from another quarter. For more than thirty years the Malagassies of Madagascar have been in the habit of making an annual expedition against some or other of the Comoro islands, for which they set out with a leading wind, and in the event of missing all the islands, they still proceed, well knowing they shall reach some part of the coast of Africa. This was the case in 1809 when they landed at Cape del Gado, burnt the town, and carried away all the black inhabitants who had not the good fortune to escape into the fort. The expeditions of these savages are most formidable. They assemble at Bombatooka bay, in Madagascar, opposite to Mozambique, to the number of a hundred boats, when bound on one of their grand expeditions which are quinquennial; though smaller marauding parties sail every favourable monsoon. These boats resemble those used in the whale fishery, are forty-five feet in length, and from ten to twelve in breadth, each carrying from fifty to sixty men armed with muskets, which they obtain from the French in exchange for the unhappy prisoners carried off by them. The king of Johanna told Captain Tomkinson of the *Caledon*, in 1809, that in the preceding year they had landed on that island in great force, laid siege to the principal town, killed all the cattle, and destroyed the crops; that the inhabitants were reduced to the most deplorable state; that nearly two hundred women and children perished of hunger, and that numbers of the latter were actually eaten by their parents. They have, in fact, nearly desolated the Comoro islands. The once happy and flourishing island of Johanna, with its 370 towns and villages, so enchantingly described by Sir William Jones, is now reduced to two walled towns, and a population of 5000 souls.

With such formidable enemies the Portuguese of Mozambique are in no condition to contend. When Captain Beaver, of the *Nisus* frigate, visited that settlement in 1812 with an offer of protection, he found the fort in so ruinous a condition, the guns  
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weycombed, and decayed, and the garrison so inefficient, that, in his opinion, he could have taken the whole settlement with his ship's crew. The few Europeans and the mixed inhabitants betrayed the most listless apathy; and the governor, Don Antonio Manuel de Castro Mello é Mendoza, was not calculated to inspire them with much confidence. This gentleman with the long name had just completed the third year of his government, during the course of which Captain Beaver was told he had never once gone out of his house, or exposed himself to the sun; but it was also said, that he had contrived to amass a fortune of 300,000 piastres. Such are the descendants of a once great and enterprising people; the remains of whose conquests and the ruins of whose establishments are described as still exhibiting traces worthy of the Alamas, the Almeidas, and the Albuquerquees of other times!

The people with whom the Portuguese have the honour of trading in this odious traffic on the eastern coast of Africa, are a wretched set of Moors or Arabs, who have possession of the sea coast, but are themselves controuled by the Imaun of Muscat. This contemptible despot, residing at the distance of 8 or 900 leagues, coolly sends his governors, with about a dozen Arab soldiers under each, to the islands of Quiloa, Pemba, Monfia, and Mozambique, to lord it over the Moorish king, who is the nominal sovereign both of the islands and the shores of the continent.

Quiloa was visited by Captain Beaver in 1812. He describes the island, which has been the seat of royal residence since the foundation of the kingdom, at least 700 years, as being about six miles long and three broad, low and fertile, extending longitudinally across the mouth of a deep bay, leaving at either end an opening for two arms of the sea; and these, embracing a peninsula which projects from the main land, form two safe and magnificent harbours capable of containing, in perfect security, the largest fleets. 'When the Portuguese,' he observes, 'first visited this island, its capital, of the same name, was described as large, opulent, and well built, having stone houses of several stories with tiled roofs, protected by a citadel adorned with stately towers and surrounded by a ditch—but of this ancient splendour and magnificence not a vestige remains! The present city, if it indeed deserves that name, consists of a number of scattered huts from the borders of the sea to a mile from the shore.' Here he found the Imaun's deputy with his half a dozen soldiers, perched in a round tower, mounting three guns, which pointed directly to the king's house, and at the distance of a musket shot from it—such are the means with which he keeps the king of the extensive kingdom of Quiloa in awe, and levies a tribute in slaves, ivory, gold dust, and every other article exported from this part of the coast.

Of the English his Quiloan majesty knew nothing but what he had derived from the French; he felt, however, that their triumphant flag, waving in those seas, had been the means of abstracting the traffic in slaves in the principal channel through which it flowed, and had reduced it from ten thousand, once annually exported to the French settlements in the East and West Indies, in vessels from Nantes, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, to a few hundred sent in Arab ships to the Persian gulph, Surat, and Guzzerat. He complained that this reduction in the number of slaves exported was not the whole extent of the evil, for that the price had fallen from thirty-two to sixteen dollars, of which the 'viceroy set over him' by the Imaun of Muscat took no less than eight for his share.

Here then we have a favourable opportunity of abolishing the odious traffic along an extent of sea coast equal to 400 leagues, and gradually throughout the remaining 500 leagues. The king of Quiloa expressed his anxiety to get rid of his subserviency to the Imaun of Muscat; but he dreaded his hostility unless protected by some other power; and why should England hesitate to give that protection?—she has nothing to hope or to fear from the Imaun of Muscat. The loss of revenue from this source would, we understand, be more than made up to the king by the trade in ivory, tortoise-shell, gold dust, and timber. The forests on the main produce the finest spars for masts and yards; they abound with elephants, and the rivers swarm with the hippopotamus. They have cattle and grain and other provisions in the greatest abundance, all of which would be highly acceptable in the land of France, since our generosity has parted with the neighbouring island on which it mainly depended for its subsistence.

One small vessel would be quite sufficient to collect these singular deputies of the Muscat Imaun and their garrisons, which do not in the whole exceed fifty men, and to transport them to the master. They might carry a message in place of tribute, the king of Quiloa, having formed an alliance with Great Britain, had no longer any occasion for his services, and must no longer be considered as his tributary. Two sloops of war stationed on the coast would be an ample force to secure him from any resentment on the part of the Imaun.

If the Portuguese of Mozambique, thus hemmed in between an English colony on the one side and Quiloa on the other, in neither of which was any dealing in human beings permitted, did not through shame, abandon the odious traffic, they would soon be compelled by necessity to relinquish it. To this happy issue the missionary society might greatly contribute; proceeding from Lestekoo to the northward, and from Quiloa to the southward, they would soon unite their missions through every part of the interior.

d the Portuguese settlements on the coast, and abolition follow civilization. From the natives, we are convinced, they have nothing to fear. Though of Moorish mixture, so much of the good disposition of the original inhabitants as to no room to apprehend any danger from that part of the character which usually attaches to the disciples of Mahomet. We met among them any trace of that ferocious and vindictive hatred of Christians that prevails among the Moors of northern and western Africa. Indeed they appear to be without any superstition or religion but what a dread of evil spirits inspires. They are not Amazons nor anthropophagi, nor 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' as Lopez and the stupid Linschoten would have their readers to believe. It is no wonder that the Portuguese, in palliation of their infamous conduct, should designate those people as the worst of savages and cannibals, after having torn in pieces from the muzzles of their cannons some thousands of them because they refused to discover mines of gold and diamonds of which they were themselves ignorant; nor is it very surprising, when we consider the character of the man, that the Abbé Raynal should make use of an assertion so unfounded as that the eastern coast of Africa affords nothing to excite the curiosity of the trader, the curiosity of the traveller, or the humanity of the philosopher.' If the most valuable productions of nature are worthy the attention of the merchant, if the yet-to-be-discovered fountains of the Nile, the termination of the Niger, the sources of the Zair, in a country which to every visitor from the time of the Romans to the present day has produced nothing new, can interest the traveller;—if to release from the curse of slavery a race of human beings, superior in all respects to the negroes, can rouse the feelings of humanity in their favour—the most unquestionably is the eastern coast of Africa just the reverse of what the Abbé Raynal describes it to be. The untimely departure of Dr Cowan and his party is no argument against future attempts of travellers or missionaries. In the absence of correct information, without knowing what the temptation was on one side, and the provocation on the other, we might be led to adopt erroneous conclusions. We still believe, as we before hinted, that the fell among the borderers that separate the free native tribes from the dealers in slaves. The former would naturally conclude that the party came into their country with the view of enslaving them; the latter might suppose that a new rival was appearing in the field to supplant them in their traffic. The eastern coast of Africa is, besides, by much the finest and most fertile region of that devoted continent. It has more resources for commerce, which require only to be brought into action at more points accessible by shipping; and, though the climate is

in the immediate vicinity of the shore may be unwholesome, as all tropical climates are where swamps and forests are left in a state of nature, yet there is but a narrow slip of these between the coast and the bold rising country sloping to the westward, in which the air of the elevated and extensive plains has been said to be so pure that the new moon is generally visible as a fine thread; that is, as a conceited writer has quaintly expressed it, ‘on the very day on which she had kissed her bright and bountiful brother.’

The friends of the abolition of the slave trade, whose exertions in the cause of the negroes have been so laudably employed, will not, we trust, withhold their powerful aid towards loosing the bonds of an equally deserving, and, in point of physical qualities, a much finer race of human beings. Were the experiment tried, we are so sanguine of success, as to venture an opinion that the hearty efforts of a Wilberforce and a Clarkson would effect more in three years, for the freedom and civilization of the natives of this coast of Africa, than they have yet been able to accomplish in thirty, for the negroes of the opposite coast.

**ART. III. *Horæ Pelasgicæ. Part the First. Containing an Inquiry into the Origin and Language of the Pelasgi, or ancient Inhabitants of Greece; with a Description of the Pelasgic or Æolic Digamma, as represented in the various Inscriptions in which it is still preserved; and an Attempt to determine its genuine Pelasgic pronunciation.*** By Herbert Marsh, D. D. F.R.S. Margaret Professor of Divinity in Cambridge. Cambridge. 1815.

**A**N attempt, at this period of the world, to bring to light the hitherto undiscovered origin of a people, who have long ceased to occupy a place in the map of nations, seems to be attended with little chance of success. No documents can now be produced, which have not for many ages been the common property of the learned; and it is besides, in almost every instance, a natural consequence of the progressive civilization of states, that their first beginnings soon come to be involved in obscurity. Before a people have arrived at such a pitch of importance, as renders it interesting, even to themselves, to inquire into their earliest origin, and to commit their transactions to durable records, the circumstances of their infant state have been forgotten, or are preserved only in that uncertain and distorted tradition, which becomes, like circles on the water, more variable and undefined, the farther it recedes from the center. The earliest historians of a state are its poets; and it is not often that the works even of these descend to posterity. Besides, the tissue of historical events forms but the woof of poetry,

into

ich allegory and fable are so closely interwoven, that after  
se of ages, scarcely the keenest eye can discriminate be-  
hem. From this it follows, as a natural consequence, that  
e first prose writers of history will crowd their pages with  
re of facts and fables, of recorded truths and traditional  
ods:—so that the sphere of historical certainty is neces-  
ircumscribed. There is a period in the annals of every  
nd that at some considerable distance from its beginning,  
which all is uncertain and obscure.

*Non licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.*

e remarks are amply justified by facts. It has been the uni-  
omplaint of historians, from Herodotus to Robertson, that  
ounts which have been preserved of the earlier ages of dif-  
eople, are confused and contradictory. And when we find  
ides acknowledging that even in his time it was impossi-  
lo any thing more than form probable conjectures about  
ier transactions of the Grecian states; when Hecateus,  
ote the first prose history of Greece, declares that the tra-  
of the Greeks were numerous and ridiculous,\* how can  
onably expect at this time to define with any degree of  
n those facts which were unknown more than two thou-  
ars ago? And if such investigations be fruitless, they are  
unprofitable; for of a people who lived in tents or on  
ho were clothed in skins, and migrated from one pasture  
her, what imports it us to know whether they sprung  
ellen or Pelasgi, from one barbarian or another? It may  
ed, indeed, that, although such researches are at once un-  
and fruitless, they may still be not unacceptable to that  
ie of our nature which is ever ardent in the pursuit even  
ainable knowledge: and Dr. Marsh has succeeded in per-  
himself that an inquiry into the origin and language of  
sgi, ‘cannot fail to excite the interest of the scholar, the  
her, and the historian.’ We do not pretend to these feel-  
As the Professor, however, has thought proper to bring  
ore into dispute a subject about which the learned have  
contended for so many ages, and has resumed the field  
his forces, it shall be our humble duty to follow him, and  
with what success he makes so violent an irruption into  
atable ground. His object will be best explained in his  
rds.

Pelasgi, according to Strabo, were not only ΜΕΓΑ ἔθνος, but  
ἐν Ἑλλάδι δυναστεύοντες ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΑΤΟΙ. Yet there is hardly  
ical question which has been involved in greater perplexity;  
ainly none, on which opinion has been more divided. These

• Ap. Demetr. de Eloc. § 12.

same Pelasgi have by turns been represented in the works of many writers, as Egyptians, Philistines, Phœnicians, Bactrians, Scythians, Goths, and Celts, according as it best suited their respective systems. But although we cannot obtain the certainty of historical evidence as to the origin of so ancient a people, we may obtain something more than mere conjecture : we may at least derive the benefit of historical induction. To give this historical induction the weight of which is capable, we must collect all the accounts which can be obtained of the Pelasgi, from the writings of the Greeks themselves ; we must arrange those accounts in such an order, as will best enable us to trace the Pelasgi upwards, as high as our data will carry us ; and then con- sider what probable conclusion may be drawn.'

We cannot help expressing a wish *in limine*, that in collecting and disposing these accounts, Dr Marsh had noticed, with respect, the labours of preceding scholars who had cleared the way before him, and performed the most laborious part of the task. We do not perceive the least mention of Stillingfleet's learned dissertation in the 3d Book of his *Origines Sacrae*, or of the still more accurate discussion of Larcher in his *Chronologie d'Hérodote*, t. vii. p. 215 ; an attentive consideration of which would have prevented the learned author from advancing certain positions which we do not consider tenable.

Dr Marsh says that ' it appears to be the general opinion of the Greek writers, that the *Pelasgi* were the first inhabitants of Peloponnesus—while some writers represent *Achaia* as their original country, other writers place them in the adjacent country of Arcadia.' Now in the first place, it is not the general opinion of the Greek writers that the Pelasgi were the first inhabitants of Peloponnesus. Strabo says only that they were the most powerful there ; and in the second place, no writer ever placed them in Achaia. The words of Dionysius of *Halicarnassus* (or more properly *Halicarnesus*) to which the author alludes, are these : *πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ περὶ τὸ καλούμενον νῦν Ἀργεὺς ἤκησαν, αὐτόχθονες ὄντες, ὥς οἱ πολλοὶ περὶ αὐτῶν λέγουσι.* He is describing Argos, as it was known in his time. τὸ νῦν καλούμενον Ἀργεὺς, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name in different parts of Greece ; and not only in his time, but in the time of Homer. (*Odys.* L. 251.) Argos was called Ἀχαϊκὴν, which Strabo tells us (viii. p. 365) was given to the whole Peloponnesus. But Dionysius means Argos in Argolis. The case, as it is represented by Greek writers, is this : Inachus was the first king of Achaia, by which name the country afterwards called Argolis, or Argolis, Stephanus of Byzantium says, the whole Peloponnesus was called. Now the circumstance of a country taking its name from an individual, almost necessarily implies that it was occupied by him either in the way of colony or conquest ; a custom of the greatest



lest I take the city, and it be called after my name,\* is sent by which Joab rouses David to head the army which besieging Rabbah; and Corinna relates of some ancient war, he called a whole conquered country after his own name.† at least certain that Inachus and his people could not be natives of that country. A conclusion which is strongly supported by the circumstance that Inachus was fabled to be of Ocean, i. e. he came to Peloponnesus by sea. His son Argos founded Argos, which Stephanus tells us was first called *αργονακίον*. The fact probably is, that he collected a number of people, and made preparations for building a town, which was completed by his son Argos, who of course gave his name to the neighbouring country being ill watered, (it was probably called *thirsty*,) a part of the people, with Pelasgus, the son of Argos, at their head, migrated into Arcadia, which had been partially colonized by Phegeus the son of Inachus.† Therefore clear that the Pelasgi were not aborigines in Arcadia. So we find it asserted in any Greek writer, although Dr. Marsh believes that it is; an opinion which is not borne out by the passages which he alleges. But the older poets call Pelasgian; Æschylus in the Suppliants makes Pelasgus king of Argos, but of Thessaly and Macedonia; and Hesiod says he was *αὐτόχθων*. Sophocles and Euripides concur in saying that the Argives were anciently called *Πελασγοί*. This may be a specimen of the inextricable perplexity of the subject, as pretty nearly to shew that three-and-twenty hundred years ago it was no better understood than it is now.

Whatever part of Peloponnesus they first occupied, they afterwards spread themselves over the whole peninsula, which was originally called *Pelasgia*. But this necessarily implies that parts of Peloponnesus over which they diffused themselves were inhabited previously to their settling in them; which appears to be the case. The expression of Herodotus, *Ἀρχαῖδες Πελασγοί*, clearly indicates that there were other tribes, who were not Pelasgi; which inference we are rather inclined to think that Dr. Marsh did not perceive. (p. 4.) That many parts of Greece were anciently occupied by Pelasgi, and then called Pelasgian, is true; but this by no means establishes Dr. Marsh's assertion that Greece without the Isthmus, Attica, &c. was *originally* Pelasgic. Herodotus distinctly ascribes to have been foreigners. l. 58.

He says of the Pelasgi. *ὅτι μὲν ἀρχαῖον τι Φῶλον κατὰ τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἐκπέπολασι, καὶ μάλιστα παρὰ τοῖς Αἰολῶσι τοῖς κατὰ Θέτταλίαν;*

\* ap. Apollon. Dionyscol. Exc. p. 425.

† Eurip. Orest. 1247.

from which expression Dr. Marsh concludes that the Pelasgi once occupied the whole of Greece. But it is obvious that the expression implies quite the reverse of this: 'they' certain ancient tribe prevalent over the whole of Hellas, *especially amongst the Æolians* who inhabited Thessaly.' Thucydides as quoted in p. 8, expressly says that there were other nations as well as the Pelasgi.

Dr. Marsh concludes that the Pelasgi came out of Asia by the Hellespont, and first occupied Thrace, from which they diffused themselves southward throughout the whole of Greece. On which opinion, he supports with much learning and ingenuity, and justly remarks, that 'their history, previous to their settlement in Thrace, is to us inscrutable.\*'

Dionysius of Halicarnassus gives a circumstantial account of the migrations of the Pelasgi into Italy, the first of which, he says, took place seventeen generations (i. e. about 510 years) before the Trojan war. But the account of this expedition is attended with circumstances so fabulous, observes Dr. Marsh, as to destroy the credit of the whole narrative. The second migration, according to the same historian, took place in the time of Deucalion, (i. e. 1540 B. C.) who expelled the Pelasgi from Thessaly, and they then take refuge with their kindred Pelasgi near Dodona; but the commissariat of the army being ill managed, or the country too poor, they soon came to short allowance, and were forced to take themselves elsewhere; and, in obedience to an oracle, no doubt was ready enough to recommend their departure from the precincts of the temple, they sailed with a great fleet to Sicily. Being driven by southerly winds to one of the mouths of the Tyrrhenian Sea, they leave their ships there, and make a treaty with the Sicelians. And to this account, says Dr. Marsh, 'no exception can be taken.†' To us it appears just as credible as the history of Æneas, who 'after a long and wery journey with his Trojans, arrived in the thorowe Fraunce, building the citie of Towres, arrived in the isle, whiche was called Albion, at a place now called Totnes in Devonshire, bearing gules two lions golde rampants a corner.'

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\* Here then is another remarkable instance of a great country of Europe being first discovered from the north at a period of remote antiquity.

† The following is the sensible observation of M. Freret on this strange statement: 'It is astonishing that Dionysius should give the tone of authentic narrative to the account of a mere hypothesis, and that he should seem to be better informed of the histories of Romulus, of Æneas, and of the Pelasgic colonies, than about the history of Rome by the Gauls. Were we to judge of ancient writers with the same lenity as we do the moderns, we should probably be led to consider the first part of the antiquities of Dionysius as an historical romance.' The same remark is equally applicable to many of the histories and biographies of Plutarch, and, more or less, of the later Greek writers. In no study more than in that of historical antiquities is it expedient to keep in view the maxim of Epicharmus, *Νᾶφε, καὶ μέγιστος, ἄξιόν ἐστι ταῦτα τοῖς ἑλλήσιν*.

a bannar of Vert, a Diane of gold fischele crowned and entro-  
 ed.\* It was impossible that this account could have descended  
 posterity in any other way than by tradition, the uncertainty  
 which will appear from considering that these Pelasgi evacua-  
 Italy in less than two hundred years, and retired into Attica,  
 ere they continued about fifty years, when they were expelled,  
 went part of them to Lemnos, and part nobody knows whi-  
 r. It is quite clear that even Thucydides knew very little about  
 Pelasgi; for he fixes their voyage from Italy to Sicily about  
 10 years B. C., a time, when, according to other historians,  
 Pelasgi had long been exterminated from Italy; and accord-  
 ly Dionysius fixes this event 300 years earlier, on the autho-  
 of Hellanicus of Lesbos, an historian, whom the accurate  
 judicious Strabo, upon the authority of Ephorus, accuses of  
 dulity and ignorance. It is to be remembered that Dionysius  
 ed nearly 400 years after Thucydides, who acknowledged that  
 was impossible to learn any thing even in his time concerning  
 remoter periods of Grecian history: and to what documents  
 of the former access which were unknown to the latter? But  
 pughout the whole work the learned author seems to consider  
 the Greek historians as being of equal credibilty; and cites  
 onysius and Pausanias with as much confidence as Herodotus or  
 ucydides: whereas these later authors had no opportunity of  
 ing more than compiling the contradictory accounts of their  
 edecessors, and endeavouring to form out of them some proba-  
 e history; in which endeavour they commonly failed. Compare  
 rhetorical flourishes and fabulous anecdotes which fill the  
 ges of Plutarch, Diodorus, and Dionysius, with the candid sim-  
 icity of the father of Grecian history, the forcible compression  
 d scrupulous veracity of the historian of the Peloponnesian war,  
 d the flowing and natural current of 'the Attic bee,' and it will  
 e evident that the former had not less degenerated from their  
 edecessors in truth and accuracy, than in all the beauties of  
 yle. 'Les écrivains postérieurs,' observes M. Freret, speaking of  
 le Greeks, 'n'ont fait le plus souvent qu'altérer les témoignages  
 e anciens, dont ils n'étoient que des échos infidèles. Gardons-  
 nous d'accumuler leurs passages, et plus encore d'alléguer les  
 rivaux fabuleux de l'antiquité. Il ne faut pas s'y tromper. Elle  
 oit ses *voyages de Sadeur*, et ses *histoires des Scarambes*.'

Another observation seems to have been overlooked by Dr.  
 Marsh, which it is very necessary to keep in sight, while investi-  
 gating the history of these early times; which is, that the name  
 of a people very inconsiderable at first, may, in a very short time,  
 be the designation of a great tract of country; a truth which

was strongly exemplified in the case of the Hellenes, and probably had been before in that of the Pelasgi.

In opposition to Herodotus and Thucydides, and a few writers, who represent the Pelasgi as having spoken a language essentially different from that which they suppose to have been used by the Hellenes, Dr. Marsh concludes, that the Pelasgi spoke the same language with Thucydides himself, though the form of it, as used by the Pelasgi, might bear to the form of it in the writings of Thucydides a relation similar to that, which the English of Chaucer bears to the English of Pope.' p. 23. 'If the family of Hellen had spoken a different language from that of the Pelasgi, the language of that family could not have superseded the language previously spoken in Greece, unless it had been terminated as well as conquered, which no Greek historian ever asserted.' This argument is plausible, but not decisive. It can be no doubt that the descendants of Æneas imposed their language upon the people of Italy, or at least obtained for it an ascendancy in the mixed dialect which ensued upon their establishment in that country. The ancient languages of Gaul and Spain, as well as their independence, were destroyed by the Romans, except in the wilder parts. The Saxons imported their language into Britain, and the Normans again effected such a change in the Saxon, that the latter, with reference to the dialect of a few centuries after the conquest, might justly be called *βάρβαροι*. And we are not reduced, as Dr. Marsh supposes, to the absurdity of 'a whole nation *all at once* forgetting its former language and learning a new one.' Nor do the words of Herodotus quoted in p. 29, imply any such thing; on the contrary they seem to indicate a gradual change: *τῇν γλῶσσαν μετέμαθον*, 'they changed their old language, and learned a new one.' And if we consider that, at the time of the Trojan war, the Pelasgi were reduced to a single tribe in Thessaly, and that this diminution of the people, who were once diffused over the whole of Greece, could only have taken place during a long series of ages, we shall find nothing improbable in the supposition, that their language underwent a total change in a period of years, much longer than that which has produced the same effect in other instances. Nor do the Greek writers by any means assert, as Dr. Marsh supposes, that the Pelasgi themselves in later times did not speak Hellenic. He did not expect to find such arguments as the following made out by so acute a writer: 'Herodotus represents the Arcadians as Pelasgi, for he calls them (l. 146.) Πηλεογονοὶ Ἀρκάδες: and I have never doubted whether the Arcadians spoke Greek.' The reasoning would prove that the ancient Britons spoke the language now called English, for the expression Πηλεογονοὶ Ἀρκάδες means 'the Arcadians of Pelasgian stock.' It is worthy of remark

the Arcadians and Lacedæmonians, who were distinctly of Pelagian origin, and who had less intercourse with foreigners than other tribes of Greece, retained in their dialects so many barbarisms, as to render them scarcely intelligible to the inhabitants of Peloponnesus. The Arcadians, for instance, said ζῆντρον for βέρετρον, ζῆλλω for βέλλω, ζιβυται for βέβυσται, ἐρινύω for ἐργιζισθαι, ἐνέμφαλον for ἰώσμεον, for δῖον. To enumerate the barbarisms of the Laconic dialect would be to transcribe pages of Hesychius; whoever considers the specimens of it in the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, must recognize the traces of the γλῶσσα βάρβαρος which Herodotus and Æschylus attribute to the Pelasgi. Plato asserts that the Peloponnesians adopted the titles of several of their deities from the Pelasgi, whom they succeeded in the possession of the country.

Dr. Marsh seems to us to discuss the whole question of this supposed change of language, as if it were confined within a few centuries; whereas we have at least a scope of ten centuries, in which we may suppose it to have gone on. In p. 35, he makes a gratuitous assumption, (not supported, as far as we know, by any testimony whatever,) that the Pelasgi, instead of πῦρ, said Φῦρ, and the Macedonians Βῦρ, and argues upon it as if it were matter of fact. It is rather singular that Plutarch, quoted in Dr. Marsh's work, distinctly says that the Macedonians used Β instead of Φ, instead of Π. As to the argument deduced from the colonization of Latium, and the importation of letters by the Pelasgi, the most probable supposition is, that the affinity of the Latin and Greek language is referable to a later period, when the Pelasgic tribes were wholly expelled from Italy by colonies from the shores of the Archipelago; and the testimony of Livy, Tacitus, Pliny, Strabo, Pausanias of Halicarnassus, and Solinus, are worth little or nothing in a question of this nature. We did not expect to find so much argument expended upon a point about which no one at present doubts, and which is amply discussed by many modern scholars, that the Attic dialect was originally the same as the Ionic; but it certainly is not correct to say, as Dr. Marsh has it, that the Ionic was the same as the Attic; for it was the Attic people who first changed their dialect, while the Ionians retained it nearly in the same form as it was spoken at the time of their migration; nor are there any traces in the Ionic dialect of its having been corrupted, as our author supposes, by the languages of Asia Minor; these points are now so well established amongst the learned, that we cannot but wonder at so inaccurate a representation.

The account given of the Æolic, or, as the professor terms it, the Pelasgic digamma, in the third chapter, will be found very accurate and complete; though a little more compression would render

der it less heavy without diminishing its value. The following is a summary of the facts which relate to this illustrious character.

The most ancient Greeks had a letter resembling a Roman *g*, which, from its form, was termed *digamma*, or the double *g*. By degrees this element grew out of use; whether a softening was adopted, or whether its power was expressed by any modification of the rough spirit, is doubtful; but about the sixth century before the Christian æra it was in use only among certain tribes, and chiefly the Æolic; and it was afterwards known by the name of the Æolic digamma; not that it was peculiar to the Æolians, having undoubtedly been an element of the language from which all the dialects of the Greeks were derived. That it was universally prevalent in Asia Minor in the time of Homer, is now placed beyond the reach of controversy. The sagacity of Bentley perceived that many of the apparent anomalies of the Homeric versification were to be removed by the insertion of the digamma, the disappearance of which from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* probably arose from the circumstance of their having been first committed to writing in a later age, and in a country where this letter had fallen into disuse. The natural consequence was, that the grammarians who revised, and, as they fancy, corrected the copies of these poems, being entirely ignorant of this ancient character, altered numberless passages to suit their own notions of prosody. To give one instance out of a thousand which no commentator has noticed; in *Iliad* A. 203, I have written, allowing for the difference of orthography,

Ἡ ἴν' ὑβριν Φείδης Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρειδίδας.

The digamma having slipped out, the grammarians were puzzled at finding the last syllable in ὑβριν long, and accordingly changed it into Ἡ ἴνα ὑβριν ἴδης.

So in Hesiod, *Op. Di.* 118. οἱ δ' ἐβλημοί

Ἥσυχοι ἔργα νέμοντο, σὺν ἐσθλοῖσιν πόλυσσιν.

Now it is quite certain that Hesiod said *Φεργον*, and not *ἴδης*, as appears from many passages in the same poem, and it is surprising that no one should have corrected it. *Ἥσυχας* *Ἰν* hundred other corrections of the same sort are to be noted in Hesiod, which no editor seems to have suspected.

The existence of the digamma, at a period even later than Homer's time, has been proved by inscriptions, in which it occupies the place of a letter, not indeed

—tow'ring o'er the alphabet like Saul,  
Stands our digamma and o'ertops them all;

but it is of reasonable stature and dimensions, ranging with



ak and file of its comrades. And the grammarian Trypho<sup>o</sup> writes from the copies of Alcæus, as they were written in his time, the word *Fēñξis*. The proposal of Bentley to correct the versification of Homer has lately received, as Dr. Marsh observes, a very remarkable confirmation from the discovery made in Elis by Sir William Gell, of a very ancient inscription, in which the digamma occurs no less than seven times, and especially in the following words, ΑΙΤΕΦΕΠΙΟΣΑΙΤΕΦΑΡΓΟΝ.

A difficulty has arisen as to the power of this letter; whether it is that of our V, or of our W, or between the two, or more nearly approaching to our B, or different from all these? Dr. Marsh determines that the Greek F corresponded to the Latin F. His arguments do not appear to be of the most conclusive description, though urged with a degree of warmth which springs, we suppose, from a conviction of their truth. An obvious objection to his hypothesis is, that many words which were undoubtedly written with the digamma in Greek, are in Latin spelt with a V, as *Fœnus*, *vicum*; *Fœnos*, *vicus*; *Fñg*, *ver*; *Fñs*, *vis*; and the like. In answer to this, the professor says, 'In the first place, all Latin words beginning with F, and now beginning in Greek with Φ, were written with an F by those Pelasgi, who brought Greek words and Greek letters into Latium. For F was a constituent part of the primitive Greek alphabet; as will be more fully shewn hereafter, whereas Φ was a late addition to the primitive alphabet.' Now, in the first place, we have no sufficient proof that the Pelasgi did import Greek letters into Latium,—the story of Evander's migration rests on no good authority; nor, secondly, that they did use F where the later Greeks used Φ. Thirdly, it is pretty certain that the ancient Greeks used ΠΗ to express the sound afterwards denoted by Φ; which Dr. Marsh acknowledges to have been the case in some parts of Greece; and accordingly he supposes ΠΗ to have been an intermediate state of affairs after the death of F, and before the birth of Φ, another gratuitous assumption. 'That the Pelasgi, who brought letters into Latium, never used such an orthography as ΠΗ, is manifest from the orthography of the *old* Latin words—*in* which not a trace do we find of this orthography, till the conquest of Greece by the Romans.' But surely this is only proving an assertion by repeating it in other words; it stands thus: 'All words beginning in Latin with F, and in Greek with Φ, were written by the Pelasgi with an F;—for, if the Pelasgi had written them with ΠΗ the Latins would have written them with a PH.' How can we tell that they would? In pursuance of this assertion Dr. Marsh gives a list of Latin words beginning with F, and derived

<sup>o</sup> Dr. Marsh commits an anachronism in describing this Trypho, who lived in the time of Augustus, as a disciple of Origen, who flourished in the third century.

from the Greek, 'which will afford *abundant proof* that the F is the proper representative of the Greek F.' Now the abundant proof consists entirely in an arbitrary orthography of Greek words, resting on no authority but that of the P himself. Thus *fuga*, no doubt, came from Φυγή, and *fan* Φαν, but these Dr. Marsh Pelasgifies into FVFA and FAMA, &c. this *abundant proof* of the very fact, which, in this mode of procedure, he takes for granted. We do not mean to impugn the doctrine, but only the mode of argumentation by which it is established.

From the foregoing observations it is inferred, 'that in cases where V is used, the V is merely a substitute for the F, which, though *naturally hard*, in reference to V, acquires in certain cases a softer sound than at other times, and thus becomes more easily exchanged.' This solution of the difficulty is to say the least of it, very *hard*, and seems to us to be effectually precluded by the very instances which Dr. Marsh has quoted, *Vesta, vestis, vis, vinum*, &c. and *fera, fero*, &c. For there is a difference of *hardness* or *softness* which should have made him choose his post in the latter of these classes and relinquish it in the former. Without intending to pronounce decidedly for or against the hypothesis maintained by the learned professor, we nevertheless observe that the obscurity, which, from the nature of things, ever pervades this subject, should preclude the disputant on either side from adopting a tone of positive and unqualified assertion. And as we are afraid that no ornaments of style, with which we could invest a dissertation on the digamma, would render it interesting to our readers, nor even overcome that involuntary antipathy which we all contracted at school, of this frightful monster with two tails, we shall take leave of the subject; and revert to the original question, the language of the Pelasgians.

Our opinion, before we read Dr. Marsh's book, was, and is, that the Greeks owed their language and institutions to Phœnician and Egyptian colonists, who got the better of the Pelasgi, more ancient colonists than themselves.

The shores of Phœnicia and Egypt were, of all others, the most likely, from their very early civilization and populousness, and from their maritime advantages, to send adventurers to the coast of Greece. And it was the uniform tradition of the Greeks themselves, that the colonies had been led from those parts by Cadmus and Cecrops, the former of whom was believed to have brought letters into Greece, an admission, which the national vanity of the Greeks made them reluctant to acknowledge, and which some endeavoured to elude by setting up a claim for Palamedes.\* But a strong proof of the justice

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\* When Æschylus attributes the invention of letters to Prometheus, we consider it only as one of the many liberties which he took with popular tradition, to suit his poetical convenience.

which this honour was assigned to Cadmus, is the resemblance, in some respects, of the Greek and Phenician alphabets.

The Greek Β, Γ, Δ, Ε, Σ, are nearly the same as the Phenician, with this remarkable difference, that the latter characters stand from right to left. Now we know that the ancient Greeks occasionally wrote from right to left, the traces of which custom are still extant in the Sigeian inscription, where the lines are written *αερεφιδν*, i. e. from right to left, and from left to right alternately, which was obviously an intermediate step between the Phenician mode of writing and that of the later Greeks. A testimony in favour of the colony under Cecrops is the similarity of the Egyptian and Greek mythologies, and the absolute identity of some of their deities. Lastly, a very strong argument against Dr. Marsh's hypothesis, that the Pelasgi bequeathed their language to the Greeks is this, which we have before touched upon, viz. that the language spoken by the people confessedly Hellenic, particularly the inhabitants of Asia Minor, differed exceedingly, and with an excellence, from the dialect of those tribes which are undoubtedly Pelasgic, to wit, the Arcadians, Laconians, and inhabitants of Magna Græcia; the inference from which is, that the language of Homer, or Hellenic, was cultivated and spoken in its original purity by the Ionians, but only partially adopted and incorporated with the old Pelasgic or *βαρβαρος γλώσσα*, by the other states.

On the whole, we are of opinion that considerable research and much ingenuity are manifested in this little work, but there prevails throughout a want of compression and lucid arrangement which renders it somewhat laborious to read. We are disposed to concur in many material conclusions, but have some fault to find with the mode of establishing them. Dr. Marsh is a very able and acute controvertist, and a good scholar; but it appears to us that antiquarian and philological inquiries demand a degree of doubtful and deliberate hesitation, a careful examination and weighing of authorities, to which (in this work at least) he has not always paid sufficient attention. The tone is not so much that of inquiry as assertion; it is not a diffident examination, but a stern *profligation* of the opinions of many eminent and learned writers, who are successively mowed down by the scythe of 'irrefragable argument.' We prefer the temper of Livy—*Quæ ante conditam conditamve urbem, poeticis magis decora fabulis, quam incorruptarum gestarum monumentis, traduntur, ea nec affirmare, nec negare, in animo est*: and we would recommend the polite maxims by which the critics are accustomed to qualify their hard words—*Planè hallucinatur V. D.—ni fallor. Omnino nihil videt in hoc loco V. C.—mea saltem sententia, &c.* Under cover of which turned courtesy we make our retreat from the field.

ART. IV. *Journal of a Cruise made to the Pacific Ocean by Captain David Porter, in the United States Frigate Essex, during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, containing Descriptions of the Cape de Verd Islands, Coasts of Brazil, Patagonia, Chile, Peru, and of the Gallapagos Islands. Also, a full Account of the Washington Group of Islands; the Manners, Customs, &c. &c. Illustrated with fourteen engravings.* In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 440. Philadelphia. 1815.

IT will be thought superfluous, perhaps, to put the English reader on his guard against a book which he may never have an opportunity of perusing; for we believe that ours is the only one which has crossed, or is likely to cross, the Atlantic:—if accident however, should throw it in his way, or if some English publisher should be desperate enough to reprint it, it may save him the expense and trouble to be apprised of the fallacies held forth in the *lengthy* title-page. We can assure him that he will look in vain for the promised description of the Cape de Verd islands,—that of the coasts of Brazil,—or of Patagonia, no part of the latter of which, in fact, did the writer even see. For the real sequel to the *Adventures of the Buccaneers of America*, ‘*The History of the Pirates*,’ would, in our estimation, have a far more appropriate title to this ‘*Journal of a Cruise*,’ than the one assumed. It would, however, be an act of injustice to the memory of the gallant Captain Morgan, the undaunted Anson, and many others of the same class, to associate with the name of David Porter: to them we cannot refuse the credit of heroic courage and disinterested generosity; but our author, as we gather from his own narrative, is utterly destitute of both.

In hinting at any similitude, however, we would not be understood to allude, in the most distant manner, to the capture and destruction of the whale-fishing vessels in the Southern Pacific, or the mass of individual distress occasioned thereby:—private property, met with on the sea, however innocently employed, is the practice of war, unfortunately excluded from that protection which is usually granted to it on shore. Our charges against Captain Porter are of a more flagitious nature, and out of his mouth shall we condemn him.

The style or rather jargon of the book is that of a boatmate; and with regard to any new information, nautical, geographical, or moral, it is so trifling in its extent, and of so little importance in any point of view, that the notice of it will not detain us long. By far the greater part of the book is occupied with tedious detail of the author’s exploits in capturing unarmamented vessels, in maltreating his prisoners, and in wantonly murdering off

ng savages, of all which he is hardy enough to make an g recital.

first port that 'David Porter, Esquire,' of the United States Essex, touched at, in this memorable 'cruise,' was Porto on the island of St. Jago. The 'friendly attentions which e met with from the "allies of Great Britain," were as sur- as they were unexpected;' a moment's reflection, however, the mystery—they arose, it seems, from a comparison of iable and gentlemanlike manners 'with the haughty un- ſting conduct of the commanders and officers of British of war.' But they carried their 'friendly attentions' yet : 'they were highly gratified,' Captain Porter says, 'at ounts I gave them of our success against the ships of that ous navy;' and such a portion of his own ardour did this chief instil into the breast of the Portuguese governor, that red to protect him against *any British force* that might ar- ere.' p. 25. This was the more generous, as, it appears, he captain's own account, that 'there were but four ser- e muskets on the island.' The return which this mirror of lantic politeness makes for these distinguished civilities on t of the 'allies of Great Britain,' is to ridicule their whole hment. This, with the price of fowls, and a few desultory s on bad rum, petmonkeys, and *baracouters*, (baraconta,) utes the 'description of the Cape de Verd islands,' so pro- ly put forth in the title-page.

he run across the tropical latitudes is an event of rare oc- ce in the history of navigation, it was not to be expected is able navigator would pass over in silence the phenome- the trade-winds, the cause of which we do not recollect to ny where met with so briefly and intelligibly explained. re caused, he says, 'by the passage of the sun from east ,' or 'rather' (for either of the two causes it seems will do) irth's *rotatory* motion from west to east.' Hence, we con- that the reason why we, who dwell without the tropics, o trade-winds, is, that our sun does *not* pass from east to r *rather*, that our portion of the earth stands still, at least *rotatory* motion from west to east.

e he captures the Nocton packet, of ten guns and thirty men ys, including passengers. On this occasion his humanity is picious as his bravery. 'He forbore to make use of his uns;' but, as he apprehended that this formidable cock- as 'about to rake him, he poured a volley of musketry into hich killed one man. His prisoners, meanwhile, were quite d with their good fortune in falling into his hands: 'they d (he says) to consider their capture and trip to America

more in the light of an agreeable adventure and party of pleas than a misfortune.' p. 36.—'How can you be so cruel,' said Beckford to a warrener, 'to sew up the mouths of your ferrets?' 'Lord, sir!' replied the fellow, 'they likes it.' Captain Porter must have read this passage. On another occasion, his prisoners, many of whom had been in irons, being put on board 'an English ship, and a dull sailor,' on taking their departure, 'gave him three hearty cheers, and many good wishes for his success,' which, the captain says, he doubts not they were sincere!

On approaching the small island of Fernando de Noronha, Captain Porter 'disguises' the *Essex* as a merchantman, hoists English colours, and sends his first lieutenant on shore, in plain cloth to inform the governor that the ship was the 'Fanny, Captain Johnson, from London, bound to Rio de Janeiro;—short of water;—crew sick of the scurvy;—in want of refreshments;—unable to anchor, all the anchors being lost, and the cables broken.' This 'lie circumstantial' procured him intelligence of two English frigates having been there the week before, and that the governor had a letter addressed to Sir James Yeo, of the Southamton, which had been left with him to send to England. In consequence of the latter part of this information, the lieutenant was a second time dispatched with a 'lie direct,'—'that there was a gentleman on board who was intimately acquainted with Sir James Yeo, and was going from Brazil direct to England, who would take charge of the letter and deliver it to Sir James.' The unsuspecting governor delivered the letter, which David Porter Esquire, made no scruple to break open; but the information contained was rather alarming to the nerves of the fictitious Englishman, (and never was the name so disgraced before,) who immediately shifted his ground to avoid falling in with a British frigate. The sum of the information, therefore, concerning this island is—that there are no females on Fernando Noronha—no other motive that our author can conceive, unless it be 'to render this place of exile more horrible.'

The next place which he visited was the island of St Catharine, where we find very little worthy of remark, except his 'punishing a man for paying a dollar for a dozen of rotten eggs.' Here, too, he takes occasion to speak contemptuously of the Portuguese establishments, in return for their civilities: the walls of the fortress were covered with trees, the guns were honey-combed, the gun-carriages in a rotten state, and the garrison consisted of about 20 half-naked soldiers; the church was within the fortress, and a broken crow-bar was suspended at the door as a substitute for a bell—this is the substance of the information concerning the island of St. Catharine's, which, with what we have already stated, will



with regard to Fernando Noronha, comprises the 'description of the coast of Brazil'—a coast, of which, in point of fact, he never once came within sight. A report, indeed, of some British frigates in the neighbourhood 'determined him on getting to sea again with all expedition;' and as the southern Atlantic was likely to prove too warm a station, he resolved to make the best of his way round Cape Horn for the Pacific, where plenty of prizes were to be had without fighting for them. To keep his crew in good humour, he addressed to them 'a note,' which he says produced the happiest effects—and well it might:—it is couched in the meanest buccaneer-style—the rapacity without the spirit—'Sailors and Marines! . . . . The unprotected British commerce on the coast of Chili, Peru and Mexico, will give you an abundant supply of wealth, and the girls of the Sandwich islands shall reward you for your sufferings during the passage round Cape Horn.'

One would suppose, from the terrors which haunted Captain Porter on this passage—the black clouds,—the torrents of rain,—the whistling of conflicting winds—Libs, Notus et Auster—and the roaring of breakers—with the repetition of which we are entertained through a chapter of thirty pages, that the *Essex* was the only ship which had doubled Cape Horn since the days of Lord Anson, whose misfortunes, he tells us, served only to 'rouse his ambition,' and to prompt him 'to make the name of the *Essex* as well known in the Pacific Ocean as that of the *Centurion*, by retorting on the haughty English the evils which Lord Anson had done the Spaniards!' p. 76. Captain Porter's ethics and logic are on a par; and the thought was worthy of him. La Perouse had said that 'the navigation round Cape Horn was like that of all high latitudes;' and this observation draws from our hero expressions of high indignation against this unfortunate navigator, which, however, are somewhat qualified by ascribing them probably to the 'false or prejudiced statements of the editor.' He forgets, surely, for even *he* cannot be ignorant of the fact, that no less than forty or fifty whalers have, for the last twenty or thirty years, annually doubled Cape Horn at all seasons of the year, and, as we believe, without the loss of a single ship in that part of their voyage—but David Porter, Esquire, betrays in no part of his journal any indications of seamanship. His directions for doubling this formidable Cape are, 'never to attempt it in the month of February,'—the best month, by the way, in the year—and 'never to attempt it at all, if you can get there by any other route.' We suspect, however, that there might be a motive for all this blustering of the winds and weather: to describe the *Essex* as crippled by the elements, was the most plausible way of preparing the reader for her subsequent capture by the *Phœbe*.

Once, and but once, Captain Porter had a glimpse of the land—Cape San Diego, on the coast of Staten-land;

‘The appearance was dreary beyond description; perhaps, however, the critical situation of the ship, the foaming of the breakers, the violence of the wind, and the extreme haziness of the weather, may (all combined) have served to render the appearance more dreadful; but from the impression made by its appearance then, and from the description given by others, I am induced to believe, that no part of the world presents a more horrible aspect than Staten-land.’

This glimpse of Staten-land is meant, we presume, for ‘the description of the coast of Patagonia,’ announced in the title-page; for if it be not, we shall look in vain for a single syllable in the whole book that has any reference to that part of the world.

The *Essex*, after escaping the dangers of Cape Horn, anchored near the island of Mocha, on the coast of Chili, where they shot wild hogs and wild horses: the flesh of the latter is described as more fat and tender than that of the former. They killed few of either, but ‘many of the poor animals,’ it seems, ‘were wounded in different parts of the body, and made their escape with the blood streaming from their wounds. After having ‘caused much cruel and unnecessary destruction among them,’ in what he calls ‘a delightful excursion,’ we have a puling lamentation from this wholesale destroyer, ‘that visitors to this island should indulge themselves in such wanton barbarity!’—p. 95.

Off Valparaiso Captain Porter sends his lieutenant ashore to inform the governor of his want of supplies, ‘having lost his storeship off Cape Horn,’—‘a little artifice,’ as he calls it, (and the whole cruise is a tissue of such ‘artifices,’) which he was induced to use from the unaccommodating disposition of the Spaniards. It turned out, however, to be quite unnecessary; as he discovered, to his great satisfaction, that the people of Valparaiso were in a state of rebellion against their mother country; that they were eagerly looking up to the United States for example and protection; that, in fact, he had got among ‘staunch republicans—men filled with revolutionary principles;’ and that the governor was himself one of those thriving adventurers who owed his rise entirely to the revolution; ‘his *grade* being that of a lieutenant in the navy, but was created governor on shaking off his allegiance to Ferdinand.’

This aspiring governor gave to his brother republicans a grand ball, at which was a brilliant assemblage of about two hundred ladies, many of whom were handsome (with the exception, however, of their teeth) both in person and face.

‘With their grace, their beauty of person and complexion, and with their modesty, we were delighted, and could almost fancy we had gotten amongst our own countrywomen; but in one moment the illusion vanished.

inished. The *ballas de tierra*, as they are called, commenced; they consisted of the most graceless, and at the same time fatiguing, movements of the body and limbs, accompanied by the most indelicate and uncivilious motions, gradually increasing in energy and violence, until the fair one, apparently overcome with passion, and considerably exhausted with fatigue, was compelled to retire to her seat; her rosy cheeks and fair complexion disappeared in the large drops of sweat which ran trickling down her neck and breast, and were succeeded by the sallow tinge which nature had bountifully bestowed.

The defect in their teeth is ascribed to the inordinate use of *matti*, a decoction of the herb of Paraguay (what the herb of Paraguay is, European botanists have not yet ascertained) sweetened with sugar, and taken without much regard to delicacy.

When the cup containing it is brought in, one of the company blows into it, through a silver tube, until a high froth is produced. The same *matti* and tube is then passed around the room, and each one takes in turn a suck of it, with much apparent relish and delight; but, considering the rotten teeth and unsavoury breaths of the Chilians, there could not be a dose offered more repulsive to a delicate stomach than the same frothy *matti*, served up in their style.

In eating and drinking they all use the same fork, glass, spoon, &c. so as to lead to the belief, in our author's choice phraseology, 'that they had a particular relish for the taste of each other's dirty mouths.' We can scarcely give credit to some parts of Captain Porter's description, especially to that perverted notion of refinement which would lead 'a Chilian lady to prefer being caught in bed with a gentleman, than be seen walking arm and arm with him.' Among their few virtues, he gives them credit for that which all savages possess—hospitality—and a marked attention to strangers. The principal guest is placed at the head of the table, the host on one side of him and the hostess on the other; and their chief care during dinner seems to be that of cramming him with a part of every dish upon the table.

When Sunday arrived, Captain Porter 'determined to devote it to pleasure,' and accordingly he invited 'the ladies and gentlemen of Valparaiso' on board his ship. These worthy republicans, he tells us, 'do not, like the people of Protestant countries, (Captain Porter and his crew, for instance,) spend their Sabbath in penance and prayers, but in feasting and dancing; and although a good Catholic would consider himself damned to eternal flames if he neglected confession, or eat meat during Lent, yet he is above the vulgar Protestant prejudice of devoting one whole day in each week to the worship of the Almighty, when he has it in his power to spend it so much more agreeably in amusement.'—p. 108. But if the religious sentiments of the Chilians were so much to the taste of our cruizer, their *patriotism*, as he calls it, threw him into

raptures; and he mentions with exquisite delight that, at a given by the governor, where some Portuguese officers and Irish merchants were present, 'when the wine began to circulate and the Chilian officers to feel the ardour of their patriotic such flaming toasts were given, as to make them (the Portuguese and English) think it prudent for them to retire.' He admits there is a strong party favourable to the cause of Ferdinand; of whom, however, have happily been hanged, and others banished to the island of Juan Fernandez. The ladies are all in favour of the *patriots*—because (adds the captain) 'they are mostly young dashing Chilians,' whilst the *saracens* (so it seems the loyalists are called) 'are invariably crusty, old, formal Castilians. No wonder therefore that the latter should be hanged and beheaded with so little ceremony; or that the ladies should so openly avow their political preference to the former, which it seems to do by 'wearing their hair gracefully brushed over on the left side of the face.'

In the muster-roll of the crew we found the name of 'Adams, chaplain.' Knowing the economy as well as the 'sophy' of Mr. Madison's government, this appointment to him by surprize; since, with the exception of a lively sally of Captain Porter against the pigheaded *protestants*, who prefer *prayer* on Sunday to debauchery and rebellion; and a desperate threat to set fire to the magazine and blow up the crew to *eternity*, which might have been picked up by the captain in conversation with such a person,) we could not perceive the slightest indication that any one on board the *Essex* had any better knowledge of a God, or of any thing connected with religion than the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego.—But our surprize was gratuitous, and originated merely in ignorance of the American language, in which the word *chaplain* does not mean what it does in English, but a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. In fact, this character, whom we injuriously suspected of enjoying a sinecure, appeared, on examination, to be one of the most efficient men on board. His name occurs in three places, in the first of which he acts as prize-master, in the second as superintendant of the boiling of blubber, and in the third as a kind of deputy surgeon-mate.

We find nothing remarkable in the 'cruise' from hence to the northward, excepting that, near the islands Lobos, 'the sea was covered with pelicans, and other aquatic birds, feeding in *schools* of small fish,' which were also pursued by 'bonnets,' 'baracouters,' seals and porpoises; and it is stated, for the first time, though never before, perhaps, in such elegant language, that those which jumped out of the water were *snapped up* by innumerable swarms of birds that were hovering over them.

Porter next visits the Gallapagos islands, where land-tortoises, as we are told, are to be obtained, as indeed we should conclude from the name, 'the islands of Tortoises;' but we were not aware that each reached the weight of four hundred pounds each; or that after a year without food or water, they could be 'found greatly improved in fatness and flavour.' They have grown, no doubt, since the time of Dampier, who thought he should hardly oblige in stating 'one of the largest of these creatures to weigh a hundred or two hundred pounds, and some of them to measure two feet, or two feet six inches over the *challapee* or belly.' So feeble and clumsy as Captain Porter thought them, we cannot resist the temptation of conveying to our turtle-loving friends in Adwick and Portsoken-wards, the glowing description he has given of these luscious monsters.

Their motion resembles strongly that of the elephant; their steps regular, and heavy; they carry their body about a foot from the ground, and their legs and feet bear no slight resemblance to the animal which I have likened them; their neck is from 18 inches to two feet in length, and very slender; their head is proportioned to it, and strongly resembles that of a serpent; but, hideous and disgusting as is their appearance, no animal can possibly afford a more wholesome, luscious, and nutritious food than they do; the finest green turtle is no more to be compared to them in point of excellence, than the coarsest beef is to the finest mutton, and after once tasting the Gallapagos tortoises, every other animal falls greatly in our estimation.'

How have we then remained thus long in utter ignorance of the Gallapagos tortoises, and been lavishing our praises, and smacking our lips on the vulgar *challapash* and *challapee* of the green turtle, when every whaler, for the last thirty years, might have supplied us with such abundance of an article so superior in every respect!—But Captain Porter proceeds:

These animals are so fat as to require neither butter nor lard to cook them, and this fat does not possess that cloying quality, common to that of other animals; and when *tried out*, it furnishes an oil superior to that of the olive. The meat of this animal is the easiest of digestion; and its quantity, exceeding that of any other food, can be eaten without occasioning the slightest inconvenience. But what seems the most extraordinary in this animal, is the length of time that it can exist without food. As I have been well assured, that they have been piled away among coals in the hold of a ship, where they have been kept *eighteen months*; when killed at the expiration of that time, were found to have suffered no diminution in fatness or excellence.'

There are other circumstances no less singular in the natural history of this abstemious animal.

They carry with them a constant supply of water, in a bag at the end of the neck, which contains about two gallons, and on tasting that

found

found in those killed on board, it proved perfectly fresh and sweet. They are very restless when exposed to the light and heat of the sun, but lie in the dark from one year's end to the other without moving; day-time they appear remarkably quick sighted and timid, drawing head into their shell on the slightest motion of any object: but they are entirely destitute of hearing, as the loudest noise, even the firing of guns does not seem to alarm them in the slightest degree; and at night, in the dark, they appear perfectly blind.\*

Captain Porter was so well convinced of the good quality of these tortoises, which his people called *Gallapagos mutton*, that he laid in about fourteen tons weight of them, which was as much as he could conveniently stow.

'They were piled up on the quarter-deck for a few days, in order that they might have time to discharge the contents of their stomachs, which is considerable; after which they were stowed away below, as you stow any other provisions, and used as occasion required.' 'No deterioration of stock,' he adds, 'is so convenient for ships to take to sea with them as the tortoises of those islands; they require no provision of water for a year, nor is any further attention to them necessary, that their shells should be preserved unbroken.'

We have dwelt thus long on these interesting creatures, so different from elephants, for lack of better matter, though the Gallapagos supplied other objects of which a skillful traveller would have availed himself for the instruction and amusement of his readers: they are, for instance, all volcanic, and in a state of activity; and volcanoes are apparently fed by a constant indraught of air towards the group of islands; they abound too with a great variety of plants and animals, and though their situation is distant from the equator, the climate is so moderate as to resemble that of the temperate rather than that of the torrid zone: but most of this kind are beneath the observation of Mr. Porter. He tells us, however, that the temperature of the air of the Gallapagos islands varies from 72° to 75°; and he mentions an object which he encountered on landing, that created both surprize and alarm. 'On entering the bushes we found myriads of guanas, of an enormous size, and the most hideous appearance imaginable; the rocks forming the cove were also covered with them, and, from their taking to the water very readily, we were induced to believe them a distinct species from those found among the keys of the West Indies. In some spots a half acre of ground would be so completely covered with them, as to appear as though it was impossible for another to get in the space.' 'They were harmless,' the captain adds, 'and as good for eating as the tortoises.'

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\* It is well they were—but such an half-acre, we will venture to say, is to be found only in the Gallapagos. To give our untravelled readers, who may not know



he also discovers that these islands are newly created, which, in the way, may account for the increased size of the tortoises since Dampier's time; and the idea naturally conducts him into a train of moralizing on the loss of his goats, which we are sure will be deemed worthy of admiration:—'they all strayed away,' says he, 'one young male and three females, one of which was of the Welsh breed, and was with young by a Peruvian ram with horns,'—their attendant could not help it; the blame was wholly owing to nature.—'Perhaps nature,' continues he, with all the philosophic tranquillity for which, on great occasions, Mr. Andy was so deservedly celebrated,—'perhaps nature, whose powers are mysterious, has embraced this first opportunity of inhabiting this island with a race of animals, who are, from their nature, almost as well enabled to withstand the want of water as the tortoises with which it now abounds; and, perhaps, she has so combined it, that the breed which shall be produced between the Welsh goat and the Peruvian ram shall be better adapted to the climate than any other.'

The captain is at a great loss, but it is no business of his, he says, to conjecture, how all the tortoises, guanas, and other reptiles first came upon these islands; but though at present they seem only fit for tortoises, guanas, lizards, snakes, &c. he doubts that in time the Gallapagos will have a set of human beings of their own as well as the rest of the world:—'Nature has created them (the human beings) elsewhere, and why could she not do as well at those islands?'

We pass over the loves and adventures of 'a red-haired wild man, and a copper-coloured mixt-blooded squaw,' on which he founds a sagacious conjecture as to the manner in which the Pacific islands must have been peopled; for though nature, he thinks, may have created men elsewhere, and may hereafter, perhaps, create a new set for the Gallapagos, yet, to people the islands of the Pacific, he seems to think it is just possible that they may, in the usual manner, have created one another. We shall also pass over his gallant exploits in capturing the whalers, and the unauthorized and brutal treatment which, by his own account, some of their masters experienced at his hands; at least, we will only pass on the reader's patience, for a very few words. 'The ease,' says he, 'with which these ships (two whalers) were taken by our little party, gave us but a poor opinion of British valour.' p. 160. It may be so:—but, 'in a dead calm,' surrounded by six or eight ships full of armed men, with a heavy fifty-gun frigate within hail,

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As to guanas, some idea of one of these animated plots, it may be necessary to tell that, supposing each guana three feet long and four inches in diameter, which is an enormous size, there would be in each half-acre 31,780 guanas!

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we really do not see what resistance a couple of fishing vessels could properly offer; nor do we think that their abstaining from furnishing Captain Porter with a pretence for 'pouring in their volley of musketry,' though it might disappoint his vanity, justifies his sneer at 'British valour;' under which, be it remembered, the modest hero himself sunk shortly after. But the flag of Britain inflames his rancour, and his head, confused and best, becomes a mere chaos whenever a thought of this crosses it. His speech to his crew upon this glorious achievement may serve to illustrate our remark. 'Seamen and Marines tune has at length smiled upon us, *because*—we deserve her smile and the first time she enabled us to display "*free trade*, put into our hands half a million of dollars.' We have no objection to the spoliation; but—to exult in the commission under 'the flag of *free trade*,' is a species of stupid perversion, peculiar, we believe, to the American 'cruizers.'

With the exception of these, the whole of his prizes, we believe, were decoyed into his power. Half his time is occupied in painting and disguising the *Essex*, so as to make her pass for an English frigate. The captains of our whalers come fearfully under his guns, and are favoured with an invitation on board while they are engaged in conversation, their vessels are seized. Of this practical joke, though eternally repeated, we do not complain; the evil is, that while these unfortunate men, relying on Captain Porter's assurance that they are conversing with a British officer, lay aside restraint, this insidious American waits for the slightest reflection on his countrymen, and with a malice of a little mind, punishes his victims for that very freedom of discourse which his treacherous encouragement had produced. Of one officer thus betrayed, and thus punished, he indulges his poor spite, by boasting, that 'in consequence of his treatment, this haughty Englishman was so humbled, that he would have licked the dust from his feet!' p. 186. Captain Porter here makes a vast parade of the 'balance against the British, occasioned by his cruise in the Pacific.' This is stated at 5,000,000 dollars. The estimate on which it rests is not accurate. Each of the captured whalers was worth, it is said, about 250,000 dollars—we did not imagine that these fishing vessels were so valuable—but as this makes up but half the amount, i. e. 2,500,000, our maritime Cocker puts on 2,500,000 more for the whalers which, he presumes, his prizes would have been taken from his countrymen in those seas, had he not been before their hand, and cunningly secured them! Be this as it may, he reckoned without his host, for none of his prizes, NO, NOT ONE, ever reached America, and his own ship (a circumstance we

unfortunate

fortunately slipped his memory) ought to have been carried to *contra* side of the account.\*

At the conclusion of this notable summary of his achievements, pursues his triumph over poor Lord Anson, whom he had been discomfited, without mitigation, and ends by observing, that (Lord Anson) had no trophies of his success to exhibit. That *trophies* our egregious conqueror had to display, except the skulls of a few murdered savages, we are unable to guess. But, in submission, Lord Anson was not sent to make war on sailors; his expedition defeated the vast designs of Spain, and ultimately led to the ruin of a mighty armament.† He captured, too, a vessel as powerful as his own, and, having rounded the world, returned in safety, and *in his own ship*, with all his treasure. Captain Porter, on the contrary, after losing half his crew, was taken by a ship of inferior force, and owed his return to the humanity of his captor, who sent him home in a *cartel*! It is impossible to pass such ridiculous vanity without a smile. We would willingly mortify the knight of la Mancha, and yet there is a page of his history which brings Captain Porter full before our eyes.—Beaten, bruized, and unable to sit upright, deprived of Rozinante, (as the captain was of the Essex,) and laid across a pike, the Don has yet a conceit in his misery. ‘Sancho,’ says he, ‘think not this mode of conveyance without glory; for it is recorded in story, that Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, entered the city of an hundred gates, riding on an ass.’ ‘It may be so,’ replied the squire, ‘but surely there is some difference between riding an ass, and being slung across him like a sack of rubbish!’

We now arrive at the second volume, in which the reader, who has accompanied us thus far, must prepare, we lament to say, to exchange the feelings already excited in his mind for feelings of a different nature, if he has any pity for outraged humanity, any detestation for wanton rapine and destruction.

From the Gallapagos, Captain Porter set sail with the Essex and her prizes for the group of islands long known by the name of the Marquesas, but which, after an example that we recently had occasion to reprobate, he is pleased to call the Washington islands. To three of this group he assigns the names of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—names which, ‘he is quite sure,’ will pass to posterity whatever names may be given to

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\*The whole of his prizes, except one, were recaptured, and that one was carried off by his own people, all ‘true-blooded Yankees,’ to New South Wales; from thence it was brought to England, and delivered to her owners on payment of salvage.

†Stated by Captain Porter himself, p. 76, at six men of war, carrying 300 guns, and above 3,000 men. Our unlucky calculator had forgotten, when he mentioned the loss ‘of this powerful fleet,’ that it must be attributed to Lord Anson. But this is to be blessed with a clear head!

them by English or French *partizans*.' Another note was added in this part of the 'cruise' to the ship's company, which tells us he thought it right to administer, as an approved dose against the scurvy—it spoke of their destination, and amusement they might expect;—and after this they could and think of nothing but the beauties of those islands;—'one,' says he, 'imagined them Venus's, and amply indulged themselves in fancied bliss, impatient of our arrival at that Cythra paradise where all their wishes were to be gratified.'—vol. ii

On their arrival off Rooahoooga island, the Riou of the Essex and Jefferson of Captain Porter, a few natives, who came in a canoe, invited them to the shore, assuring them, 'by the expressive gesticulations, that the *vahienas*, or women, were timely at their service.' Captain Porter's promises to his company were here amply fulfilled. There were no scruple on his part; none, of course, on the part of the crew; he saw no harm in giving countenance to the moral depravity of ignorant savages—but we must here pause, and draw a veil over his proceedings. We cannot pollute our pages with the description which Captain Porter gives of his transactions with these people. His language and his ideas are so gross and indelicate, so wholly unfit for this hemisphere, that we must leave the unenjoyment of this part of his book to his own countrymen who are at a loss to determine which is most disgusting and offensive—his nauseous ribaldry, or his impudent avowal of his improper conduct. 'If,' says he, 'there was any crime, the crime was ours, not theirs; they acted in compliance with the customs of their ancestors; we departed from those principles of justice and morality, which are so highly esteemed in civilization.' 'The woman was enough, he thinks, that each confined himself to object, and she of the best family and rank;' which, he says, is as much as the most 'zealous *celebiate*' could require—but more than enough of this profligate, this pernicious trash.

The island in this group next visited by the Essex, was Heevah, which in Captain Porter's book is dignified by the name of Madison; the bay is nick-named Massachusetts, and a miserable group of huts built during their stay, Madisonville. On their landing, they met with one Maury, a midshipman in the United States navy, and an Englishman named Wilson, the latter of whom had lived among the Marquesas many years and spoke their language with great fluency. Though of a religion against the very name of which Captain Porter entertains the most rooted antipathy, he allows Wilson to have been 'a pious, sensible, honest, good-hearted fellow, well disposed to do every service in his power, and whose only failing was his attachment to rum.' Captain Porter soon discovered, or perceived

we discovered, that the people of a neighbouring valley, at head of Comptroller's bay, named the Happahs, were at war with those among whom he landed; though it was admitted that friendly intercourse was still kept up between the two tribes. Eager to show his prowess among a people whose weapons were harmless when put in competition with fire-arms, and still more anxious to procure provisions without paying for them, (avarice is the ruling passion of this huckstering captain,) he ordered a message to be sent over the mountains 'to tell the Happahs he had come with a force sufficiently strong to drive them from the island; and if they presumed to enter into the valley while he remained there, he should send a body of men to punish them.' With the return of the messenger came the Happahs themselves within half a mile of the camp, and sent for an answer, 'that in consequence of his threats they had come into the valley, and destroyed the bread-fruit trees, and yet they had not been opposed; that they believed him and his people to be cowards, and would soon pay them a visit.' This threat 'somewhat provoked' our hero—but it also alarmed him; he landed a portion of his ship's company; he employed the natives of the valley to drag a six pounder to the top of the mountains to observe their progress. With this gun was sent the first-lieutenant Jones, (the counterpart of himself, and the ready agent of all little artifices,) and a party of men. The lieutenant reported on his return, that on ascending the top of the mountain he was knocked down with a huge stone which struck him on the head; that on recovering, he ordered the enemy to be pursued, but they, however, made a stand at a kind of breastwork or fortress, scoffed at his men, and exposed their posteriors to them, and taunted them with the utmost contempt and derision.' The Americans, upon this, rushed forwards towards the barrier, fired among the crowd, and shot five of them dead;—'one, in particular, fought till the muzzle of the piece was presented to his forehead, when the top of his head was entirely blown off.' The scene of massacre and plunder, the destruction of houses, utensils, live stock, and bread-fruit trees that followed, Captain Porter says, was 'shocking to see.' But he obtained his end, and 'a large supply of hogs' for nothing.

The bodies of the five men who had been killed in storming the fortress were brought down to the valley, and taken to the public square where their festivals are held. Maury and Wilson both said, on their arrival, that the natives were cannibals, though neither had ever seen them in the act of eating human flesh; and it was also understood from Gattanewa, the chief, that they sometimes eat their enemies; it was fair therefore to conclude, that the bodies in the great square were destined to be eaten

eaten, which Wilson said they would certainly be as soon as they were advanced to a state of putridity. Captain Porter was determined to ascertain this fact with his own eyes, and for this purpose proceeded to the square—several of the young warriors were hastening along towards the same place, armed with their spears at the ends of which were hung plantains, breadfruit, or coconuts, intended as offerings to their gods; the sound of the drum was now heard, and presently the chanting of the war-song.

‘I soon discovered five or six hundred of them assembled about the dead bodies, which were lying on the ground, still attached to the poles with which they had been brought from the scene of action. The warriors were all armed with their spears, and several large drums, ornamented with cloth, were placed near the slain, on which some were employed beating, while Tawattaa, and another priest, elevated above the rest, appeared to preside over the ceremonies. Ah! said Wilson, they are now making their infernal feast on the bodies of the dead. At the moment my approach was discovered. They were all thrown into the utmost confusion; the dead bodies were in an instant snatched from the place where they lay, and hurried to a distance among the bushes, and shouting and hallooing evinced the utmost consternation. I now believed the truth of Wilson’s declaration, and my blood recoiled with horror at the spectacle I was on the point of witnessing. I directed them in an authoritative manner to return the bodies to the place whence they had taken them, and refused to advance a step farther until they had done so. With much reluctance they brought them back; two of them carefully covered with branches of the cocoa-nut tree, the others were entirely uncovered. I immediately caused all of them to be exposed to my view, and to my great surprise found them unmutilated, except by the clubs with which they had been dispatched.’

On inquiring why they had carried them off, he was told that they supposed the sight would be disagreeable to him; and when he expressed his apprehension that they were about to eat them, they all assured him they had no such intention, and only requested that a couple of them might be suffered to remain in their hands to offer as a sacrifice to the manes of their priest who had been slain: that he might send anyone to attend the ceremony, and witness their burial, assuring him that they would bury them as deep as he pleased. Captain Porter seems to think, therefore, that both Wilson and he must have misunderstood them, when they said they sometimes ate their enemies, and that they meant no more than to sacrifice, or keep them as trophies; and that the word *to eat* may have many meanings besides; as *mattee*, to kill, also signifies *to be in pain, to be sick, wounded, or in any way injured*. Far from expressing any desire to eat the bodies, they manifested such a horror to touch them, that Captain Porter was obliged to order one of his people to cut the lashings by which the bodies were attached



the poles ; and the moment they dropped into the graves the natives made all haste to cover them up.

We do not doubt that the world has long been abused with reports of cannibals or eaters of human flesh, and perhaps no such people exist. The late Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, hydrographer to the Admiralty and the East India Company, used to say, that though he believed he had read all the voyages and travels that have ever published in any language, and of course had met with numerous stories of anthropophagi, yet he knew not a single instance stated on personal knowledge, that could be considered as substantiating the fact, by such direct and positive evidence as would be taken in a court of justice—we mean, of course, the fact of eating human flesh from choice—dire necessity, like that which compelled the unfortunate inhabitants of Johanna to eat their own children, or the shipwrecked crew of the *Nautilus* the dead bodies of their comrades, must be taken as an exception. Every age and nation of the globe have nevertheless had their anthropophagi:—the Huns, Scythians, and Sarmatians.—Every body knows that Hannibal's soldiers were fed on human flesh to make them ferocious—the Messagetæ were fond of eating old men and women—that the Essidonians, out of pure affection, feasted on their relations—the Caribbes tore the children from their mothers' breasts as most delicious of all food—and that the Peruvians kept mistresses expressly for breeding children to be fattened for the table, and when past it, were themselves fattened for the same purpose. The world too has heard, that the civilized nations of India and China sold human flesh in the market—and that the Grand Khan of Tartary made a present of all the condemned criminals to be eaten by his astronomers and magicians. We are assured by John Russell, of Essex, 'a near neighbour of mine,' says Purchas, 'and an worthy of credit, that the Anzigas of South Africa exposed human flesh for sale on their shambles, as we do beef or mutton' every word of which our good friend Doctor Langsdorff, the public counselor, believes to be strictly true.

There are, however, in almost every modern voyage which has been published, vague accounts of cannibalism, that are as discreditable to the relaters of them as they are calumnious and injurious to the character of the people of whom they are related. Thus Dentrecasteaux's surgeon mistook the bones of a kangaroo for those of a young girl, and set down the harmless people of Van Diemen's land for cannibals ; he did the same from seeing one of the natives of New Caledonia gnaw what he thought the cup-bone of the knee of a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age, though Captain Cook tells us that these people regarded with horror some of the crew who were picking a beef bone, supposing it to be that of a human

human subject : and Admiral Krustenstern believes the inhab-  
of the Marquesas to delight in human flesh ; a fact which he  
ders to be corroborated by human skulls being offered for sale  
human bones being attached to various parts of their furnit

We entertain not the smallest doubt that these people are  
tirely free from this abominable practice. Indeed we have  
since these sheets went to the press, from several of our  
who remained many weeks among them, that there were no  
slightest grounds for suspecting them of any such practice.  
Captain Porter not merely exonerates them from this charge  
affirms, from the knowledge which he acquired of their character  
during his stay among them, and while he was fully employed  
in robbing and murdering them, 'that an honester, or more  
ly and better disposed people, do not exist under the sun.'

'They have been stigmatized,' he continues, 'by the name of  
it is a term wrongly applied : they rank high in the scale of  
beings, whether we consider them morally or physically. We find  
brave, generous, honest, and benevolent ; acute, ingenious, and  
gent ; and their beauty and regular proportions of their bodies  
spond with the perfections of their minds : they are far above the  
mon stature of the human race, seldom less than five feet eleven  
but most commonly six feet two or three inches, and every way  
tioned : their faces are remarkably handsome, with keen, piercing  
teeth white and more beautiful than ivory ; countenances open  
pressive, which bespoke every emotion of their souls ; limbs which  
serve as a model for a statuary, and strength and activity propor-  
to their appearance ; the skin of the men is of a dark copper color  
that of the youths and girls is of a light brown—the first are as  
ful as those of any part of the world ; but the latter, although pos-  
sessed of intelligent and open countenances, fine eyes and teeth, and much  
ness and vivacity, are far from being as handsome as the men.  
limbs and hands (particularly the latter) are more beautifully  
tioned than those of any other women ; but a graceless walk and  
shaped foot, occasioned by going without shoes, take greatly from  
charms.'

This description we know to be somewhat exaggerated :  
know also that they are a fine race of men, possessed of  
good and amiable qualities : and yet, with all their good quali-  
ties joined with the most kind and friendly reception of Captain  
they met, as we have observed, with a most ungrateful re-  
him.

The hogs and other provisions extorted from the  
Happahs were, by this time, consumed, and it became  
procure a fresh supply. Not content with having  
ority by the spoliation and destruction of  
Captain Porter determined, in

the whole island should minister to his cruelty and rapacity : sent, therefore, a message to a tribe called the Typees, inhabiting the most distant part of the island, and one with whom he neither had, nor needed to have, any kind of connection, threatening to punish them severely if they should attempt, which they had not done, to commit hostilities on any other tribe on the island in friendship with him, and desiring to know if they wished for peace and friendship. This spirited people, in reply to the message of this knight-errant, returned for answer, that they wished to know *why* they should desire a friendship with him ? *why* they should bring him their hogs and fruit ?—they knew well enough, he said, that he would *take* them without ceremony if he could, his not doing so was to them a proof of his weakness. This was, to the man of the fearful countenance, throwing down the gauntlet of defiance, and he accordingly prepared for immediate war. We shall not follow him through the inflated description of his prowess with muskets and cutlasses against slings and stones. Some of his officers and people were bruised with stones, many of the poor natives were killed. The Americans, however, were repulsed in the first assault, for which, as he tells us, 'he meditated a severe punishment.' He put arms into the hands of all of his men, manned the boats, landed at a convenient spot, proceeded to take the whole valley by surprize ; he and his officers were however benighted, and 'a cold and piercing wind, accompanied by a deluge, chilled them to the heart.' But the prospect of day, and the cheering prospect of plunder and destruction, revived their drooping spirits ; and they pounced at once upon the enemy—the poor Indians, alarmed, began, 'to shout, to beat their drums and blow their war conchs from one end of the valley to the other ; and what with the *squealing* of the hogs, the screaming of the women and children, and the yelling of the men, the din was horrible.'— p. 100.

It is impossible to read without the strongest feeling of indignation at the feats of destruction committed by this execrable marauder on the property of these innocent people. He tells us that he and his blood-hounds halted on the ridge to take breath, and to view for a few minutes a most delightful valley which was soon to become a scene of desolation. It was nine miles in length by three or four in breadth, surrounded by mountains, and watered by a beautiful river that meandered through it. 'Villages were scattered here and there, the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees flourished luxuriantly and in abundance ; plantations laid out in good order, inclosed with stone walls, were in a high state of cultivation, and every thing bespoke industry, abundance, and happiness—never in my life did I witness a more delightful scene, or experience more

repugnancy than I now felt for the necessity which compelled us to punish a happy and heroic people.'—p. 102.

Well may your conscience suggest to you, Mr. Porter, 'that your conduct *may* be censured as wanton and unjust'—it *was* most flagitious; and your only excuse, that 'the Typees refused to be on friendly terms with you, and that had they wished for peace it would have been granted,' is too weak and contemptible to avail you in the least. Greatly indeed are you mistaken in supposing that on these grounds 'the blood of themselves, their relations and friends must be on their own heads'—no, Mr. Porter, their blood is on yours—and all the efforts of your supporters will be found insufficient to wash out the stain. The mark of Cain is upon you!—Like Cain, indeed, you are safe;—but like Cain, you will find every finger pointed at the indelible spot.

'Wars,' says this ruthless destroyer, in the detestable cant common to all his tribe, 'are not always just, and are rarely free from excess—my conscience acquits me of any injustice, and no excesses were committed, but what the Typees had it in their power to stop by ceasing hostilities.' Without detailing the shocking massacre of these innocent inhabitants as described by himself, we shall merely extract a few sentences to shew a small part of the 'excesses,' of which Captain Porter's conscience so easily acquits him.

'We continued our march up the valley, and met in our way several beautiful villages, which were set on fire; and at length arrived at the capital, for it deserves the name of one. We had been compelled to fight every inch of ground as we advanced, and here they made considerable opposition: the place was, however, soon carried, and I reluctantly set fire to it. Numbers of their gods were here destroyed; several large and elegant new war canoes, which had never been used, were burnt in the houses that sheltered them, and our Indians loaded themselves with plunder; after destroying bread-fruit and other trees and all the young plants they could find.'—p. 106.

Again—

'We proceeded down the valley, and in our route destroyed several other villages, at all of which we had some skirmishing with the enemy. The number of villages destroyed amounted to ten, and the destruction of trees and plants, and the plunder carried off by the Indians, is almost incredible.'

And when he had finished his work of destruction, with a feeling of diabolical delight similar to that with which another artificer of ruin viewed the flames of Moscow from the walls of the Kremlin he thus affects to wail over the fate of the unfortunate valley.

'When I had reached the summit of the mountain, I stopped to contemplate that valley which, in the morning, we had viewed in all its beauty'

ty, the scene of abundance and happiness—a long line of smoking now marked our traces from one end to the other; the opposite were covered with the unhappy fugitives, and the whole presented one of desolation and horror. Unhappy and heroic people! the loss of your own courage and mistaken pride; while the instruments of your own fate shed the tears of pity over your own misfortunes, thousands of your countrymen (nay, brethren of the same family) triumphed over your distresses!—p. 108.

And what were the tears of pity shed by this accursed 'instrument of their fate?'—an extortion from these ruined people of four hundred hogs as the price of his friendship!—but we have no pause—we really cannot proceed.—This act of inhumanity is followed by a most nauseous and indelicate account of the bestial manners of himself and his ship's company, affording an exhibition of moral depravity which any man of sense and proper feeling would be ashamed to avow. But Mr. Porter revels in the delight of exhibiting disgusting scenes.

Let the philosopher mourn over the depravity, as he may call it, of human nature; let him express his horror that civilized man can, for a moment, be lured by the charms of a savage; let the moralist, from his pulpit, preach the charms of virtue and deformity of vice; still I shall not let fall the curtain. the veil shall still be raised and nature exposed; all exhibit her deformities, when I meet them; but shall also display her beauties.'

And all this, a debauchee of fifty (if we may form a judgment from the forbidding portrait stuck as a frontispiece to these volumes) tells us 'is written chiefly for the *improvement* and information of his son'—it being proper, he adds, 'that I should instruct him on every subject which has come within my knowledge.'

We pass over the farcical ceremony of taking possession, for the United States, of Madison's island, the christening of Fort Madison, Madisonville and Massachusetts bay; and the 'Declaration' admitting the natives into the '*great American family*, whose republican policy approaches so near their own;'—though we must not forget that one article of this precious 'Declaration' states, that these poor people 'shall use all their efforts to prevent the subjects of Great Britain' (the constant disturbers of Captain Porter's imagination) 'from coming among them.'—p. 83.

The natives, however, as we can inform this great negociator, indignantly disown the connection with this august 'family.' Captain Porter suppresses the real facts, and we shall therefore relate them for him from the most unquestionable authority.

When Sir Thomas Staines of the Briton frigate, and Captain Gordon of the Tagus, who had been sent into the Pacific in quest of the hero, arrived off the island of Nukaheevah, they perceived

a vast crowd assembled on the shore and armed, apparently with view of preventing any landing. These officers understood, through Wilson, that the islanders had conceived the two frigates to be to the 'great American family,' and that their late guest was turning to revenge the death of four persons belonging to this connection, and left behind in a prize, whom, after Captain Porter's departure, they had, under the smart of their recent sufferings stoned to death on the beach : but the moment Wilson informed them that the ships were English and manned with his own countrymen, they unanimously laid aside their arms, shook hands in the most cordial manner with the officers and boats' crews, were delighted beyond measure at the meeting. As another proof of the lasting regard and affection for the 'family,' the flag and staff had been torn down, and every vestige of Fort Madison destroyed : our people unburied the bottle, and used very little money with the ridiculous 'Declaration' it contained, to which even Porter, Esquire, had affixed his seal and signature. His name, however, we can take upon us to assure him, will long be remembered at Nukaheevah ; where, it appears, he made himself 'acceptable to the natives,' that he never once dared to step beyond the fortified enclosure in which his people had pitched their camp without an armed guard.

We shall take no notice of his garbled account of the capture of the *Essex*, nor of the base and malignant aspersions cast on the conduct of Captain Hillyar, whom, after directly charging with cowardice, treachery, and falsehood, he admits to have 'shown the greatest tenderness to the wounded, and to have endeavored to the utmost of his power, to alleviate the distresses of war to the most generous and delicate deportment towards himself, his officers, and crew.' p. 159. For this galling acknowledgment, was wrung from him by the notoriety of the fact, he immediately consoles himself by covertly insinuating that Captain Hillyar was grieved at the stealing of 'many articles of his clothing' ! a circumstance, continues he, 'which I should not have considered of sufficient importance to notice, did it not mark a striking difference between the navy of Great Britain and that of the United States : highly creditable to the latter.'

We shall not degrade 'the navy of Great Britain' by a word. With respect to Captain Hillyar, he is a good officer and a gentleman ; and it is really refreshing, after the vulgar transgression of pride and spleen through which we have waded, to meet with the following specimen of genuine English manners. p. 160.

'LETTER TO CAPTAIN PORTER.

'My dear Sir,—Neither in our conversations, nor in the accompanying letter, have I mentioned your sword. Ascribe my remissness



at instance, to forgetfulness; I consider it only in my servant's  
 sion with my own, until the master may please to call for it: and  
 gh I omitted, at the moment of presentation, from my mind being  
 engrossed in attending to professional duties, to offer its restora-  
 the hand that received it will be most gladly extended to put it  
 session of him who wore it so honourably in defending his coun-  
 ause.—Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

‘ JAMES HILLYAR.’

ch is the officer so grossly traduced by Captain Porter! What  
 in Porter, himself, is, we willingly leave his own book to de-  
 ; his character is there drawn at full length; and so congenial  
 with that of his countrymen, and so respectable in the eyes of  
 vernment, that we have just read (without surprize) in one  
 ir public papers, that Mr Madison has appointed him (Da-  
 'orter, Esquire, such as our readers have seen him) ‘ one of  
 ommissioners of the American Navy.’

is volume concludes, like the former, with a reference to Lord  
 n; and our author ‘ thinks, that when his materials shall be  
 ed with the same taste, the voyage of the *Essex*’ (especially  
 omeward voyage) ‘ ought not to yield the palm to those of  
 n and Cook!’ p. 146.

is is not our opinion. Let the ‘ materials be drest’ as they  
 there will still be a bad savour about them; they should, as  
 Toby observes, *have been wiped up at first*, and no more  
 —Captain Porter may, indeed, easily persuade his country-  
 as he has undoubtedly persuaded himself, that his ‘ Cruize’  
 or eclipses the ‘ Voyages’ of our great circumnavigators; but  
 elief will always be confined to themselves. Anson and Cook  
 men of high courage, honour, and generosity. Cook, in par-  
 r, (of whom David Porter, Esq. speaks with insolent con-  
 ,) was born for all ages and all countries, and will be held in  
 ful admiration long after his ridiculous ‘ rival’ is forgotten,  
 ly remembered with derision. It is not possible to read the  
 ages’ of these great men without an expansion and elevation  
 nd. The best feelings of our nature are interested in their  
 itures; and we accompany them through a captivating alter-  
 n of suffering and success, with pity, respect, and triumph.  
 iling through the ‘ Journal’ of Captain Porter, the mind  
 ks back on itself:—we read of nothing from page to page,  
 painting,’ ‘ disguising,’ ‘ new-dressing,’ and a number of  
 ‘ little artifices,’ in which the huckster contends with the  
 —; or of an interminable series of unprovoked aggression,  
 tion, and cruelty, which converts disgust into horror. To  
 done with the subject—we are compelled, as far as the pre-  
 author is concerned, to retract a concession which we gladly  
 made

made in the case of the liberal and enterprizing Kruzenst  
' Les marins écrivent mal, mais avec a-scz de candeur.' Cap  
Porter writes ill, *but* not with one grain of candour.

To atone for the uniform dulness of Captain Porter's 'Journ  
and to relieve, in some measure, the harassed feelings of our r  
ers, we shall make no apology for laying before them the his  
of an interesting race of men which this 'Cruize' has been  
means of making us better acquainted with; the two frigates ab  
mentioned having, by mere accident, fallen in with them. We  
this little narrative the more readily, on account of the awfu  
ample it holds forth of the certain punishment which awaits  
guilty, and which no time, nor distance, nor concealment in  
frequented corners of the world, can avert. Of the discover  
the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty we took occa  
in an early Number, to give some account—we are now ena  
to complete their history, and to describe their present condi

It is well known that in the year 1789 his majesty's armed v  
the Bounty, while employed in conveying the bread-fruit tree  
Otaheite to the British colonies in the West Indies, was taken  
her commander, Lieutenant William Bligh, by a part of the c  
who, headed by Fletcher Christian, a master's mate, mutinie  
the island of Tofoa, put the lieutenant, with the remainder o  
crew, consisting of eighteen persons, into the launch, which,  
a passage of 1200 leagues, providentially arrived at a Dutch  
tlement on the island of Timor. The mutineers, twenty-fi  
number, were supposed, from some expressions which esc  
them, when the launch was turned adrift, to have made sail tow  
Otaheite. As soon as this circumstance was known to the A  
rally, Captain Edwards was ordered to proceed in the Pando  
that island, and endeavour to discover and bring to England  
Bounty, with such of the crew as he might be able to secure.  
his arrival in March, 1791, at Matavia bay, in Otaheite, fo  
the mutineers came voluntarily on board the Pandora to surre  
themselves;\* and from information given by them, ten oth

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\* Namely—Peter Heywood, Midshipman.

Geo. Stewart, Ditto.

Joseph Coleman, Armourer.

Richard Skinner, Seaman

† Namely—James Morrison, Boatswain's Mate.

Charles Norman, Carpenter's Mate.

Thomas M'Intosh, Carpenter's Crew.

Thomas Ellison,

Henry Hilbrant,

Thomas Burkitt,

John Millward,

John Sumner,

William Muspratt,

Michael Byrn,

} Seamen.

the number alive upon the island) were, in the course of a , taken; and, with the exception of four, who perished in k of the Pandora near Endeavour Strait,\* conveyed to for trial before a court-martial, which adjudged six of suffer death,† and acquitted the other four ‡

the accounts given by these men, as well as from some its that were preserved, it appeared that as soon as Lieu- digh had been driven from the ship, the twenty-five muti- oceeded with her to Toobouai, where they proposed to set- the place being found to hold out little encouragement, rned to Otaheite, and having there laid in a large supply

they once more took their departure for Toobouai, car- th them eight men, nine women, and seven boys, natives site. They commenced, on their second arrival, the build- fort, but by divisions among themselves and quarrels with res, the design was abandoned. Christian, the leader, also n discovered that his authority over his accomplices was d; he therefore proposed that they should return to Ota- hat as many as chose it should be put on shore at that and that the rest should proceed in the ship to any other ey might think proper. Accordingly they once more put nd reached Matavai on the 20th September, 1789.

sixteen of the five-and-twenty desired to be landed, four- whom, as already mentioned, were taken on board the Pan- of the other two,§ as reported by Coleman, (the first who ered himself to Captain Edwards,) one had been made a lled his companion, and was shortly afterwards murdered by the natives.

tian, with the remaining eight of the mutineers, having ta- board several of the natives of Otaheite, the greater part wo- t to sea on the night between the 21st and 22d September,

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ned—George Stewart.  
Richard Skinner.  
Henry Hilbrant.  
John Sumner.

ely—Peter Heywood.  
James Morrison.  
Thomas Ellison.  
Thomas Burkitt.  
John Millward.  
William Muspratt.

first two of these his Majesty's royal mercy was extended at the earnest re- ation of the Court, and the last was respited and afterwards pardoned.

ely—Charles Norman.  
Joseph Coleman.  
Thomas M'Intosh.  
Michael Byrn.

chill and Thompson.

1789; in the morning the ship was discovered from Point Venus, steering in a north-westerly direction; and here terminate the accounts given by the mutineers who were either taken or surrendered themselves at Matavai bay. They stated, however, that Christian, on the night of his departure, was heard to declare that he should seek for some uninhabited island, and having established his party, break up the ship; but all endeavours of Captain Edwards to gain intelligence either of the ship or her crew at any of the numerous islands visited by the Pandora, failed.

From this period, no information respecting Christian or his companions reached England for twenty years; when, about the beginning of the year 1809, Sir Sidney Smith, then commander-in-chief on the Brazil station, transmitted to the Admiralty a paper which he had received from Lieutenant Fitzmaurice, purporting to be an 'Extract from the log-book of Captain Folger of the American ship *Topaz*,' and dated 'Valparaiso, 10th October, 1808.' This we partly verified in our Review of *Dentrecasteau's Voyage*, by ascertaining that the *Bounty* had on board a chronometer made by Kendal, and that there was on board her a man of the name of Alexander Smith, a native of London.

About the commencement of the present year, Rear-Admiral Hotham, when cruising off New London, received a letter addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, of which the following is a copy, together with the azimuth compass to which it refers:

' Nantucket, 1st March, 1812.

MY LORDS,

THE remarkable circumstance which took place on my last voyage to the Pacific Ocean, will, I trust, plead my apology for addressing your Lordships at this time. In February, 1808, I touched at Pitcairn's island, in latitude  $25^{\circ} 02'$  S. longitude  $130^{\circ}$  W. from Greenwich. My principal object was to procure seal skins for the China market; and from the account given of the island, in Captain Carteret's voyage, I supposed it was uninhabited; but, on approaching the shore in my boat, I was met by three young men in a double canoe, with a present, consisting of some fruit and a hog. They spoke to me in the English language, and informed me that they were born on the island, and their father was an Englishman, who had sailed with Captain Bligh.

' After discoursing with them a short time, I landed with them, and found an Englishman of the name of Alexander Smith, who informed me that he was one of the *Bounty's* crew, and that after putting Captain Bligh in the boat, with half the ship's company, they returned to Otaheite, where part of their crew chose to tarry; but Mr Christian, with eight others, including himself, preferred going to a more remote place; and, after making a short stay at Otaheite, where they took wives and six men servants, they proceeded to Pitcairn's island, where they

destroyed the ship, after taking every thing out of her which they thought would be useful to them. About six years after they landed in this place, their servants attacked and killed all the English, except one informant, and he was severely wounded. The same night the Otaheitan widows arose and murdered all their countrymen, leaving only the widows and children, where he had resided ever since it being resisted.

I remained but a short time on the island, and on leaving it, Smith lent me a time-piece, and an azimuth compass, which he told me I was to send to the *Bounty*. The timekeeper was taken from me by the Governor of the island of Juan Fernandez, after I had had it in my possession about six weeks. The compass I put in repair on board my ship, and made use of it on my homeward passage, since which a new card was put to it by an instrument-maker in Boston. I now forward it to your Lordships, thinking there will be a kind of satisfaction in receiving it, merely from the extraordinary circumstances attending it.

(Signed) MAYHEW FOLGER.\*

Early about the same time a further account of these interesting people was received from Vice-Admiral Dixon, in a letter addressed to him by Sir Thomas Staines, of his Majesty's ship *Briton*, of which the following is a copy :

' *Briton*, Valparaiso, 18th Oct. 1814.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you that on my return from the Marquesas islands to this port, on the morning of the 1st of September, I fell in with an island where none is laid down in the charts, or other charts, according to the several chronometers of the *Briton* and *Tagus*. I therefore hove to, until day-light, and then closed to ascertain whether it was inhabited, which I soon discovered it to be, to my great astonishment, found that every individual on the island (forty in number) spoke very good English. They prove to be the descendants of the deluded crew of the *Bounty*, which, from the island, proceeded to the above-mentioned island, where the ship was

Christian appeared to have been the leader and sole cause of the conversion in that ship. A venerable old man, named John Adams,\* is the only surviving Englishman of those who last quitted Otaheite in the *Bounty*, whose exemplary conduct, and fatherly care of the whole of the colony, could not but command admiration. The pious manner in which all those born on the island have been reared, the correct knowledge of religion which has been instilled into their young minds by him, has given him the pre-eminence over the whole of them, and they look up as the father of the whole and one family.

John Adams's was the first born on the island, now about twenty years of age, (named Thursday October Christian;) the elder John Adams was a sacrifice to the jealousy of an Otaheitan man, within three

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\* There was no such name in the *Bounty's* crew; he must have assumed it in lieu of Alexander Smith.

or four years after their arrival on the island. They were accompanied thither by six Otaheitan men, and twelve women: the former were all swept away by desperate contentions between them and the Englishmen, and five of the latter have died at different periods, leaving at present only one man and seven women of the original settlers.

The island must undoubtedly be that called Pitcairn's, although erroneously laid down in the charts. We had the meridian sun, close to it, which gave us  $25^{\circ} 4'$  S. latitude, and  $130^{\circ} 25'$  W. longitude, by chronometers of the Briton and Tagus.

It is abundant in yams, plantains, hogs, goats, and fowls, but affords no shelter for a ship or vessel of any description; neither could a ship water there without great difficulty.

I cannot, however, refrain from offering my opinion that it is well worthy the attention of our laudable religious societies, particularly that for Propagating the Christian Religion, the whole of the inhabitants speaking the Otaheitan tongue as well as English.

During the whole of the time they have been on the island, only one ship has ever communicated with them, which took place about six years since by an American ship called the Topaz, of Boston, Master Folger, master.

The island is completely iron bound, with rocky shores, and landing in boats at all times difficult, although safe to approach within a short distance in a ship.

(Signed)

T. STAINES.

We have been favoured with some further particulars on this singular society which, we doubt not, will interest our readers as much as they have ourselves. As the real position of the island was ascertained to be so far distant from that in which it is usually laid down in the charts, and as the captains of the Briton and Tagus seem to have still considered it as uninhabited, they were not a little surprised, on approaching its shores, to behold plantations regularly laid out, and huts or houses more neatly constructed than those on the Marquesas islands. When about two miles from the shore, some natives were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through a heavy surf, and paddling off to the ships; but their astonishment was unbounded on hearing of them, on approaching the ship, call out in the English language, 'Won't you heave us a rope, now?'

The first man who got on board the Briton soon proved who they were. His name, he said, was Thursday October Christian, the first born on the island. He was then about five-and-twenty years of age, and is described as a fine young man about six feet high; his hair deep black; his countenance open and interesting, of a brownish cast, but free from that mixture of a redish tinge which prevails on the Pacific islands; his only dress was a piece of cloth round his loins, and a straw hat ornamented with the black feathers



the domestic fowl. ' With a great share of good humour, Captain Pipon, ' we were glad to trace in his benevolence all the features of an honest English face.'— ' I confess,' he continues, ' I could not survey this interesting countenance without feelings of tenderness and compassion.' His companion named George Young, a fine youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age.

The astonishment of the Captains was great on hearing their conversation in English, their surprize and interest were not abated on Sir Thomas Staines taking the youths below and offering them something to eat, when one of them rose up, joining his hands together in a posture of devotion, distinctly and in a pleasing tone and manner, ' For what we are to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

expressed great surprize on seeing a cow on board the ship and were in doubt whether she was a great goat, or a cow.

The captains of his Majesty's ships accompanied these young people. With some difficulty and a good wetting, and with the assistance of their conductors, they accomplished a landing on the surf, and were soon after met by John Adams, a man of fifty and sixty years of age, who conducted them to his house, his wife accompanied him, a very old lady blind with age.

At first alarmed lest the visit was to apprehend him; but when he told that they were perfectly ignorant of his existence, he was relieved from his anxiety. Being once assured that this visit was of a peaceable nature, it is impossible to describe the joy these young people manifested on seeing those whom they were pleased to receive as their countrymen. Yams, cocoa-nuts, and other provisions, and fine fresh eggs, were laid before them; and the old man would have killed and dressed a hog for his visitors, but time would not allow them to partake of his intended feast.

This interesting new colony, it seemed, now consisted of about twenty persons, mostly grown up young people, besides a number of children.

The young men, all born on the island, were very athletic and in the finest forms, their countenances open and pleasing, indicating much benevolence and goodness of heart: but the young women were objects of particular admiration, tall, robust, and beauteous, their faces beaming with smiles and unruffled good humour, but wearing a degree of modesty and bashfulness that would do honour to the most virtuous nation on earth; their teeth, which were regular and beautiful, without a single exception; and both male and female, had the most marked English features.

The clothing of the young females consisted of a piece of cloth reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle

mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders and hanging as low as ankles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and the weather, as it was frequently aside—and then the upper part of the body was entirely exposed and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than exhibited. They sometimes wreath caps or bonnets for the head in the most tasty manner, to protect the face from the rays of the sun; and though, as Captain Pipon observes, they have only the instruction of their Otaheitan mothers, ‘our dress-maker in London would be delighted with the simplicity, and yet elegant taste, of these untaught females.’

Their native modesty, assisted by a proper sense of religious morality instilled into their youthful minds by John Adams, hitherto preserved these interesting people perfectly chaste and free from all kinds of debauchery. Adams assured the visitors that since Christian's death there had not been a single instance of any woman proving unchaste; nor any attempt at seduction on the part of the men. They all labour while young in the cultivation of the ground; and when possessed of a sufficient quantity of cleared land and of stock to maintain a family, they are allowed to marry but always with the consent of Adams, who unites them by a solemn marriage ceremony of his own.

The greatest harmony prevailed in this little society; their quarrels, and these rarely happened, being, according to their expression, *quarrels of the mouth*: they are honest in their dealings which consist of bartering different articles for mutual accommodation.

Their habitations are extremely neat. The little village of Fanning forms a pretty square, the houses at the upper end of which are occupied by the patriarch John Adams, and his family, consisting of his old blind wife and three daughters from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and a boy of eleven; a daughter of his by a former husband, and a son-in-law. On the opposite side is the dwelling of Thursday October Christian; and in the centre a smooth verdant lawn on which the poultry are let loose, fenced so as to prevent the intrusion of the domestic quadrupeds. All that was done was obviously undertaken on a settled plan, unlike anything to be met with on the other islands. In their houses they had a good deal of decent furniture, consisting of beds laid on bedsteads, with neat covering; they had also tables, and large chests to contain their valuables and clothing, which is made from the bark of a certain tree, prepared chiefly by the elder Otaheitan females. Adams's house consisted of two rooms, and the windows had shutters to pull to at night. The younger part of the sex are, as I stated, employed with their brothers, under the direction of their common father Adams, in the culture of the ground, which produces  
cocoa

bananas, the bread-fruit tree, yams, sweet potatoes, and  
They have also plenty of hogs and goats; the woods  
with a species of wild-hog, and the coasts of the island  
all kinds of good fish.

Agricultural implements are made by themselves from the  
ironed by the Bounty, which with great labour they beat out  
axes, hatchets, crows, &c. This was not all. The good  
kept a regular journal, in which was entered the nature  
and quantity of work performed by each family, what each had  
and what was due on account. There was, it seems, be-  
lieved property, a sort of general stock out of which arti-  
cles issued on account to the several members of the com-  
mand for mutual accommodation exchanges of one kind of  
for another were very frequent, as salt for fresh provi-  
sions, vegetables and fruit for poultry, fish, &c. also when the  
one family were low or wholly expended, a fresh supply  
came from another, or out of the general stock, to be repaid  
in circumstances were more favourable;—all of which was  
noted down in John Adams's Journal.

What was most gratifying of all to the visitors was the simple  
and direct manner in which they returned thanks to the Al-  
mighty for the many blessings they enjoyed. They never failed to  
before and after meals, to pray every morning at sun-rise,  
frequently repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. 'It  
was pleasing,' says Captain Pipon, 'to see these poor people  
disposed, to listen so attentively to moral instruction, to be-  
lieve the attributes of God, and to place their reliance on divine  
aid.' The day on which the two captains landed was Satur-  
day the 17th September; but by John Adams's account it was  
the 18th, and they were keeping the Sabbath by making  
use of rest and of prayer. This was occasioned by the Bounty  
proceeding thither by the eastern route, and our frigates  
one to the westward; and the Topaz found them right  
according to his own reckoning, she having also approached the  
island from the eastward. Every ship from Europe proceeding  
round the Cape of Good Hope will find them  
there—as those who approach them round Cape Horn, a  
short distance, as was the case with Captain Folger and the  
Sir T. Staines and Pipon.

The visit of the Topaz is of course, as a notable circumstance,  
noted down in John Adams's Journal. The first ship that ap-  
peared off the island was on the 27th December, 1795; but as she  
approached the land, they could not make out to what nation  
she belonged. A second appeared some time after, but did not  
attempt to communicate with them. A third came sufficiently  
near to see the natives and their habitations, but did not attempt  
to

to send a boat on shore: which is the less surprising, considering the uniform ruggedness of the coast, the total want of shelter, the almost constant and violent breaking of the sea against the cliffs. The good old man was anxious to know what was going on in the old world, and they had the means of gratifying his curiosity by supplying him with some magazines and newspapers. His library consisted of the books that belonged to Admiral Bligh, but the visitors had not time to inspect them.

They inquired particularly after Fletcher Christian. The fated young man, it seems, was never happy after the rash and considerate step which he had taken: he became sullen and morose, and practised the very same kind of conduct towards his companions in guilt which he and they so loudly complained against their late commander. Disappointed in his expectations of Otaheite, and the Friendly islands, and most probably dreading discovery, this deluded youth committed himself and his companions to the mere chance of being cast upon some island, and chance threw them on that of Pitcairn. Finding no anchorage near it, he ran the ship upon the rocks, cleared the live stock and other articles which they had been supplied with at Otaheite, when he set her on fire, that no trace of his companions might be visible, and all hope of escape cut off from himself and his wretched followers. He soon however disgusted his own countrymen and the Otaheitans, by his oppressive and tyrannical conduct; they divided into parties, and disputes, affrays and murders were the consequence. His Otaheite companion died within a twelvemonth from their landing, after which he carried off one that belonged to an Otaheitan man, who was waiting an opportunity of taking his revenge, and shot him down while digging in his own field. Thus terminated the miserable existence of this deluded young man, who was neither deficient in talent nor energy, nor in connections, and who might have been of great service, and become an ornament to his profession.

John Adams declared, as it was natural enough he should, his abhorrence of the crime in which he was implicated, and that he was sick at the time in his hammock; this, we understand, was not true, though he was not particularly active in the mutiny, he expressed the utmost willingness to surrender himself and his companions to England, indeed he rather seemed to have an inclination to visit his native country, but the young men and women surrounded him, and with tears and entreaties begged that they might have him for their protector might not be taken from them, for without him they must all perish. It would have been an act of the greatest humanity to remove him from the island; and it is hardly necessary to say that Dr Thomas Staines sent a willing ear to their entreaties, no doubt, as we feel strongly disposed to think, that if

ing the most guilty, his care and success in instilling religious moral principles into the minds of this young and intelligent society, have, in a great degree, redeemed his former crimes. and is about six miles long by three broad, covered with the soil of course very rich : situated under the parallel latitude, and in the midst of such a wide expanse of the climate must be fine, and admirably adapted for the growth of all the vegetable productions of every part of the hemisphere. Small, therefore, as Pitcairn's Island may appear, be little doubt that it is capable of supporting many inhabitants ; and the present stock being of so good a description, they will not be neglected. In the course of time the natives must go hence ; and we think it would be exceedingly desirable that the British nation should provide for such an event by sending out, not an ignorant and idle evangelical missionary, but a zealous and intelligent instructor, together with a few persons capable of teaching the useful trades or professions. On this island there are better materials to work upon than any other has yet been so fortunate as to meet with, and the results may reasonably be expected. Something we are doing for these blameless and interesting people. The arms recommended by Captain Pipon appear to be highly improving utensils, implements of agriculture, maize or the corn, the orange tree from Valparaiso, a most grateful fruit in this climate, and not known in the Pacific islands ; and a great quantity of plenty, (not of poverty, as a wretched scribbler has said) the potatoe ; bibles, prayer-books, and a proper selection of other books, with paper, and other implements of writing. The natives were supplied them with some tools, kettles, and other articles as the high surf would permit them to land, but to a limited extent ; many things are still wanting for their ease and

The descendants of these people, by keeping up the same language, which the present race speak fluently, might be the means of civilizing the multitudes of fine people scattered over the innumerable islands of the Great Pacific. We have only that Pitcairn's island seems to be so fortified by nature as to oppose an invincible barrier to an invading enemy ; there is apparently where a boat can land with safety, and, perhaps, no more than one where it can land at all ; an everlasting barrier the ocean rolls in on every side, and breaks into foam against the rocky and iron-bound shores.

O my people ! happy in your sequestered state ! and doubly so for having escaped a visit from ' Captain Porter of the United States frigate Essex !' May no civilized barbarian lay waste your abodes ; no hoary proficient in swinish sensuality rob you of that innocence and simplicity which it is peculiarly your privilege to enjoy !

ART. V. *The History of Fiction: being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present Age.* By John Dunlop. 3 vols. Post 8vo. Edinburgh. 1814.

**M**R. DUNLOP apologizes for the defects of his work with much good sense and modesty.

‘To some of my readers I may appear, perhaps, to have dwelt too shortly on some topics, and to have bestowed a disproportionate attention on others; nor is it improbable that in a work of such extent and variety omissions may have occurred of what ought not to have been neglected. Such defects were inseparable from an inquiry of this description, and must have, in some degree, existed even if I could have bestowed on it undivided attention, and if, instead of a relaxation, it had been my sole employment. I shall consider myself, however, as having effected much if I turn to this subject the attention of other writers, whose opportunities of doing justice to it are more favourable than my own. A work, indeed, of the kind I have undertaken, is not of a nature to be perfected by a single individual, and at a first attempt, but must be the result of successive investigations. By the assistance of preceding researches on the same subject, the labour of the future inquirer will be abridged, and he will thus be enabled to correct the mistakes, and supply the deficiencies of those who have gone before him.’—vol. iii. p. 464.

However prepossessed we may be in favour of a writer who thus expresses himself, we must be explicit. His talents (and they are far from inconsiderable) are not combined with the acquirements which alone can render him capable of doing justice to the extensive subject he has chosen: and he has, therefore, executed a defective plan, in what we incline to think rather a superficial manner. There is no reason to wonder at this failure. The materials indispensably necessary for such a work, and the want of which no ingenuity can supply, are scattered in so many private and public libraries, that the mere preparatory collections would occupy years of laborious research. We regret, both for our sakes, and for Mr. Dunlop’s, that he has not had it in his power to visit the ancient and secluded regions of romance as frequently as could be wished. In order, therefore, to furnish his readers with a description of Broceliande, and Thamelinde, and the other strange countries, whose names have vanished from our maps, he has been too often compelled to content himself with the information which he has picked up from the way-farers who have personally explored them. He has done well to trust to such travellers as Ellis, Scott, and Southey; they are ‘good men and true:’ but it unfortunately happens that many of the pilgrims to whom he has listened, cannot boast of equal intelligence and veracity; and



he has consequently adopted no small proportion of loose and incorrect relation.

Mr. Dunlop begins by remarking that 'the taste for this species of composition seems to have been most early and most generally prevalent in Persia and other Asiatic regions, where the nature of the climate, and the luxury of the inhabitants, conspired to promote its cultivation.'—vol. i. p. 4. We have very little confidence in the influence supposed to be exercised by climate over the moral character of mankind: we doubt whether genius of any kind actually rises or falls with the mercury in the thermometer; and at all events, we must be allowed to suggest, that a long winter's night and a blazing fire are full as congenial to the cultivation of story-telling as the clearest atmosphere, and the warmest sunshine. After settling the original seat of fiction, he thus proceeds;

'The people of Asia Minor, who possessed the fairest portion of the globe, were addicted to every species of luxury and magnificence; and having fallen under the dominion of the Persians, imbibed with the utmost avidity the amusing fables of their conquerors. The Milesians, who were a colony of Greeks, and spoke the Ionic dialect, excelled all the neighbouring nations in ingenuity, and first caught from the Persians this rage for fiction. The tales they invented, and of which the name has become so celebrated, have all perished. There is little known of them, except that they were not of a very moral tendency, and were principally written by a person of the name of Aristidis, whose stories were translated into Latin by Sisenna, the Roman historian, about the time of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla.

'But though the Milesian tales have perished, of their nature some idea may be formed from the stories of Parthenius Nicenus; many of which, there is reason to believe, are extracted from these ancient fables, or at least are written in the same spirit. The tales of Nicenus are about forty in number, but appear to be mere sketches. They chiefly consist of accounts of every species of seduction, and the criminal passions of the nearest relations. The principal characters generally come to some deplorable end, though seldom proportioned to what they merited from their vices. Nicenus seems to have engrafted the Milesian tales on the mythological fables of Appollodorus and similar writers; and also to have borrowed from early historians and poets, whose productions have not descended to us. The work is inscribed to Cornelius Gallus, the Latin poet, the contemporary and friend of Virgil. Indeed, the author says that it was composed for his use, to furnish him with materials for elegies and other poems.'—vol. i. p. 4.

In my youth, says Montaigne, I did not even know the names of Launcelot of the Lake, or Huon of Bordeaux, or Amadis of Gaul, or any of the *worthless* books with which our youngsters waste their time. Perhaps the epithet by which Plutarch characterises the 'Milesian fables,' and which Mr. Dunlop seems inclined to adopt, may have been as unduly severe as that we have

just quoted. The scanty vestiges of those which remain, seem to shew that, occasionally at least, their subjects were sufficiently innocent to satisfy the most sober moralist. An instance may be found in Conon, an author whom Mr. Dunlop has forgotten to notice. One of his 'Narrations' is the history of a Milesian who fled from home when Miletus was attacked by Harpagus, and deposited his money with a knavish banker at Tauromenium. When the latter is called before the tribunal, he attempts to evade his oath by practising the artifice detected by Sancho Panza in his well-known judgment. Another Milesian tale may be discovered in the adventure of the Ionians, who bargained with the Milesian fishermen for the next cast of their nets; it proved to be a golden tripod. This unexpected good fortune gave rise to great contentions between the parties, which were not allayed until an embassy was sent to the oracle of Apollo, who advised them to present it 'to the wisest.' When the tripod was offered to Thales, he transferred it to another philosopher, who resigned it, in his turn. In this manner it passed from hand to hand, until it reached Solon, who unfolded the meaning of the oracle, and offered it to the god, as the true source of all wisdom.

The general wreck of ancient literature confines us to mere conjecture; but it may be well supposed that tales of broader humour were not neglected amongst such lovers of mirth as the Greeks.—Was Esop, like Howleglas, the hero of a popular tale of this description? We are accustomed from our youth to view this shadowy personage, as in the picture gallery of Philostratus, surrounded by the animals to whom he has given speech and reason; yet he obtained as much popularity by his laughter-moving talents, as by his graver apologues. Lucian invests him with the office of jester in the Island of the Blessed; and Philocleon, when relating the arts by which the Athenian suitors sought to unwrinkle the brows of the popular judges, places the pranks of Esop in marked opposition to the fables, *Οἱ δὲ λέγουσι μύθους ἄλλους οἱ δ' Αἰσώπου τὴν γιλοῖαν.*

In the prosecution of his plan, Mr. Dunlop has successively analyzed the elegant but nerveless amatory and pastoral romances of the later Greeks, the fragment of Petronius, and the magic tale of the philosopher of Madaura. We, however, must be allowed to take a leap over the intermediate ages, and, like the seven sleepers in the legend, to shut our eyes in Paganism, and open them in Christianity.

'Never in the annals of the human race did a greater change of manners take place than in the middle ages; and accordingly we must be prepared to expect a prodigious alteration in the character of fictional literature, which we have seen may be expected to vary with the manners it would describe. But not only was there a change in the nature

characters themselves, and the adventures which occurred to them, was a very peculiar style of embellishment adopted, which, as seem to have any necessary connection with the characters or which it was employed to adorn, has given to the historians no little labour to explain. The species of machinery, such as dragons, and enchanted castles, which forms the seasoning of fables of chivalry, has been distinguished by the name of *Romantic Fiction*; and we shall now proceed to discuss the various systems which have been formed to account for its origin.

Several theories have been suggested for the purpose of explaining the origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. The subject is curious, but is still in much darkness and uncertainty.

Some have ascribed it to the northern Scalds, to the Arabians, to the people of Armorica, and to the classical tales of antiquity, has been successively the origin of those extraordinary fables, which have been "so figured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Arabian Muse." —vol. i. p. 129.

It cannot be named without respect for his industry, and the unfortunate irritability which placed him throughout his life in a state of bitter and unintermitted warfare—with beef-eaters and revelation;—with Pinkerton and Snorro;—with his words and half the letters in the alphabet. But although his jokes may provoke a smile, he has ably pointed out the errors of the Arabian and Gothic systems, as Mr. Dunlop, of Percy and Warton. These fanciful writers were carried away by the enthusiasm with which they advocated their opinions. It is not that Ritson himself in some instances was equally blinded by his own obstinacy. Mr Ellis has assimilated to each other the errors of the Arabian and Gothic systems. 'Gothic architecture is Gothic fiction.' This may be followed up by a comparison between the objects themselves. Without incurring the charge of credulity, we can readily believe that although the fables raised by a Norman architect, with the product of his quarries, yet the form of many a pendant keystone, re-entrant moulding, and indented battlement, may really have been suggested by the recollection of the presence-chamber of the king, the mosque of Cordova, or the Alcazar of Segovia. It will not be forgotten that the clearest demonstration has been given that the ground-plan and structure of the minster is to be found in the basilica; and that the massy pillars and Saracenic decorations are merely the adjuncts which have transformed the original magnificence into lengthened aisles and solemn gloom. Following observations succeed to a summary of Warton's celebrated dissertation:

If we look in vain to the early Gothic poetry for many of those elements which adorn the works of the romancers, we shall easily find them in the ample field of oriental fiction. Thus the Asiatic romances and the chemical

chemical works of the Arabians are full of enchantments similar to those described in the Spanish, and even in the French, tales of chivalry. Magical rings were an important part of the eastern philosophy, and seem to have given rise to those which are of so much service to the Italian poets. In the eastern Persia we may trace the origin of the European fairies in their qualities, and perhaps in their name. The griffin or hippogriff, of the Italian writers, seems to be the famous Simurgh of the Persians, which makes such a figure in the epic poems of Sadi and Ferdusi.—vol. i. p. 137.

—Somewhat of the tumidity of the eastern style appears to have passed into Warton, who could see nothing but ‘splendour’ and ‘variety’ and ‘magnificence,’ ‘delightful forests’ and ‘palaces glittering with gold and diamonds’ in the Arabian fictions. As Mr. Dunlop *Wartonizes* in his turn, when he thinks that ‘the framers of the tales of chivalry’ owe to ‘Arabian invention the magnificence and splendour, those glowing descriptions and luxuriant ornaments suggested by the enchanting scenery of an eastern climate,’ (vol. i. p. 136.) and when, in another place, he affords us the following amusing and novel delineation of Asiatic manners,

‘The indolence peculiar to the genial climates of Asia, and the luxurious life which the kings and other great men led in their territories made them seek for this species of amusement, and set a high value on the recreation it afforded. When an eastern prince happens to be idle, which he commonly is, and at a loss for expedients to kill the time, he commands, it is said, his Grand Vizier, or his favourite, to tell him a series of stories. Being ignorant, and consequently credulous, and having no passion for moral improvement, and little knowledge of nature, he does not require that they should be probable or of an instructive tendency: it is enough if they be astonishing. Hence all oriental tales are extravagant, and every thing is carried on by prodigy. As the taste, too, of the hearers, was not improved by studying the simplicity of nature, and as they chiefly piqued themselves on the splendour of their equipage, and the vast quantity of jewels and curious things which they could heap together in their repositories, the authors, conformably to this taste, expatiate with peculiar delight in the description of magnificence, of rich robes and gaudy furniture, costly entertainments, and sumptuous palaces.’—vol. iii. pp. 309, 10.

As we have never had the felicity of ‘prostrating ourselves before the footstool of the asylum of the creation,’ it is not without diffidence we venture to surmise, that had these been the usual pastimes of the Divan and the Musnud, both Europe and Asia would have enjoyed greater tranquillity. And ‘ignorant’ as the ‘Turks of the present day’ may be, we have certain reasons, nevertheless, for suspecting, that if the present sultan had no better employment for the vizir, whose head happens just now to be on his shoulders, than the recital of the temptations of Sardanapalus, Barfisa, the Austrian and the Russian would have begun, at this

to execute their benevolent and disinterested plans for the  
 ion of the ancient seat of the sciences and the arts.'  
 do not greatly admire the conceited airs of superiority  
 which our writers usually regard the Asiatics: and we re-  
 commend to their consideration the judicious remarks  
 Sir Malcolm upon the childish prejudice 'which stamps  
 general and unqualified reprobation, characters who must  
 stand high in the scale, if measured by that more applica-  
 ble principle which takes, as its foundation, the actual state of  
 society in which they were born, the means which they  
 used, and the actions which they achieved.'  
 Ige by such parts of the Arabian Nights as have been  
 translated, and by the information which has been given respect-  
 ing the greater portion which still remains in the original, the  
 fictions which Warton and Mr. Dunlop have assigned to  
 'Arabian tales' have not been selected with peculiar felicity.  
 'glittering with gold and diamonds' were raised by Ovid,  
 Aladdin found his lamp. 'All oriental tales' are not 'ex-  
 traordinary,' nor is 'every thing carried on by prodigy.' The Ara-  
 bians excel in ludicrous incident and genuine humour;  
 showing how much can be effected by mere human con-  
 ceits. Has Mr. Dunlop forgotten the little Hunchback,  
 the eastern 'magnificence and splendour,' and 'luxuriant  
 life' he may be able to find, they can scarcely be attrib-  
 uted to 'scenery' and 'climate' of the Arabians, the rocks of  
 Petra, or the arid soil and scattered palm-groves of Ye-  
 men.—Nor has Mr. Dunlop been much happier in di-  
 recting us to look in 'the ample field of oriental fiction' for 'many  
 tales which adorn the works of the romancers.'  
 It is questionable that Europe owed much to the followers of  
 Aristotle. The doctor found his prescriptions in Haly, Rasis,  
 and Avicenna: Algazel was enthroned by the side of Aristotle. As-  
 tronomy was learnt from Alhacen and Jacob Alkindi; and from  
 Peter Abenhayen—whatever he could teach. The roman-  
 tically profited from the same source, and through the  
 channels, whence so much grave doctrine and philosophy  
 flowed. The instances in which they have done so are suffi-  
 ciently numerous: and were we better acquainted with the works  
 of Aristotle, more would doubtless be discovered. There is  
 little, however, attending the transmission of these Arabian  
 tales which deserves to be pointed out. Whilst the gnomie  
 or tales of the east easily found interpreters, there are very  
 few traces of any translations or imitations of those stories  
 which doubtless possess a marked and peculiar manner;—wa-  
 ter in which the marvellous forms the web and not the em-  
 broidery.

broidery. We have some of these 'supernatural wonders' in fact, but scarcely any in continuity. Too much stress has been laid on the apparent resemblances between many of the 'fables' which adorn the works of the romancers' and those 'which are found in the ample field of oriental fiction.' Astrology and magic were the favourite studies of the learned, whether monks or mullahs; and the similarity between the names of Morgan la fée, and Mergian Peris, is not here cited as a decisive proof of the consanguinity of the two.

The Clericalia Disciplina is, perhaps, the earliest tract from the Arabic. None of the *fabliaux*, such as the '*Lai d'Amor*,' which appear to have been imitated from that language, can be placed lower than the fourteenth century. May we suppose that the compositions to which we have alluded, were so common in the Arabic as those of the other classes? or were they originally strangers, introduced perhaps at a later date from Persia or India? In the Levant, every wearer of a turban was a Frank; the Europeans with an accuracy equally systematic, called all the turbaned heads together, under the common denomination of Asiatics; but the eastern branches of the great family, the Hindoo and the Persian, the Goth and the Belgian, entered members, were wholly distinct, in language and religion, from the tribes of Semitic origin; and we suspect that there has not been due attention paid to the separation of their respective contributions.

With some slight modifications we do not hesitate to adopt Southey's opinion, that 'the machinery of the early romances is probably rather of classical than oriental origin. Christian superstition lingered long after the triumph of Christianity; enchanted weapons may be traced to the workshop of Vulcan, as to the deserts of Scandinavia.' 'The tales of dragons are originally oriental, but the adventures of Jason and Hercules are popular tales in Europe long before the supposed migration of the Jews, or the birth of Mohammed. If magical rings were invented, it was Herodotus who introduced the fashion into Europe. The knights, and ladies of the lake, bear a closer resemblance to the heroes and maidens of Rome and Greece than to the Peris of the East.'

Mr. Dunlop is incorrect in saying that 'Mr. Ritson successfully ridiculed the Gothic, Arabian, and classical systems.' (p. 142) Ritson did no such thing. It is true that he examined the opinions of the 'different authors' who 'attributed' the origin of the romance to three 'sources altogether remote from each other, the Arabians, the Scandinavians, the Provençals;'—but he could not well 'ridicule the classical system,' since, as it happens, it

\* We transcribe this passage from the preface to *Amadis*, because Mr. Dunlop seems to favour this hypothesis, which he gives very nearly in Southey's words (p. 142-3.) but has accidentally omitted to mention the source from whence he



been promulgated; and after observing that the ancient 'épique' were in reality as perfect 'metrical romances as the story of Arthur and Charlemagne,' he concludes with a remark, although it is difficult to demonstrate that the comparatively few 'romances of the French owe their immediate origin to epic poetry or fabulous tales of the Greeks and Romans,' *'it is fairly admitted as by no means improbable that these remains of ancient literature had some degree of influence, though the connection is too remote and obscure to admit of elucidation.'*

In addition to the general resemblances pointed out by Southey, we are urged that the 'very peculiar style of embellishment' alone should 'be termed Romantic fiction,' (vol. i. p. 181.)—no inconsiderable portion of its apparent peculiarity to causes, whether beauties or deformities, lie very near the surface. In the formal outline, and the variation of the costume which arrests our noticing how closely the forms of the 'barbarous ages' are copied from the purer models of the Greeks and Romans.—The altar-tomb by the side of the sarcophagus,—in the foreground, the hands are uplifted in the attitude of prayer, instead of holding the sacrificial patera. The dog, the emblem of fidelity, is removed from the sides of the monument, and placed beneath the feet of her whose virtues it commemorates. The acanthus which enveloped the capital of each little pillar with a wilder grace: Genius holding his extinguished torch has given way to the dead martyr who bears the instrument of torture which tried his constancy, or the palm which denotes his victory over the weaknesses of human nature. And the butterfly, the mystic type of death and immortality, has disappeared before a more holy symbol. But the comparison will convince the observer, that it is much less from its graceful prototype than it appeared to us when first contemplated in the 'dim religious light' of the sepulchral chapel. In the same manner, however widely these 'extraordinary' fables differ from the classical tales of antiquity, it is plain that the dissimilarity is much enhanced by considering them apart. The subtle spirit of animal and vegetable life eludes the analysis of the chemist. He may reduce the blood and the bone, the fibre and the leaf, to their first principles; but the art by which oxygen and hydrogen, phosphorus, lime and iron, were combined in animation and verdure, is not to be collected in the retort. It is almost as unsatisfactory to endeavour to separate the elements constituting romantic fiction.—Nevertheless, if we put out of consideration the influence of other manners and polity, and above all, of the new moral sense unknown to the ancients, whose honour, to borrow the emphatic phrase of David, 'was only an impudent courage or dexterity in destroying,' it is plain that the mere employment of the vernacular languages is, in itself,

itself, sufficient to account for much of the 'prodigious alteration in the character of fictitious literature.' Not alone does 'the signification of words in all languages materially depend on the thoughts, notions, and ideas, of him that uses them,' but the converse of the proposition is equally true; and the cast of our thoughts, notions, and ideas, is no less dependent on the character of the language in which they are presented. When modern authors have written in Latin, the language Romanizes the scene. In *Home*, we see nothing but red coats and cocked hats: in *Whitaker*, the troops are led on with the firm and imposing march of the legion; the one places us in Scotland, the other in *Caledonia*. Nor is this effect confined to the emulators of the poetry of the Augustan era: even in the rude pages of the *Chronicles*, the dialect of *Livy* and *Tacitus*, although adulterated and debased, has not wholly lost its sober dignity. It lends its aid in elevating the pious or indignant rhetoric of the cloister; and the rude and familiar features of feudal polity and warfare are veiled by the application of the nomenclature of the republic and the empire.

The *Patina* of all the middle-age dialects produces a contrary impression, and the 'change in the characters themselves' is often nothing more than a change in the vocabulary; even the black letter and woful wood-cuts assist in disguising them. *Daphnis* the shepherd assumes the shape of the Lord of *Staufenburg*, whose story is so often quoted by old *Bombastus*. Grecian times and a Grecian temple, first witnessed the truly romantic and beautiful incident introduced by *Mary* in the *Lay of Eliduc*—the resuscitation of *Guildeluec* by the virtue of the enchanted flower.

————— La floret li chei  
 La dame lieve, si la prent;  
 Ariere va hastivement,  
 Dedenz la buche a la pucele  
 Meteit la flur, que tant fu bele,  
 Un petitet y demurra,  
 Cele revient e suspira,  
 Apres parla, les oïlz overi—  
 Deu—fait-ele—tant ai dormi.'

and if we forget the sonorous elevation of the language and poetry of *Æschylus*,

ἔχει δ' ὑπέρφρον σῆμ' ἐπ' ἀσπίδος τόδε,  
 Φλέγονθ' ὑπ' ἀστρῆσις οὐρανὸν τετυγμένον·  
 λαμπρὰ δὲ πανσίληνο, ἐν μίσσῳ σάκει,  
 πρῆσβιστον ἄστρον, νυκτὸς ὀφθαλμός, πρίπι.

the bearing of *Iydeus*, when blazoned according to the rules of the noble science of heraldry—'in a field of azure semée of stars proper, a full moon of the second'—will not differ much in genus from the coat armour of 'John de Fontibus, sixth bishop of Ely—  
 Azure,

are, the sun and the full moon and the seven stars Or, the two in chief and the third of orbicular forme.'

An account of the 'feudal establishments' naturally connects it with the 'chivalrous adventures which occupy by far the latest proportion of romantic compilation.' Mr Dunlop, who is rather too great an admirer of the modern French writers on valry, says that 'jousts and tournaments, which are of French invention, were introduced about the time of the first crusade.'—p. 150. We do not see any reason for rejecting the authorities which state that 'the first assembly of these triumphal exercises was held by the Emperor Henry, surnamed the Birdier, on the first Sunday after the feast of the three kings, in the year of our nine hundred and thirty-eight, in the city of Magdeburg.' In order to 'account for that passion for arms, that love of enterprise, and that *extravagant species of gallantry*, which were the *invariable consequence of feudal principles*,' Mr. Dunlop has indulged in a florid description of the 'courts and castles,' in which the candidate for knighthood received his education.

'The castle,' we are told, 'was also usually thronged by young persons of a *different sex*. The intercourse which he thus enjoyed was the school for the refinements of courtesy; he was taught to select his lady as the mistress of his soul, to whom he referred all his sentiments and actions. Her image was implanted in his heart, amid the scenes of childhood, and was afterwards blended with its recollection.'—vol. i. p. 148.

It really affords a pleasing relief to the mind to dwell upon these prior views, and to picture a Ralph Bigod or a Hugh Lacy returning home from turmoil and slaughter to his frowning dungeon, and there fostering the infant attachments and half-hatched loves of the young ladies and gentlemen educated at his establishment. Our historians have neglected to preserve any particulars of these 'schools' for 'refinement and courtesy;' but it is to be presumed that the young persons of 'a *different sex*' were placed under the immediate inspection of the lady of the principal; that she attended to their manners and morals,—taught them how to behave 'mete,' a matter which required much precaution before those convenient substitutes for fingers, yclept forks, were brought from Italy by honest Coriate;—and, above all, to take especial care to wipe their mouths before they tasted of the pledging cup.\*

- 
- Toutes les foiz que vous bevez  
Vostre buche bien essuiez  
Que le vins encressiez ne soit,  
Qu'il desplet moult a cui le boit.  
Gardez que vos iex n'essuez  
A cell foiz que vous bevez;  
A la nape, ne vostre nez  
Qui blasme moult en serez.

Le Chastement des Dames, v. 515—520.

In an age when every witling bowed to the teacher of the *Art of Poetry*, who had thundered forth his anathema against the ignorance which preferred Childebrand and Chilperic to the 'noix heureux' of Agamemnon and Orestes, La Fontaine ventured to regret the energetic simplicity of the Romance language.

'Tel, comme dit Merlin, cuide enseigner autrui  
Qui souvent s'enseigne soi même.  
J'ai regret que ce mot soit trop vieux aujourd'hui,  
Il m'a toujours semblé d'une énergie extrême.'

He alludes to the speech addressed by Merlin to Uther Pendragon, after the earth had swallowed up the fool-hardy lord, who attempted to place himself in the vacant seat of the round table.

'Et quant Merlin vit le roi Uter Pendragon, si luy commença à dire que il avoit mal exploicté de ce qu'il avoit souffert nul asseoir en ce lieu.  
Et le roy li respondit-il, M'engigna. Et Merlin luy dist—Ainsi advint il de plusieurs, car telz cuident engigner ung autre, qui s'engignoit euz mesmes.'

Mr Dunlop describes the romance of Merlin (*le Premier Livre de la Table Ronde*) as

'one of the most curious romances of the class to which it belongs, comprehends all the events connected with the life of the enchanter from his supernatural birth to his magical disappearance, and embraces a longer period of interesting fabulous history than most of the works of chivalry. Some of the incidents are entertaining, and no part of the narrative is complicated.'—vol. i. p. 181.

We cannot, therefore, but admire the caprice which induced him to confine himself to little more than a meagre outline of the early life of the prophet, in which it exactly corresponds with the medieval romance so ably analyzed by Mr. Ellis; and to dispatch the remaining four-fifths, which contain the parentage and exploits of the good part of King Arthur's heroes, whose history is generally taken up by Robert of Borron, about nine months previously to the birth, in two paragraphs occupying just three quarters of a page.

Viviane,\*—'it is a name of Chaldea, which, in French, signifies *rien ne feray*,'—was the daughter of Dyonas, a worthy vaivassier, 'the godson of Diana, the goddess of the sea.' The fatal attachment which Merlin entertained for this damsel, who excelled others in beauty and necromancy, is the leading feature of his life. Mr. Dunlop has compressed it into the following lines

'At length this renowned magician disappeared entirely from England, his voice alone was heard in a forest, *when he was enclosed in a thicket of hawthorn*: he had been entrapped in this awkward residence by means of a charm he had communicated to his mistress Viviane, who

\* She is often called 'Nymanne' in the original. This is a singular proof of ambiguity attending the parallelisms of the old hand-writing.

ring in the spell, had tried it on her lover. The lady was sorry for accident, but there was no extricating her admirer from his thorny future."—vol. i. p. 181.—

the dignity of Merlin should suffer in the estimation of the reader, it is fit to state that instead of the 'awkward (and owl-like) dence' assigned to him by our author, he is now, as the second volume informs us, inclosed in the aerial tower raised by the fatal charm. We have had one of the 'sketches' which, in Mr. Dunlop's conception, are to 'enable the reader to form some idea of the nature and merit of the works themselves: we cannot compliment him either on the spirit or the fidelity of his pencil. We transcribe the corresponding passage of the old romance, which may be compared with Mr Dunlop's abstract.—*Introduction*, p. xx.

Un jour advint quilz s'en alloyent deduysant main a main par la forest de Broceliande. Si trouverent ung buisson d'aulbe espine qui estoit toute chargé de fleurs. Si s'assirent en l'ombre des haubres es- sur l'herbe verte, et iouerent et solacierent, et Merlin meist son bras au giron de la damoyselle et elle le commença a tastonner si qu'il dormist. Puis la damoyselle se leva et fist ung cerne de son guim- autour du buysson, et entour Merlin, et commença ses enchantemens comme luy mesmes lui avoit aprins, et feist par neuf fois le cerne, et neuf fois l'enchantement, et puis s'en alla seoir emprès luy. Et mist sa teste en son giron. Et quant il s'esveilla si regarda entour et vit luy fut advis qu'il estoit enclos en la plus forte tour du monde, et que luy a ung moult beau lit. Et lors dist a la dame—Madame, dece- rez si vous ne demourez avec moy. Car nul n'a pouvoir de deffaire ce tour fors vous. Bel amy—dist elle—ie y seray souvent et m'y ierez entre vous bras, et moy vous! Et de ce luy tint elle covenant, depuis ne faillit guerres nuict ne iour, que elle n'y feust.

Mr. Dunlop has confined himself to the French romances re- lating to Arthur and Charlemaine: but it would have been ad- vantageable to include in the 'History of Fiction,' an account of such of the ancient romances as, though irreducible to either of these classes, are valuable from their intrinsic merit, or literary relation- ship. Gerard of Nevers has both these claims. The 'Lyfe of Merlin' holds such a very conspicuous place in the literature of the middle ages, that it may be well considered as one of the 'landmarks' which Mr. Dunlop promised to notice. This strange work is wholly composed of the traditionary fables which were current respecting the Mantuan bard. In the reign of Ro- bert the Norman we find the earliest trace of these inventions, when an English 'clerke' is said to have disinterred the corpse of the poet, and carried off the magical book upon which his life was pillowed. The necromantic fame of Virgil adhered to him with great obstinacy. His Magical Mirror was long shewn in the Treasury of St. Denis, and a similar one was kept in the ducal

ducal cabinet at Florence. The basket adventure, in which skill in magic availed him not, and the subsequent punishment of the malicious 'gentylwoman,' 'the fayrest ladye in all Ro' in which it succeeded, were the most popular incidents in his Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, gives these adventures with ludicrous minuteness. Juan Ruiz, the arch-priest, realizes upon them, and concludes with an incontrovertible ma

'Ansi por la luxuria es verdaderamente  
El mundo escarnecido et muy triste la gente.'

The History of 'Pontus et la belle Sydoyne' must have enjoyed some celebrity in its day, since Ludovicus Vives has included it in his catalogue of pestiferous books along with *Amadis Esplandian*, and *Lancelot of the Lake*; but it is more worth notice on account of its connection with the earliest of our trical romances. The Bishop of Dromore asserted, that 'H child appeared of genuine English growth,' in which, as a matter of course, he is contradicted by Ritson; but neither of them are aware that the heroes of the great Teutonic cycl' appear in cognate English and Norman poems, by which a satisfactory proof is given of the northern origin of the story. The merit of the discovery is wholly due to Grimm of Cassel, from whose extraordinary information and enthusiastic love of antiquity the happiest results may be expected. The first passage occurs in the Auchinleck MS. in the stanza where 'Rimnild the bi describes the sword which she presents to her lover, as wrought by Weland, who is undoubtedly the Valent of the *Wilkinas* and the *Wieland* of the *Book of Heroes*.

'Than sche let forth bring,  
A swerd hingand bi a ring,  
To Horn sche it betaught:  
It is the \*make of MIMING,  
Of all swerdes it is the king,  
And WELAND it wrought.'

The other is to be found in the fragment in the *Harleian collection*, in which we find the names at least of Hildebrand, the faithful follower of Theodoric of Verona, and of Herebrand his fi

'Il erent fors eissux del pais Aufricant,  
Aaluf li pere Horn destructrent li vaillant—  
Le einz nez de ces dons ot nun HILDEBRANT  
Le autre puisnez ovoit nun HEREBRANT  
E lur nevu od eus Rollai, fiz Godebrand.'

Horn and Wade are mentioned in conjunction in the medieval translation of Guido de Colonna quoted by Warton,

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\* The *fellow* of Mimming, the wonderful sword forged by Valent, as a specimen of his skill. Both Grimm and Ritson have strangely mistaken the meaning of this



‘ Many speken of men that romances rede  
Of Keveloke Horn and of Wade,  
In romances that of them be made.’

are almost inclined to suppose that some of the ‘ long and is matter’ of the last legend of Wade, which has missed us sequence of the provoking gravity of Speght and Kynaston, emed the tale beneath their notice, is yet discoverable in the epertory of Northern fiction just quoted. We have seen *Wieland the cunning smith*’ was known in England; and it very probable that the traditions which commemorated ould have left untold the wonderful birth of his father or Wade, the son of King Vilkinus and the sea quean.

import duty upon monkeys at the Chatelet of Paris was by St. Louis with considerable fairness. The monkey of a er who had bought him for his own disport, came in duty he monkey of a merchant who had bought him to sell aid four deniers; but the monkey of a minstrel was bound ce before the custom-house officer, who was directed to this display of the talents of the long-tailed figurante in rge, not only of the monkey-duty, but of the duties to the articles intended for Jacquot’s use would otherwise een liable. The merry-making couple were long welcomed and bower, until, in process of time, a great change took n manners: the monkey continued a favourite, but the vere closed against the minstrel, and his ‘ flabel’ and ‘ dix ix’ were gradually forgotten.

not, however, easy to account for the neglect into which oliaux seem to have fallen at a time when the Italians ap- to avail themselves of them with no inconsiderable suc- and these metrical tales, recommended as they were by revity, and licentiousness, were generally overlooked by who worked with such laudable diligence in doing the metrical romances into plain prose.

‘ Cent nouvelles Nouvelles’ fulfil the promise held forth in itle with more honesty than is usual in such cases, as few n can be traced to any anterior source. The introduction earliest collection of French novels describes them as ha- lately come to pass in France and Almaine, and England aynault, and Flanders and Brabant.’ The scene, however, erally placed in the latter countries; and they present a vely, though not a very edifying picture of the state of so- n that extraordinary tract, whose opulence has always in- he ravages of its powerful neighbours. It was natural that Dunlop should fall in with one of the opinions which pre- when he wrote, relative to the ‘ hundred merry tales;’ but the

the resuscitation of the Conybeare fragment has put an end to all the suppositions and counter-suppositions of commentators and editors.

The *Decameron* had been translated at an early period: but neither the 'subtil et tres aurné langage du livre de Cent Nouvelles' nor the more intelligible descriptions of the tales attributed to 'Monseigneur,' and the gallant nobles of the court of Burgundy, gave birth to any prose collection of a similar nature, until the reign of Francis I. This monarch bestowed the bishopric of Valence upon Bandello; and the licentious novels of this writer, the voluminous of the Italian novelists, soon found imitators. The Queen of Navarre composed her *Heptameron*:—to the credit of the sex, no other female writer has ever shewn an equal want of delicacy and feminine feeling. Such being the character of the French mistress, we need not wonder that her valet de chambre, Bonaventure des Perriers, should preface his *Contes et Nouvelles, et jadis Devis* with the following invitation—'Lisez, lisez—Oh que les dames auront bien l'eau à la bouche quand elles voient les tours que leurs compagnes auront faits—je suis content que devant les gens elles fassent semblant de coudre ou de filer, mais qu'en détournant les yeux elles ouvrent les oreilles.'

In the reign of Francis I. we enter upon the dreary scene of vice and bloodshed, to which the demoralization of France may be distinctly traced. The laxity of principles, encouraged by the example of the monarch, who united the spirit of ancient chivalry with the gallantry of the circles of the successors, ushered in the profligacy of the court of Catherine de Medici. 'Treachery, poison and assassination,' says Mr. Hume, 'were deemed mere children's play.' 'Before this reign they had recourse to solicitation and artifice to obtain the favour of their mistress, but now the ladies anticipated the wishes of the monarch.'—'Interest and servility induced each husband to let his wife take their course; and he who was fond of variety was now pleased at the universal liberty which procured him an hundred wives in place of one.'

The Revolution displayed at least a consistent ferocity: whatever party got the upper hand, the contest was the same of despair between the victim and the executioner. In the civil wars, the nation was equally divided, and each party was equally true to their native soil, with the system of pillage, torture, cold-blooded murder, and wanton destruction, which attended the French armies in the peninsula.

Throughout these sanguinary annals, we may trace the influence of sensuality, fanaticism, and faction, in unsettling the mind of man, and rendering it unfit for the cultivation of literature. Some poetry was produced, for poetry must have

it those who hoped to be read, were almost wholly employed in productions calculated to fan the flames of libertinism or discord.

Rabelais followed the path which had been pointed out in the *Imbalum Mundi*. The desolation of the land of Papefigues, the turned syllogisms mooted in the blessed island of the Papemanes, and the pious exercises of the Freres Fredons, may shew that he is alive to the absurdities of popery: but 'the generations of *halbroth*,' written by him who died with a jest in his mouth, sufficiently in the style of the '*Chronica rerum memorabilium quas Jupiter gessit antequam esset ipse*,' to shew that he might have anticipated the Princess of Babylon, could he have ventured to give free range to his scepticism. This father of satirical romance is a coarse likeness of Aristophanes. But if the *henian* bard has turbid strains, they are immiscible with the *er* waves, through which they flow without polluting them: and in the midst of all the intoxication of extravagant wit, the *et* checks the licence of the mime, and rises into terse and animated satire. Rabelais, on the contrary, could not lay aside his *p* and bells: yet he has been borne out by his originality and *gour*, and his works have formed an era in the literature of his country. Voltaire might affect to depreciate the unfrocked friar; but *Pantagruel* is the true ancestor of *Micromegas*. Nearer his own time, his admirers, as is usual when great merit and greater faults are united, attributed the flavour of the potion to its scum and dregs. They could not separate his keen and inexhaustible *in* of ridicule from his wild incoherency, and his cynical *nu*ty. These constitute the merits of the celebrated '*Moyen de parvenir*.' The author jestingly asserted that the substance and *ctrines* of this work had descended from '*Père Rabelais le pte*.' But *Père Rabelais* would have disowned all participation in the inheritance.

Amongst the political works of fiction of those times may be traced the '*Description de l'Isle des Hermaphrodites*,' in which the effeminacy of the last of the Valois is satirized under the old guise of an Utopian island. Cardinal du Perron is said to be the author of this dull allegory, which, however, is interesting on account of the notices which it furnishes respecting the rise of modern customs and fashions.

It is observed by Mr. Dunlop, 'that much of the heroic romance has been also derived from the ancient Greek romances.' It appears to us, that the *Cleopatra* and *Cassandra* arose out of the *Amadis*, or rather out of the chronicle of the Emperor *Clarendon*, to which they bear a nearer affinity.

In the '*Histoire tragi-comique de nostre temps*,' we find the *ricacy* and pomp of the Spanish novel, with ghosts from *L...*, and jousts and tournaments from the days of chivalry, al-

mythology; he bestowed a preface upon his translation in an alchemical style; and he decorated it with a frontispiece of his own designs, in the manner of Basil Valentine's hieroglyphics. After that, he composed what he called a steganographic romance, in which we have the adventures of the nymphs Le Xyrile, that is to say, 'Sol fin,' and 'PElixir,' and the King Eufrausis. A sage cabbalist teaches this monarch the art of causing his soul to transmigrate into the body of another. Eufrausis incautiously reveals the charm to his treacherous favourite Spanios, who seizes a favourable opportunity of entering into the inanimate body of his master, and thus possesses himself of his queen and throne. This story has been pilfered by the compilers of the Persian tales, from which it is quoted in the Spectator. It appears that rhabdri was more marketable than enchantment; for it is said that the work, of which this is a part, remained on hand, and that he composed the Parvenir in order to silence the reproaches of his bookseller.

Subsequently to this, were produced the fairy tales of the Marquis de Mure, and her contemporaries. With all their prettiness and capricious invention, they are undoubtedly inferior to the older French fictions. By them Meliora and Meliora were first introduced into the boudoir, and afterwards into the drawing-room.

Mr. Duplop has shortly noticed the legend of the noble family of Lusignan, and informed us from a French source that she 'haunts their castle, where she announces by her appearance any disaster that is to befall the French monarchy.' This is a more pleasing and melancholy tenderness in the style of the older author, according to which she was often heard to

sh a certain princess had longed ; the obtaining of the fruit condition that the child, of which the princess was pregnant, should be presented to the Rackshasa ; the carrying off the child by the Rackshasa, and her return to her parents when grown up.' Is this story brought from Siam by any of the French travellers ? or is it to be found in any old romance or fabliau ? This is precisely the case with Carados, another fairy tale in the same collection.

We shall not balance the opinions of contending philologists : whatever degree of antiquity may be assigned to the various dialects of the ' volgare,' those who are least inclined to favour pretensions, must allow that it exhibits a less copious admixture of barbarisms, than any of its sisters on the other side of the Alps. Its discrepancies from the mother tongue have been effected either by ungrammatical negligence, than by the introduction of foreign terms. The proportion of Roman blood in the population of modern Italy, may be estimated according to the proportion of the constituent elements of the language. The admixture of the pure race of ancient Latium increased with the progress of the empire ; yet the mongrel multitude, the descendants of the mercenary, or the slave, the starveling Greek, captive Scythian, or the effeminate Syrian, by whom the streets of Rome were crowded in the plenitude of her power, adopted her customs and her language, and made her glories, her liberties, and her prejudices their own. Man is said to be the only animal that can adapt itself to all climates. The pliability of his nature is equally shewn by the ease with which a stranger imbibes the national character of the community in which he is placed, fraternizes with the new family into which he is adopted. A tide of tramontane population poured into Italy at remote and distant intervals. In the time of Charlemain, all had already become Italian, or rather Roman ; and many centuries elapsed before they ceased to identify themselves with the conquerors of the world. The fond remembrance of the victories which even seemed to hover over the ruins of the Eternal City, consoled them amidst the sufferings of intestine faction and foreign domination. The ensigns of other rulers, the wivern, the lion, or the lily, were adorning their walls and towers, but they knew that the eagle which once led them forth to triumph ; and whilst the song and the banner were turned upon the enemies or successors of Roman power, in any other country in Europe, the Trojans and the Romans, and the desolated colony, were yet remembered in the nursery tales of the Florentines in the days of Messer Cacciaguیدا.

' L'una vegghiava al studio de la culla,  
Et consolando usava la idioma  
Che pria li padri et le madre trastulla.  
L'altra trahendo a la rocca le chioma,

Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia,  
De' Troiani, di Fiesole e di Roma.'

The earliest specimens of poetry in France and England are metrical romances. In Italy, verse received its structure and genius from the Provençals; and love and devotion were the only themes of the sonnet, and the other lyrical productions, cultivated by the fathers of Italian verse. Until Boccaccio invented the ottava rima, and employed it in the *Teseide* and the *Filostroto*, narrative poetry cannot be said to have existed in Italy.

*Guerino il Meschino* is the only romance known to be of Italian invention. In its present shape it looks like a *rifacciamento*. In some passages, *Guerino* addresses the reader as though we had before us the original journal in which 'he caused all his journeyings to be written down from the time when he was made a slave in Constantinople until he left England;' in other passages the book is written in the third person plural, whilst the greater part of the narrative is told by the author of the prefatory address. Mr. Dunlop thinks it may be adduced as 'an instance of an intermediate work between the chivalrous and spiritual romances.' The devotion, however, of *Guerino* is marked only with dulness. It is clear, for the author tells us so in his introduction, that he purposed to recount the 'doughty deeds of a mighty cavalier,' but the promises which authors make in their introductions are not always kept; he was not mightily gifted with invention, and he eked out his story with the legendary marvels of the life of Alexander, the hell of Dante, and the purgatory of St. Patrick. The strange barbarity of the nomenclature is amongst the singularities of this work.—*Guerino* crosses the *Heafrates* and fights with an *Hermanticor*. There is a choice addition to British topography—*Guerino* and his companions 'remained in England three months, taking their pleasure; and he saw London, Antona, Egen, Sael, Lionela, Alone, and Afrone, Delborgie, Bernia, and Scocia,' and all these and more are 'in the island of England!' The visit of *Guerino* to the sibyl of Norcia, from whom he expected to learn the secret of his descent, is the most curious part of this romance. The popular traditions which placed her there lose themselves in the mist of antiquity. The same superstitions peopled the interior of the mountain of St. Barbara and of the hills of Scandinavia, and erected the *Venusberg*; and the amorous sibyl is only another version of the fable of the mother of the Scythians. Mr. Dunlop, in his introduction, has promised to give a 'faithful analysis of these early and scarce productions, which form as it were the landmarks of fiction.' He must have laboured under a woful forgetfulness of his introductory promise, as well as of his introductory criticisms on the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, when he came to *Guerino*.



an exact counterpart of the wanderings of Guerino through Tary and Prester John's country is to be found in the old Spanish story-book entitled 'the Book of the Infant Don Peter of Portugal, who travelled through the Seven Quarters of the World,' composed by Gomez de Santistivan, 'one of his twelve companions.'

'Friends, said the Infant one day after dinner, it was the seventh after Easter, I am moved in my heart to see the seven quarters of the world, let such follow me as chuse, I wish to have twelve companions.'—'We set off for Valladolid to pay our obeisance to King John of Castile; and when the king learnt how his cousin was bent upon seeing the seven quarters of the world, he was right joyful, and he gave us a thousand pieces of gold and an interpreter, Garci Ramirez by name, who knew all the languages of the world, that is to say, grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, philosophy, Chaldee, Hebrew, Turkish'—

a great many other languages, such as Inguzno, Yrgan, and Alano, of which we have not been able to find any account in Claude Duret. In the company of this walking polyglott, they travelled over a number of strange regions through which we have leisure to follow them.

We know not why Mr. Dunlop has said nothing respecting the Spanish novelists, who enjoyed quite as much popularity at home as abroad as the Italian writers of the same class. Before a Spanish author could see the light, he was forced to pass through the tremendous defile of bishops and inquisitors, lords of the council, secretaries of state, and notaries royal and apostolical, whose licenses and approbations generally fill half a sheet at the beginning of each volume. This wretched system produced one solitary benefit to compensate for its manifold evils: it completely checked corruption which disgraces the French and Italians. The Spaniards may boast that their language has never been profaned by becoming the vehicle of impurity. Another distinguishing feature of the Spanish *novela* is its length. It is generally an extended and complicated narrative. The Italian *novela* is often confined to a joke, an apophthegm, or a single adventure. Juan de Teneda, the bookseller, first introduced this species of composition in his *Patranuelo*. He begins, 'As this work is intended only for pastime and recreation, think not that its contents be very true, for by our humble wit, and lowly capacity, the greater part thereof hath been feigned and composed. "A Patraña saying nothing but a fictitious story, so quaintly amplified and composed, that it gaineth some semblance of reality." Such as, in my mother tongue, the Valencian, are entitled *Rondalles*, in Tuscan *Novelas*.' Upon the etymology of which word he proceeds to pun as followeth: 'quiere decir—Tu, trabajado lecciones *no velas*, yo te desvelare con algunos graciosos y asseados cuentos.' If novels were so called on account of keeping

folks awake, Juan acted with great fairness in giving an title to his 'admirable tales, dainty devices, and delicate tions.' His successors adopted, as we have just remarked, ttricity and plot which he considered as the essence of the Cervantes inserted the most indifferent of his novels in his work. The rest of the 'novelas exemplares' are not unwor their author. Unlike his countrymen in general, he knows to stop. He marks with bolder touches than are to be fo nature, without degenerating into caricature, and he kee attention alive without distracting his readers. Lope da Montemayer, and the rest, are always walking upon stilts.

The mention which Mr. Dunlop makes of the *Spanish sador* in his account of 'Gusman Alfarache,' (vol. iii. ) shews that he had got hold of the translation of the life o man de Alfarache, which was seasoned by Le Sage, so as the French palate. Mr. Dunlop first states that 'it is said partly taken from a work of a similar description by Don M And a few pages afterwards we find 'that it was the origi swarm of Spanish works concerning the adventures of b and the lowest wretches, such as the life of Lazarillo de T which was written by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, amba from Spain to the republic of Venice, and printed at Tan in 1586.' We shall leave it to our author to reconcile th passages; it will be sufficient to observe that the eminent historian, and statesman, who amused himself in his youth composition of the adventures of Lazaron de Tormes the Thome Gonzalez and Antonia Perez, died about twenty before Mateo Aleman published his Beacon of Human Lif Dunlop might as well have designated an English author name of Mr. John —, as a Spanish one by the name c Marcos.

Again,

'The originality, however, of this entertaining romance (G has been much questioned, in consequence of the existence of nish work from which many of the stories are supposed to be taken. Of this Spanish production the author is not known; but prehends the adventures *Dell Escudero Don Manuel Obregon*, be found on examination to contain, with little variation, the stor amorous muleteer, &c.'—vol. iii. p. 272.

Mr. Dunlop will 'find, upon examination,' that the 'v Don Marcos' is the novel entitled 'Relaciones de la V Escudero Marcos de Obregon;' and, upon a little further nation, that Marcos de Obregon did not write his own life, b it was indited by 'Vincente Espinel, chaplain of our lord th in the royal hospital of the city of Ronda,' and who is very designated as the author of the work both in the title-page a

which also contains the history of the two students and the re. This Espinel, like another Timotheus, is said to have the fifth string to the Spanish guitar.

Germans have attracted so much notice of late years, that Dunlop ought not to have passed them over in silence. Much information respecting their early fictions has been collected by Görres, (the spirited, but prejudiced editor of the *Rhein-Mercury*,) Hagen, Bushing, and many other writers, who applied themselves with great ardour and judgment to the investigation of their ancient literature. It will be well if these should have the effect of weaning the Germans from the rry and philosophism which have infected them. Romances valry remained in fashion till the Thirty Years war subverted old habits of the people. The heroic romances were also ed, and retained their popularity during the early part of seventeenth century: we recollect having seen a heap of es, each as 'dick as all dis cheese,' comprising a romance n by Baron von—the name has escaped us—of which Ars was the hero. The 'Historye of the damnable Life and red Death of Doctor John Faustus,' which, alas! has now lled into a penny history, is, as it professes to be, a translation the High Dutch. 'Plusieurs auteurs,' according to Madame aël, 'ont écrit sur la vie de ce même Docteur Faust, et quelques même lui attribuent l'invention de l'imprimerie. Son savoir rofond ne le préserva pas de l'ennui de la vie; il essaya, y échapper, de faire un parti avec le diable, et le diable finit emporter.' This idle tale has been echoed and re-echoed out much examination; but it is tolerably certain that this Doctor Faustus was not Fust the printer. The name is per-assumed or translated, according to the custom of his time: e appears to have been one of the compounds of knavery nthusiasm, who swarmed in Europe immediately previous to eriod when the 'Rhodo-staurotick brethren' began to mys-he world. Melancthon notices him in his Letters, and Con-lessner and Martin Luther also treat him as a contemporary. he whole, there is not much reason to doubt that he duly his degree at the university of Wittenburg, and that, as the orye tells us, within 'a short time after he fell into such fan-and deepe cogitations that he was mocked of manie, and of ost parte of the students was called the Speculator;' and that other Doctors) 'he could sometimes throwe the Scriptures him as though he had care of his former profession, so that gan a most ungodly life, as hereafter may appeare:—algh the final catastrophe of his life is perhaps a little exagge-

e Germans have taken the insulting query of Father Bou-hors

hors, 'whether a German can be a *bel esprit*,' too much at heart. In labouring with might and main to disprove the inference of the jesuit, they have very nearly afforded some practical arguments to those who might wish to maintain the negative side of the question. In many respects, a faithful type of that nation may be found in Sherlock's fat German baron, who was so smitten by the liveliness of his French companions, that he disturbed the hotel at midnight, by jumping upon the chairs and tables in his bed-room, *pour apprendre a tetre fif*. The herr Grobianus, in earnest admiration of the brisk philosophers of the *Encyclopédie*, soon succeeded in drilling himself into a kind of portentous agility; and fully emulated his enlightened tutors in throwing off the old-fashioned prejudices of his grand-fathers. He could not, however, persuade the military to turn their cannon against the fortresses of despotism and superstition, so he was forced to content himself with shewing his spirit by lolling out his tongue and making wry faces at the parson. But there were other imputations against the taste of Grobianus, which still subjected him to the ridicule of his Gallic instructors. Because he preferred sour crout to soup meager, and liked his neighbour's wife less than his own, he was accused of want of delicacy in either appetite. Grobianus did not care to part with the substantial viands to which he had been accustomed; but he felt nettled at the latter half of the charge: so he unbuttoned his waistcoat, after dinner, like Falstaff, and, with much ado, taught himself to sigh; and he was fain to leave his home and his spouse at nights for the purpose of wandering in the pale moonshine, and listening to the nightingale arm in arm with Wilhelmina.

The Germans have attached a vast degree of importance to novel and romance; and this species of composition forms a very bulky division in their literary history, it having been cultivated by almost every author of real or fancied eminence. We are willing to believe that amongst heaps of trumpery, they can select some specimens of genuine merit; as far, however, as we are enabled to judge from a limited acquaintance with them, they all read *uncomfortably*. What are supposed to be the affections of the heart are descanted upon, until the tone of the novelist assumes the whine of a sick lap-dog; the characters are lost in clouds of puffy eloquence; and the whole is richly interlarded with a spurious morality, which has all the consistency of the piety of Mother Cole, and the pithiness of an undertaker's motto.

It is time to leave the Germans and to return once more to Mr. Dunlop. After the ungrateful employment of groping about for flaws and blemishes, we are happy to be called upon to discharge a more pleasing duty. Much of Mr. Dunlop's composition, and in particular that which relates to the Italian novelists and the modern

rn French and English novels and romances, is executed judgment and correctness : as a specimen, we give the following lively criticism on a popular writer.

In this justly celebrated woman, the principal object seems to have been to raise powerful emotions of surprise, awe, and especially terror, and means and agents apparently supernatural. To effect this, she places her characters, and transports her readers, amid scenes which are calculated strongly to excite the mind, and to predispose it for spectral visions : Gothic castles, gloomy abbeys, subterraneous passages, the howling of banditti, the sobbing of the wind, and the howling of the storm, are all employed for this purpose ; and in order that these may have full effect, the principal character in her romances is always a young and unprotected female, encompassed with snares, and surrounded by villains. But that in which the works of Mrs. Radcliffe differ from those by which they were preceded is, that in the works of Otranto and Old English Baron, the machinery is in fact supernatural ; whereas the means and agents employed by Mrs. Radcliffe are all reality human, and such as can be, or, at least, are professed to be explained by natural events. By these means she certainly excites a powerful interest, as the reader meanwhile experiences the full effect of the wonderful and terrific appearances ; but there is one defect which attends this mode of composition, and which seems indeed inseparable from it. As it is the intention of the author, that the mysteries should be afterwards cleared up, they are all mountains in the air ; and even when she is successful in explaining the marvellous instances which have occurred, we feel disappointed that we should have been so agitated by trifles. But the truth is, they never are properly explained ; and the author, in order to raise strong emotions of fear and horror in the body of the work, is tempted to go lengths, to account for which the subsequent explanations seem utterly inadequate. Thus, for example, after all the wonder and dismay, and terror and expectation, excited by the mysterious chamber in the castle of Udolpho, how much we are disappointed and disgusted to find that all this pother has been produced by a waxen statue. In short, we may say not only of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles, but of her works in general, that they abound " in passages that lead to nothing."

In the writings of this author there is a considerable degree of uniformity and mannerism, which is perhaps the case with all the productions of a strong and original genius. Her heroines too nearly resemble each other, or rather they possess hardly any shade of difference, they have all blue eyes and auburn hair—the form of each of them has " the airy lightness of a nymph"—they are all fond of watching the setting sun, and catching the purple tints of evening, and the vivid glow or magnificent splendour of the western horizon. Unfortunately they are all likewise early risers. I say unfortunately, for in every exigency Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines are provided with a pencil and paper, and the sun is never allowed to rise nor set in peace. Like Tilburina in the play, they are " inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne," and in the most distressing

travelling circumstances find time to compose sonnets to sun-rise, the bat, a sea-nymph, a lily, or a butterfly.'—vol. iii. pp. 385, 6, 7.

We are quite tired of giving good advice to authors. Our pains are all thrown away upon the stiff-necked generation; and we may complain with the Dean of St. Patrick that our exhortations could not be less attended to if they were delivered from the pulpit. We can therefore scarcely hope that Mr. Dunlop will listen to us in recommending him to bestow, before his next edition, a thorough revision upon that portion of his work which constitutes its chief attraction—we mean the fictions of the middle ages, and to keep the originals constantly by his side. At all events, we wish him to treat it with more feeling than is displayed in his present tone and manner. An author will never gain or, indeed, deserve much credit, unless he acts the lover's part towards his undertaking. He must discover graces which elude the vulgar gaze: and even the very blemishes should be considered as approximating to beauties—

Nominibus mollire licet mala : fusca vocetur  
Nigrior Illyricâ cui pice sanguis erit, &c.

This disposition of mind enables him to toil with delight, and to impart the genial enthusiasm to others, who respect him in return for making them sensible of new sources of intellectual pleasure. At present, Mr. Dunlop seems to be somewhat ashamed of the companions whom he introduces, and in order to ward off from himself the ridicule of those who are perhaps incapable of appreciating their real worth, he is anxious to be the first to meet at the society which he has chosen. Yet to the numerous class of light readers who seek entertainment and novelty, and general information, Mr. Dunlop's work will be highly acceptable; and its faults themselves will, perhaps, contribute to adapt it to general perusal.

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**ART. VI.** *Translations from the original Chinese: with Notes on Canton; China.* small 4to. Printed by order of the Select Committee. 1815.

**O**URS being the only journal that has employed a portion of its pages occasionally, and we trust not uselessly, in marking the progress of Chinese literature in Europe, we should hold ourselves inexcusable were we to pass over unnoticed these maiden productions of the Canton press. We are anxious likewise to perform an act of justice in withdrawing those strictures which, towards the early part of our labours, we found ourselves compelled to make, on the total neglect of the Chinese language by those who were so materially interested in the cultivation of it. That reproach can no longer be urged against the servants of the East.



company resident at Canton; they are become fully sensible of the important advantages to be gained, in every ordinary transaction, by a knowledge of the language of those with whom they have to communicate.

George Staunton was unquestionably the first who opened to the English any of the *useful* treasures of Chinese literature. His accurate translation of the *Ta-tsing-leu-lee*, or fundamental institutions of the *Ta-tsing* dynasty, made us acquainted with the real practical machinery by which the Chinese government is enabled to keep together, in one bond of union, the millions of the population of that extensive empire. Before this valuable work appeared, all the world thought, and the Jesuit missionaries encouraged the opinion, that the Chinese had found out the secret of keeping men in order by the application of certain maxims of morality to the practical operations of the government,—a secret which had elevated that nation to the acme of political wisdom; so that when M. Pauw asserted that the Chinese were actually governed by the whip and the bamboo, he was regarded by the missionaries as an ignorant and prejudiced writer. His statements however were amply verified by the two subsequent embassies of Lord Macartney and Mr. Titsing to the Peking. The truth is, that the missionaries suppressed the truth that every day came immediately before their eyes, and they saw only what they read in Chinese books; they gave the names of the government, but kept back the practice—the modes and customs, but not the moral conduct of the people; and they were loath to tell, what they must have known, and what Mr. Titsing very soon discovered, that ‘there is no nation in the world in which professions and practice are more at variance than the Chinese.’ They wrote as if the common-place maxims of morality from the ancient writings of Confucius were actually the basis of conduct with the Chinese: in short, as if China was a land of sages, in which philosophy and science not only flourished among the upper classes, but produced wholesome fruit in the multitude. The corrupt jargon of the schools of Boudh and Confucius rendered more absurd and unintelligible by translation into obscure and symbolical language, was called history, philosophy, and science; and the most trifling sayings of the ancients, provided they were old enough, were set down as truths.

It is more remarkable that the French missionaries should have made communications with theories built on moral sentences, without any real state of the government, its public acts, its views and

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would make an exception, however, of the *Hao-kiau-tchuan*, or ‘Pleasing the Ancestors,’ translated by the Bishop of Dromore from a Portuguese manuscript, which is a Chinese novel, containing a faithful picture of the domestic manners, and character of this singular people.

motives,

motives, all the trials, acquittals and condemnations, with the confirmation or modification of the sentences by the emperor; all reports of civil commotions and military operations, the state of the harvest, of embankments, &c. are daily published in the Peking Gazette; and are, through this medium, communicated to every part of the empire. It is not the less remarkable that there are still in Paris a few learned and sensible men, who, having acquired a smattering of the Chinese language, are treading in the precise steps of their predecessors, admiring every thing that is perfectly unintelligible, and puzzling themselves with incubrations on Hindoo cosmogony transfused into Chinese characters, and with vain endeavours to strike something like sense out of a jargon that never had any. If M. de Sacy, Julius von Klaproth, and Doctor Abel Remusat are desirous that the world should really profit from their Chinese studies, we would recommend them to leave the digrams and trigrams of *Fo-hi*, for something less ancient and more intelligible; let them follow the example of the gentlemen whose labours we are about to notice, and they may then do the literary world some service.

The first part of the little volume now before us contains a selection of reports and edicts from the Peking Gazette, translated by Mr. Morrison the missionary, of whose literary labours we have already had occasion to speak. The most interesting are those which relate to a rebellion raised by a certain sect (the *Tientee*) with a view of expelling *Kia-King*, the present emperor, from his throne, headed, it has been supposed, by his own brother, though the knowledge of this part of the transaction is properly suppressed.

It has been the custom of all the emperors of the present Tartar dynasty to pass the summer months at Gehol in Tartary, on account of the heat; or, as the Chinese say, to keep open the communication with the country from which they came, in the event of a change of circumstances making it necessary for them to retreat thither. On the 18th October, 1813, as His Imperial Majesty *Kia-King* was returning from this summer excursion, and about to enter Peking, a party of conspirators broke into the imperial palace, and kept possession of a part of it for three days. On this occasion His Imperial Majesty issued a proclamation, which, as he candidly states, was ‘to announce a revolution, and to take blame to himself.’ After observing that he had scarcely mounted the throne when the sect of the *Pe-lien* (the white water lily—the *nelumbia*) caused a revolt in four provinces, which took eight years in subduing; that another sect, the *Tien-lun* (heavenly reason, *illuminati*), whom Mr. Morrison makes His Imperial Majesty to call ‘a banditti of vagabonds,’ suddenly created disturbances; ‘but now,’ he continues, ‘rebellion has suddenly

lenly arisen under my own arm-pit ; the calamity has sprung from my own house.' He then proceeds :

A banditti of upwards of seventy men of the sect *Tien-lee* violated the prohibited gate and entered within side ; they wounded the guard, rushed into the inner palace : four rebels were seized and bound, and others ascended the wall with a flag. My imperial second son took a musket and shot two of them ; my nephew killed the third. For his deliverance I am indebted to the energies of my second son. Princes and chief officers of the *Lung-tsung* gate led forth troops, and after two days and one night's utmost exertion completely routed the rebels.

My family *Ta-tsing* has continued to rule the empire during a hundred and seventy years. My grandfather and royal father, in the most illustrious manner, loved the people as children. Their benevolence and virtues I am unable to express. Though I cannot pretend to have imitated their good government and love of the people, yet I have not oppressed nor ill-used my people. This sudden change I am unable to account for. It must arise from the low state of my virtue, and my accumulated imperfections. Though this rebellion has broken forth in a moment, the evil has been long collecting. Four words—supineness, arrogance, sloth, contempt—express the sources whence this great calamity has arisen ; and hence also it is that affairs, whether at home or abroad in the empire, are equally in a bad state. Though I have again and a third time given warning till my tongue is blunted, my lips parched with frequent repetition, yet none of my ministers have been able to comprehend it ; they have ruled carelessly, and therefore have caused the present occurrence. I would examine myself, reform and purify my heart, to accord with the gracious conduct of heaven above, and to do away with the resentments of the people, who are placed under me.

All my officers, who would be faithfully devoted to the dynasty, should exert themselves for the benefit of the country, and exert their utmost to make amends for my defects, as well as to reform the manners of the people. Those who can be contented to be mean may retire, throw their caps against the wall and go home to end their days ; not inactive as dead bodies in their places, merely to secure their emolument, and thereby increase my crimes. The tears follow the traces of my grief.

This proclamation, full of hypocritical humility and self-reproach on the part of His Imperial Majesty, was followed by the most barbarous executions, which lasted a whole year ; several thousands were put to death ; some by beheading ; others by a slow and lingering process ; some were hacked in pieces by a great number of strokes, and others had their bodies cut, as it were, into ten thousand pieces. One of the courts that tried and avows in its report to the Emperor, ' that they had, by the application of torture, rigorously examined the rebels, together and apart,' and that there was no doubt they were all principal criminals ;

criminals ; that, ‘ according to law, the exciting to rebell punished, whether the parties be principals or accessories, lingering and ignominious death ;’ and they therefore f submissively report, that they had sentenced sixteen to be ried bound on a certain day to the market-place, and the to inches, and twelve on a future fixed day to be dealt w like manner ; and that others, already dead, were to have heads suspended at the city gates, ‘ to shew what are the la the land, and to satisfy the revenge of the multitude.’ To the Emperor replies by an edict published in the Pekin Gaz that ‘ it was well and promptly done to seize the leading of ers, and apportion some to a lingering and ignominious d others to decapitation and public exposure of their lifeless b He then announces that he had been graciously pleased to mote the officer who first discovered the plot ; and that, o three officers of the district, who failed to make such disco one he had exiled to the extreme confines of the empire, an dered to be kept to hard labour ; another he had degraded sent to the army to atone for his offence ; and the third be deprived of his office. Some months afterwards seventeen r were hacked in pieces at Pekin, and thirty-five others sente by the courts of justice to transportation ; but His Imperial jesty was graciously pleased, in his great mercy, to mitigat sentence of these last unfortunate people, and to order that should *only be strangled* after a certain period of close impr ment.

It is a privilege, and rather a singular one, in this despoti vernment, which, however, every officer may claim, to la sentiments in writing before the sovereign, whether in the of representation, complaint, or even admonition, and the cuments are usually made public through the Pekin Gazette gether with the Emperor’s approval or otherwise.

A spirited representation of this kind, made to the Em by one of the magistrates, is published in the Gazette. It that many innocent persons had been brought to trial, tort and suffered death, apparently for no other purpose than to e the zeal of the officiating magistrates. The imperial edict first announced the insurrection had ascribed the cause and gin of it to a particular sect ; and hence every person, it app who was known to belong to any other sect than that of B which may be called the established religion of the country came obnoxious to the persecution of these over-zealous m trates. The Christians, being considered as a sect, were grie ly persecuted in every part of the empire, and the Christian sionaries driven out of Pekin. So abhorrent indeed do the nese now appear to be from the Christian religion in partic

, on seizing a Chinese linguist, who had been dispatched from Canton to Peking by the servants of the East India Company with a letter and present from our Secretary of State to the Viceroy of Canton, who had been called to the capital, they stepped, in imitation of the Japanese, that he should trample on a cross, to evince his hatred of that sect of which it is considered to be the standard ;—this the man did without hesitation, being no Christian, but a disciple of Fo.

The magistrate above-mentioned states, that numbers had been unjustly confined, that many were passed from court to court, and sent to the torture under pretence of preparation for trial; that they were finally liberated without trial after their health was destroyed, and their property wasted; and that numbers were seized or tortured into confession by the inferior officers. Indeed the whole document exhibits a melancholy picture of the abuses that exist in the practical administration of the criminal jurisprudence of this supposed humane and virtuous government.

But what can be expected from a nation whose sovereign and high priest (united in the person of His Imperial Majesty) issues through the Peking Gazette, for the information and ‘respect’ of two hundred million subjects, an edict, of which the following is a translation, and which we give at full length; it being, in our opinion, as obvious an interposition of miraculous power as any of those which have recently taken place in the Peninsula.

#### PEKING GAZETTE.

*Kia-King, 19th Year, 1st Moon, 15th Day, (Feb. 4th, 1814.)*

The following imperial edict has been respectfully received.

Last year, when the rebels broke open and entered the prohibited city, there was in the air, obscurely seen, an appearance of the image of the god *Kwan-té*; on perceiving it, the rebels became alarmed, and fled to hide themselves. Their immediate destruction followed.

To-day *Na-yen-ching* (the general commanding the imperial troops) reported, that when the town *Hwa* was retaken, the rebels, during the darkness of the night, made a desperate attack; the government troops were playing upon them with spears and arrows, but were unable to produce any real effect; when suddenly, from a temple by the side of the town, a flame rose spontaneously, and shone bright as noon. The imperial troops then attacked in two divisions, pressing on the rebels from opposite points, their retreat was cut off, and the entire number of rebels completely destroyed.

After the affair was over, it was found that by the side of the city there was a temple dedicated to the image of *Kwan-té*. The temple was completely burnt down; but the divine image, and it alone, was preserved, having been moved or injured in the least possible degree.

During the confusion caused by the rebels on this occasion, repeatedly has *Kwan-té* manifested himself and afforded protection. I feel the most profound and sincere veneration and gratitude.

It is ordered that the proper court, with the highest respect and veneration,

neration, consult about, and propose. *two words*, to be added to the original inscription of the god. Let the words be presented to me for my approval, and after that be published throughout the empire, to be made use of as a return for the god's protection.

'Let the temple of the district *Hwa* be rebuilt and adorned; and when finished, let the lieutenant-governor report and request me to write with my own hand an inscription for the front of the temple, to be hung up with due respect above the gate.—Respect this.'

We find in this little collection a reply from the Emperor to a memorial, rather in the way of reproof, of a civil officer, in which he has used the liberty to request that His Imperial Majesty would issue his orders that the steward of the household should be examined strictly 'what works are going on at the *Three-hills* and the *Five-gardens*;' and that he use his endeavours 'to lessen the expense.' At the same time, this officer proposes that certain waste lands should be brought under cultivation.

To this memorial the Emperor answers.

'Both within and without Peking all the imperial works, great and small, have been put a stop to for some time. For several months past no work has been undertaken or carried on, either at the palace or *Yuen-ming-yuen* gardens. This is what every body has seen and heard of. The *Three-hills* is a place to which His Majesty resorts. As to the imperial gardens, there is but one, *Yuen-ming-yuen*. The gardens called "Constant Spring" and "Beautiful Spring" are both situated within the imperial garden. There is no such place as the *Five-gardens*.

'The imperial works are at present stopped; and various expenses about the palace greatly diminished. Economy is necessary. Still the trouble and expenditure are great. The duties of *Yu-she* (the memorialist) lie without the palace: how can he know its concerns fully?

'As to his notion of choosing waste lands and commencing agriculture on them, the supplies are at present inadequate to the current expenditure of the nation; and shall the imperial gold be taken and thrown away on useless experiments? To call upon the people to come forward with their property is not becoming the dignity of government.

'That which is recommended by him is vague and unreasonable: it must not be done. It is wholly useless to deliberate upon it.—Respect this.'

Here at least is shewn a desire on the part of His Imperial Majesty to acquit himself with the public, of the charge of useless expenditure of the public money. The necessity felt by the monarch of deferring to public opinion, on matters personal to himself, cannot fail to operate as some check to the caprices of despotism; we should, however, have been glad to know what became of *Yu-she*; and whether he was not very soon obliged to 'hang his cap against the wall?'

From all that we have lately seen and heard of this overgrown empire, we are inclined to think that the Tartar dynasty now on the throne



s tottering to its base, and we shall not be in the least surprised, instead of a sprig of the *Ta-ting* branch, Lord Amherst and a withered Chinese eunuch on the throne of *Kia-king*, the twinkling eyes and straggling beard, shaking his nodding porcelain mandarin on a chimney-piece. But no matter: the same presents and the homage will do just as well for the one or the other. A rebellion or a revolution, an irruption of hordes, or a change of a Chinese family, produces no alteration or the least national improvement. The old machine of government turns round as usual, and though for a time its wheels are clogged and its movements somewhat disturbed, it soon resumes its usual motion, and rolls on as if no obstruction had happened.

If any of our readers should feel surprize, let them look at Spain, and cease to wonder—Spain, that has the advantage of communicating freely with the more enlightened nations of Europe, has profited nothing from her revolution and little from her successes. China has no intercourse with the rest of the world, and no language but her own.—The first four emperors of our race were men of great talent for business, extraordinary power of intellect, and capable of great bodily exertion; the fifth is a weak man and a sensualist, and he has been unfortunately the choice of his ministers—perhaps deservedly so; for the first act of his government was to put to death the favourite of his deceased father, to banish his family and friends to the wilds of Tartary, and to rob them of their property.

In many of the western provinces the disturbances still continue, and are far from gaining ground. We have received a Peking gazette which contains more than any of those in the pamphlet before us (Nov. 13; in this his Imperial Majesty says, ‘the remainder of the year has not yet taken; commotions are excited by various reasons, and he goes on to rail, ‘in good set terms’ :

At this moment great degeneracy prevails; the magistrates are dishonest, and great numbers of the people are false and deceitful. The magistrates are remiss and inattentive; the people are all given up to seditious schemes and infernal arts. The link that binds together superior and inferiors is broken. There is little of either conscience or sense of shame. Not only do they neglect to obey the admonitions of their superiors; but even with respect to those traitorous banditti, who are the most horrible opposition to me, it affects not their minds in the least degree; they never give the subject a thought. It is indeed very strange! That which weighs with them is their persons and families; the nation and the government they consider light as nothing. He who sincerely serves his country leaves the fragrance of a good name for ten thousand ages; he who does not, leaves a name that stinks for ten thousand years.

Hearts have those, who, being engaged in the service of their sovereign,

sovereign, but destitute of talent, yet chuse to enjoy the sweets and carelessly spend their days !'

It appears from another imperial edict, that many Tartars had assumed Chinese names ; probably under the apprehension of the expulsion of the Tartars, and wishing to conceal themselves as Chinese. Hitherto the Tartars have been most scrupulous in keeping up a distinction between themselves and the Chinese.

The second part of this little production consists of the translation of a moral tale, called ' The Three Dedicated Rooms.' Mr. Davis, a young writer of Canton, and son of Mr. Davis, director. We consider this essay highly creditable to the gentleman, who, we believe, has not been more than two years in the country ; and augur well of his future attainments in accurate and intricate language. The argument of the story is not very strong ; the merit of it consists chiefly in the lights which it throws on Chinese manners, sentiments, and traits of character. There were two men in one street, *Tang*, the miser, who is called the miserly man, and *Yu*, the spendthrift, who is reckoned a fool. The wisdom of *Tang* consisted in adding field after field to his estate, and in determining never to build a house ; the folly of *Yu*, in always building and pulling down, beautifying his palaces, and planting his gardens. Life, this foolish Chinese man contend, was not worth the having, without three things : a house, a soft bed, and a stout coffin. But though *Tang* would not build a house for himself, he had no objection to buy, under price, those built by others. In process of time *Yu* lost all of his fortune, and *Tang*, who had for many years been casting a longing eye on his house, now had it at a good bargain ; in selling, stipulated to keep for his own use a small part of the building, which rose to three stories, each consisting of three rooms ; the lowest he ' dedicated to men,' being that in which he received his friends ; in the middle room he read and wrote ; the highest was ' dedicated to the ancients ;' the highest was ' dedicated to heaven,' and had only within it a sacred book and a censer for incense. It seems that in China, if a man, on selling his estate, reserve any part, however small, he can at any time redeem the rest ; so that a purchase under such reserve is no more than a mortgage. This circumstance was annoying to *Tang*, a miserly man, who tried by every possible means to get rid of the ' three dedicated rooms ;' and thus cut off the possibility of redemption.

In the midst of *Yu*'s poverty, he was visited by a wealthy benevolent friend, who generously offered to redeem his house and gardens ; but the miserly man resolutely declined it, as the three rooms would do for him ; that he could not live without them ; that at his death every brick and tile would go to stran-

and, on taking leave, thus addressed him: 'At night, while I was reposing in the lowest room, I observed a white rat, which suddenly sunk into the floor. Some treasure is no doubt concealed there. On no account part with these three rooms.' But Yu laughed at his friend's caution.

He had a son born to him in his old age, on which occasion guests poured in upon him in such numbers, that, according to the Chinese expression, 'they ate his salt clean, and drank his vinegar dry.' He sold his rooms to the purchaser of the other part of the property, and died shortly after, leaving the widow and her son in great distress.

The son, however, became a great scholar; and, of course, acquired a Mandarin's cap. One day, as he was travelling towards his mother's house, a young woman presented a petition in the name of her husband, imploring his protection, and offering, with his whole family, to become his slaves. Her father-in-law, she said, was a rich man, and while he lived contrived to get out of scrapes; but he made many enemies; and at his death his son was persecuted by them, and lost a great part of his property; but that a greater misfortune had now befallen him:—he was cast into prison and none but himself (the Mandarin) could get him out. The young man conceived it to be some trick, but the woman assured him to the contrary. 'In the midst of our property,' says she, 'is a tall building, called the three dedicated rooms.' It was originally your lordship's, and was sold. We lived in it for several years without molestation. Lately, however, some one presented an anonymous petition to the courts, saying, that my husband was one of a nest of robbers; and that the three generations, from the grandfather to the grandson, were all rogues: that there were now twenty pieces of treasure deposited under the "three dedicated rooms," and that when the hoard was taken up, the particulars would be understood.' She went on to state, that, in consequence of this information, the magistrates caused a search to be made, 'that the treasure was found, her husband apprehended and sent to prison, where he underwent the torture to force him to a discovery of his associates.' 'Nothing,' she adds, 'can save us but your claiming the money, which must have belonged to your family.' The young Mandarin refused to do this, but promised to inquire of the magistrate into the particulars of the case.

On mentioning the circumstance to his mother, she immediately called to her recollection the story of the *white rat*, which the young man laughed at; but the magistrate, who had now lived, thought there was something in it which would give him a clue to the business, especially when the mother informed him that ten years after her husband's death, his friend had

paid her a visit, and inquired, whether, before they sold 'three dedicated rooms,' they had discovered any treasure; that, being answered in the negative, he said it was a fine for those who had bought the property, but that, undeserving the wealth they had thus acquired, instead of a blessing it would turn out their greatest misfortune. During this conversation, an old gentleman made his appearance, and the story of the rat and the treasure was at once unravelled; the treasure was employed in redeeming the property of the deceased Yu; and son of *Tang* was released from prison.

'In order to remember these circumstances, every one had a set of verses, the object of which was to advise persons of opulence to be contriving schemes for the acquirement of their neighbours' property. The lines were to this effect:

By want compell'd, he sold his house and land;  
Both house and land the purchasers return.  
Thus profit ends the course by virtue plann'd,  
While envious plotters their misfortunes mourn.'

We have only to add, that if Mr. Morrison will continue to make translations from the *Pekin Gazette*, Mr. Davis from numerous collections of moral tales, and Sir George Staunton employ his superior knowledge on the state of the arts in China for science we know they have none, we shall soon be able to assign the proper place of this people, who have been much too highly extolled, in the scale of civilized nations. They would be, we suspect, either immediately above, or next below the *Tatars*.

ART. VII. *Journal des quatorze derniers Jours de la Monarchie Prussienne.*

2. *Heldenthaten des G. L. Von Blücher.* 8vo. Berlin. 1815. pp. 215.

OUR inquiries have been lately turned towards Prussia; to the causes which led to the surprising change in her policy which has of late proved so beneficial to the common interest; it is to that country therefore we are now desirous of directing the attention of our readers.

It was maintained by some writers in France, at the commencement of the French Revolution, that instead of being brought about (as other nations have asserted) by the pernicious influence of democratic principles, that tremendous event was entirely to be attributed to the state of Europe, and that one of the principal causes of the absence of all public law, which necessarily led to anarchy and confusion, was the great increase of power of the kingdom of Prussia had gradually acquired. Few signals

requisite to shew the absurdity of this proposition ; but at the same time the part which she has of late so successfully sustained in the restoration of Europe, is sufficient evidence of its futility. To those who were unacquainted with the steps which had been taken by Prussia for the gradual restoration of her army, the sudden re-appearance of her military force, respectable in point of number, and perfect in their condition for the field, was matter of small surprize and gratification. Her soldiers started up like the armed men of Cadmus, and the alacrity of their movements, in the early part of the campaign, gave good earnest of the triumphs they were subsequently to obtain.

The military government must take its complexion, in a great measure, from the talents and disposition of the reigning prince ; we shall accordingly find, upon examination, that the influence which Prussia has possessed in the scale of the European commonwealth has always been proportionate to the ability and genius of her king.

Frederic William, commonly called the Great Elector, laid the foundation of the Prussian greatness ; by his wisdom and valour, he gradually withdrew the dukedom of Prussia from paying fealty to the crown of Poland ; and by his policy the elector of Brandenburg became the most powerful prince of the empire, under the rank of crowned heads. This dignity was secured to himself and his successors by Frederic I. with more valour and less of real greatness, than appeared in his father, the elector : by the gratification of his own ostentatious views, he doubt materially contributed to the elevation of his family. Frederic William succeeded his father Frederic I. a prince by means calculated to add lustre to the Prussian throne. His chief amusement appears to have consisted in drilling a giant regiment of guards ; and his more serious occupation, (next to the hunting specie, of which he was extremely tenacious,) in torturing his family. His son, Frederic III. very narrowly escaped capital punishment ; and we have only to open the *Memoirs of the Princess of Bareith*, to be convinced that a more unamiable and savage than her father never existed.

Prussia owes much of her present glory to the military spirit infused into the minds of her people by Frederic the Great. As a politician as well as a soldier ; a crafty one, it is true : no man can peruse his *Memoirs*, or any account of his proceedings, without admiring the skilfulness with which he played his art. His chief attention, however, was devoted to the improvement of his army, and no means were left untried which in any way contribute to that end,

no stranger was ever admitted to his reviews at Potsdam ; nor

was any foreign minister allowed to follow him thither. As the military profession was the only one which the king thought worthy of a man of rank, no nobleman could with any degree of propriety chuse a different line for his son. Men of low birth were altogether excluded from rising in the service; and the reasons, which operated in inducing Frederic to allow of a few deviations, have acquired additional force, by the odious examples of baseness and perfidy so unblushingly displayed in the recent conduct of the greater part of the upstart marshals of France.

‘It is more necessary than is commonly imagined,’ says the King of Prussia, ‘to be careful in the selection of officers, for in general a principle of honour is found amongst the nobility. It must, however, at the same time be confessed that merit and talent are sometimes met with in persons of low origin, but it is rare, and in that case they ought to be brought forward. A man of high rank, on the other hand, has for the most part no other resource but the sword; if he tarnishes his honour, no asylum is left for him, not even under the paternal roof: whilst a man risen from nothing, should he commit a mean or dishonourable action, returns without a blush to the trade of his father, and without being at all alive to his own dishonour.’

The destruction made among the Prussian officers in the seven years’ war was so great, that Frederic was compelled to relax from the rule he had laid down, and to admit amongst his officers men of low extraction; but he retained them no longer than was absolutely necessary, and they were shortly after drafted into garrison battalions. He has been blamed for his inflexibility upon this subject, and Thiebault, in his *Memoirs*, has undertaken to defend it. ‘Independently,’ says he, ‘of his Majesty’s partiality for those in high stations from the principle which he has himself stated, he was desirous that his nobles should occupy the posts which they ought to fill, and that the bourgeois should confine themselves to those to which they are born.’

It is well when the line of demarcation between the different classes of civilized society can be so preserved that all can be employed in the sphere in which they are most fitted to move: the principles introduced by the French revolution, and the long war which it entailed upon Europe, have in a manner confounded all distinction of rank; and without going beyond our own shores, the mischiefs which have been produced by this confusion are very apparent. This is an evil, however, which will correct itself, for the state can only employ a certain number of its servants in any particular branch,—the rest must seek for employment in a different direction. In two points, however, the selection of persons to fill responsible situations was not conducted with Frederic’s usual judgment; we allude to his choice of officers for the command of important fortresses, and to his predilection for employing foreign-  
ers



ers (and especially Italians) in the management of public affairs, a practice which has been followed since his time by other German courts, and (as far as we can discover) never without prejudice to those concerned.

.. To Frederic the Great succeeded Frederic William II. a prince of indolent and dissipated habits, who, for the quiet enjoyment of his own pleasures, was content to sacrifice the interests and reputation of his kingdom. Although not personally called upon to avenge the wrongs of the royal family of France, a task which belonged more properly to the House of Austria, we find him the first to invade the territories of the French Republic, and the first also to withdraw from the cause of the allies, under circumstances extremely discreditable to his character. Poland was a more inviting prey to his rapacity; and, having made his peace with the leaders in France, he endeavoured to set himself up as a rival to the legitimate head of the empire, under the title of Protector of the North of Germany, and at the same time hoped to facilitate the inroads of the French into the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria.

The conduct of the Duke of Brunswick, in his advance into France, has been always cited as a proof of his incapacity, and commented upon with much party-spirit; it is certain that the Prussian army under his command might have attacked Kellerman in the forest of Ardennes, before he could have been supported by Dumouriez, and forced its way to Paris by Chalons; but at the same time it must be recollected that the duke's movements were necessarily so subservient to political considerations, that it would be unjust to judge of their propriety by military principles alone. So much must be stated, in justice to the duke, though subsequent events unfortunately confirmed the opinions formed to his disadvantage in the early part of the war.

The first year of the present King of Prussia's reign gave but little promise of the support which he has since afforded to the cause of Europe. Austria continued to struggle against the power of France in spite of repeated defeats, but Prussia shewed no inclination to take part in the contest. It is now, however, well understood, that in 1805 the king was ready to take the field, had not the battle of Austerlitz, and the retreat of the Russians concurred in dissuading him from such a step: and in the 'Journal' before us, we are told that, though he was convinced that 'peace and Napoleon were two distinct objects,' the equivocal situation of Prussia was prolonged, for the reasons which follow: 1st. The hope which the king, naturally averse from war, never ceased to entertain, that the gigantic power of Buonaparte would meet with some shock which would lead to his overthrow without the interference

interference of Prussia;—and 2dly, the necessity which his majesty felt, after the misfortunes of all his allies, of reserving hope for Europe by keeping the resources of Prussia untouch-

When so much prudence was at one time displayed, or prudence becomes the greater at the total change of system which the Prussian court adopted in the following year; and we can attribute to a strong and despondent feeling on the difficulty of his situation, (which could not be much worse, and might be materially amended,) the resolution taken by the king to declare war against France in 1806, and to set his life and kingdom at stake, as in fact he did, at the battle of Jena. The first volume we have selected for our purpose relates exclusively to that disastrous period; and as it will be our lot in commenting upon it, to depict Prussia, as it were, in her last agonies, and to record the interesting confessions of her misguided statesmen, we feel that it is incumbent upon us to throw some relief on so sombre a picture, by briefly stating the resuscitation of the same power, in a few sorry remarks upon the ‘*Life of Blucher*,’ which was published last year at Berlin.

The Journal is a detail by Gentz, of the events which took place at the Prussian head-quarters for a fortnight previous to the battle of Jena, and it is chiefly taken up with a circumstantial account of the conversations which he held with the chief actors in the passing scene. This curious paper, though printed in Berlin at the time, was immediately suppressed, and as we are aware that any reason now exists for withholding it from the public, we feel assured that our readers will be obliged to us for making them, for the first time, acquainted with so important and so interesting a document; of which we do not know a second copy ever got abroad.

A gloomy presentiment of impending calamity pervades the whole in a remarkable manner, the whole of the composition; the author writes as if he were treading on the edge of a volcano; nothing could be more ludicrous than the account of his trepidation given by Lombard to a friend of ours, who met him at the end of Weimar preparing for flight. ‘Gentz,’ said he, ‘hardly at this moment whether his head is still on his shoulders.’ The event too fully proved the justice of his alarm.

No portents in the air indeed were required to foretell the disasters which ensued, nor was it perceptible to the penetrating Gentz alone, that Prussia had chosen a most inauspicious moment to arm for the fight; when, with no other allies but Saxony and Hesse Cassel, those powers to whom she ought to have looked for active co-operation were either completely exhausted by recent efforts, or her declared enemies, and Napoleon at liberty to bend his whole force against her.

It appears that when the King of Prussia had finally resolved to the fortune of war, Haugwitz was directed to send for Gentz, to consult with him on the state of affairs, or in other words, in the hope of his approval of the measures in contemplation; it is with this view, in general, that advice is required, and steps already taken were of too decided a nature to admit of benefit whatever from different counsels.

On the 2d October he quitted Dresden, and arrived the following day at the Prussian head-quarters, which were then at Hamburg. Here all was bustle and confusion; the court was moving to Erfurt. Gentz had only to follow as he could, which he did with evident reluctance; and as courtly etiquette dictated him the propriety of not calling on any one until he had seen Haugwitz, he was very near being left to shift for himself; and only rescued from this dilemma by the minister entrusting him to the care of General Kalkreuth.

It was from this quarter that he first obtained any explanation of the warlike preparations every where apparent; that a sudden change had taken place in the politics of Prussia was evident; of the causes, and the immediate object, Gentz was equally ignorant. Without entering into the question of policy, Kalkreuth related to him the means which Prussia had at her disposal,—he could not, in his estimation, be reckoned at more than 130,000 men; and as the king had unwisely abandoned his original intention of commanding in person, and had selected the Duke of Brunswick and Colonel Scharnhorst to direct the military operations, the General made no scruple of pronouncing that ‘unless a different system was immediately adopted, the campaign, which was to open in the course of a week, would finish by such a defeat as that of 1792; or some catastrophe, which by its importance would serve to obliterate that of the battle of Austerlitz.’ With these alarming predictions still sounding in his ears, Gentz proceeded to Erfurt, where Haugwitz entered upon a long explanation of the conduct of Prussia for some years past, and of her present views.

‘Our only aim (he said) has been, to deceive France. After the battle of Austerlitz, I was obliged, with the knife at my throat, (*sous le couteau*,) to sign a treaty at Vienna, and subsequently at Paris, in February following; had the Prussian army, however, not been reduced, for reasons only known to God and M. Hardenberg, I should certainly have advised the king to refuse the ratification of the latter treaty.’

After enlarging upon many points of minor importance, he demanded of Gentz whether he thought such an explanation as that which he had now given would serve to set Prussia right in the eyes of the world?—Gentz replied that, in his opinion, it was possible it should have this effect. No reference, therefore, should

acquainting him that the publication of his manifesto had been delayed on Gentz's account, put into his hands a letter addressed to Buonaparte in the name of the king, and one from Napoleon of earlier date, which Gentz found upon perusal to be of Talleyrand's composition, and far superior to the former in taste and dignity. The text was, that a war between France and Prussia would be a solecism in politics, inasmuch as those two states were formed to maintain an union of the closest description. Gentz had been requested to 'give his opinion on the letter intended for Buonaparte,—he could not think favourably of it, but he qualified his disapprobation by acknowledging that he felt it to be almost impossible for Prussia to make out a good case for herself in consequence of her dastardly conduct.

With regard to the manifesto which Lombard was desirous he should revise and translate—Gentz absolutely refused to have any part in the compilation, if he were called upon to justify the treaty of Vienna; or if it contained any allusion by which the House of Austria could possibly be committed. The question of neutral ships at sea ought not, he said, to be touched upon: this is not the only instance in the work of a leaning on Gentz's part to think favourably of this country, and to conciliate her friendship.

Having moulded the paper into some form, he agreed to translate it, and carried it off for that purpose, not without many reflections upon the singular conduct of the Prussian cabinet formerly so prudent and circumspect, and which now permitted M. Lombard to prepare a manifesto of such importance, without any consultation with the king or the rest of his ministers.

On two subsequent occasions Lombard appears to have entered very fully with Gentz on the defence of his own political conduct, and the prospects of support from other quarters upon which Prussia ought reasonably to rely in the approaching contest. A wish for peace, Lombard confessed, had always been uppermost in his mind, for that object alone he had consented to the treaties of Vienna and Paris, which had been so much abused;—although his character had been vilified for these transactions, and he had been accused of being a pensioner of France, that lately the clamour for war had been loud in Prussia, and that he had been obliged to yield to the public feeling, as he saw the possibility of avoiding hostilities. Gentz then put the question to him, 'Why he had allowed so many favourable opportunities to escape when he might have declared war against France with more prospect of advantage than at present?'

'Oh,' said he, 'it is too true, and I make the confession to you with sorrow. I was for a time the dupe of the monster who is now employed in ravaging the globe. When I saw him at Brussels in 1803, he was

over to his cause less by his flatteries than by the ideas which he succeeded in instilling into my mind of the greatness of his character; the tone of philanthropy which distinguished his conversation, and by hypocrisy with which he spoke of Prussia and his particular attachment to her cause. The illusion was not of long duration; before the conclusion of 1803, my dream was out—since that moment my opinions never changed. I saw that this devil incarnate continued his dread career, to the destruction of every thing which came in his way, and every occasion where I perceived that some unsuspecting minds were imposed upon by his audacious quackery, though I felt the most poignant regret, I had it not in my power to counteract his efforts; God was I had it not, nor had others more than myself.’

One of the chief causes of the long duration in the pacific system so disgraceful to Prussia, is stated by Lombard to have been the king’s inaptitude for the direction of military operations. A king of Prussia cannot, from the organization of the monarchy, separate the various parts of the government are concentrated in the army, entrust the command of his troops to his generals like other sovereigns. He is nothing if he commit this task to another. As the king, therefore, who, as Buonaparte observed, ‘was the man without knowing it,’ probably felt a diffidence in his military talents, we are inclined to believe the statement made by Lombard, that although his majesty saw plainly that sooner or later he must inevitably be compelled to draw the sword, yet his constant object was to put off the evil day, with the hope that some unforeseen event would extricate him from his difficulties. Lombard entertained an inveterate prejudice against this country; and though he disclaimed such feelings altogether, had given in to all the absurd clamours raised on the continent against the intrigues and gold of Pitt, and the tyranny exercised by England over the seas. In an unguarded hour he appears to have imparted to Gentz his doubts respecting the intentions of the cabinet of St. James’s, and his confidence in the ability of Prussia to carry on the war without foreign aid, if necessary, having an ally as the Emperor of Russia, whose letter to the king was described as containing every thing that could be desired as far as promises of active co-operation against France were concerned. To this Gentz properly replied, that the readiness of England to send an envoy to Berlin had not the appearance of anything but of cordiality: and that he could not but consider such suggestions as extremely unjust; the British government, he thought, had shewn the greatest liberality in giving credit to the sudden conversion of a power who had for so long a time remained aloof. Lombard then entered into some awkward explanations on this subject, and the conversation closed.

In the night of the 7th October, news arrived at Erfurt, (the headquarters,) that the French forces were concentrated on the side

side of Bamberg; and Gentz expresses his surprize at the extraordinary degree of ignorance respecting the movements of the enemy which pervaded the Prussian army, and their indecision in taking measures to arrest his progress. Buonaparte had the choice of two plans. He might attempt to turn the Prussian position by the right, or the left, or to force the defiles of the Thuringian forest, and the centre of his opponents. The latter, as the most difficult, was the least likely to be adopted; yet it was considered both by the Duke of Brunswick and General Kalkreuth as the most probable. So little judgment appears to have been displayed by the Prussians in their conjectures upon the French movements, that it was thought by many, and amongst others by General Prill, that the enemy would march by Bayreuth to invade Saxony, which would enable the Prussians to attack him with advantage on the route, no one seems to have apprehended that the turning of the Prussian left wing was the real object of his *mouvres*, and that which he at last effected with such fatal success.

After perusing Gentz's account of his interview with the Duke of Brunswick, by which he states that he was fully confirmed in the unfavourable opinion which report had raised in his mind of the absolute inadequacy of this general for the task assigned to him, it becomes unnecessary to seek further causes for the complete overthrow which this fine army sustained,—nor shall we be surprized to find that no precautions whatever were taken for retreat, no strong-holds secured to which the beaten and dispersed troops might retire, that corps after corps was separately compelled to surrender, and the Prussian army to all appearance annihilated. At the same time, it is but justice to the Duke of Brunswick to state, that one chief cause of all the mischief which followed was the total want of arrangement with which the campaign was undertaken; for whilst the enemy, to whom they were opposed, active and enterprizing, was fully able to profit by any instance of indecision, the military counsels of the Prussians were floating between the propriety of adopting an ill-contrived system of defence, and the project of checking Buonaparte by sustaining the offensive.

If the circumstances we have stated had not been sufficient to convince us that the affairs of Prussia were in a desperate condition, we should have been quite prepared to expect a total failure from Gentz's account of the frequent councils of war which were summoned at this time, and of the members that composed those assemblies.

We have no great faith in what is commonly called a council of war, as we believe that no general who understands his business will have recourse to such an expedient in order to extricate himself from a difficulty; but if it were considered requisite, *some*



deliberation should be held upon the military operations to be pursued, it was certainly proper that the king, the Duke of Brunswick, Marshal Mollendorf, and Colonel Kleist should meet for that purpose; but why Messrs. Lucchesini and Haugwitz were always called upon to attend, to the exclusion of many intelligent officers of the army who might have been consulted to advantage, does not appear so clear. We should have imagined that the time of both these official characters could have been occupied more profitably in their several departments; especially as Haugwitz, according to Gentz, had no turn whatever for military matters. He seems, indeed, to have been unfit in every respect for the high post which he filled, and to have conducted himself so absurdly in several transactions of minor importance, as to justify the opinion of Gentz, that 'he was in reality a man of very limited understanding, and that his faults might perhaps more justly be attributed to incapacity than to intentional dishonesty.'

From what has been stated, it appears extremely probable that the war would have gone on far more prosperously, if the king had ventured to take upon himself the direction of public affairs. It was, too, the opinion of Count Goetzen, who was well calculated to form a judgment on this point, as he had been brought into contact with the king, and consequently was better acquainted with his disposition than almost any other person. He always maintained that much might be expected from him; that an excessive timidity and mistrust of his own powers were his only defects, but that never any success should impress him with a proper confidence in himself, he would instantly become a very different man. We come now to a peculiarly interesting part of Gentz's paper; it relates to what passed at a conference to which he was admitted by the late Queen of Prussia, only four days previous to the battle of Jena; and as she unhappily did not live to witness the revival of her country, any traits which can serve to illustrate her character will be eagerly sought after, not only by those who, like ourselves, have witnessed the uniform dignity and consistency which distinguished her conduct, as well in her more prosperous days, as when suffering under the severest vicissitudes of her fate; but even by those who only know her by public reports as the high-spirited princess whom Buonaparte, in his brutal vengeance, did not scruple to calumniate and abuse.

'For the last twelvemonth,' says Gentz, 'I had heard much good of the princess, and I was, therefore, prepared to find her a totally different person from what I had formerly supposed her to be; but I by no means anticipated that assemblage of great and amiable qualities which she displayed during an interview which lasted for three quarters of an hour. She expressed herself with a precision, a firmness, an energy, and, at the same

same time, with a moderation and prudence which would have suited me in a man: whilst she transfused into all that she said feeling and sensibility, which did not allow me, for an instant, that the object of my admiration was a woman—not a word or place, not a sentiment, not a reflection which was not in the most harmony with the general character of her conversation, the assemblage of dignity, sweetness, and beauty, such as I thought had never met with elsewhere.

‘ She began by asking me what I thought of the war, and what my hopes on the subject? immediately adding, “ I do not put questions to you with the hope that you will inspire me with any; thank God! I am not deficient in that respect: and besides, I am well aware that however sinister your apprehensions may be, I am to me that you would impart them: but I like to know upon the circumstances men who are able to judge rest their hopes, in order that I may then examine whether their grounds of confidence agree with my own.”

‘ I said every thing to her majesty that occurred to my mind, bringing into view the favourable side of the question: I dwelt upon the state of public opinion, upon the favourable disposition of other powers, and upon the ardent wishes of all Germany for the success of the enterprize in which Prussia was engaged.

‘ To this the queen replied, that she for a long time had entertained doubts, and those of a very painful description, respecting the result of the war, which this armament was seen by the public in general, and even by other countries, for she was but too well aware that Prussia was not in favour, for reasons which she well understood, but that within a few weeks she had learnt several things which had given her a considerable degree of confidence upon this particular point. To this she added, “ You know what has passed better than I do, but is not this too much to forget it?”

‘ She then began to speak at length concerning the war of 1806, although there was something in all that she said which appeared to betray a mind full of secret disquietude and sinister forebodings. This part of the conversation was not the least interesting, and, for that very reason; I was astonished at the exactness with which she ran through all the events which had lately happened, quoting the names belonging to each, and noticing the details of minor importance. I was still more struck by the interest, the feeling, and the emotion with which she spoke of the misfortunes of the House of Brandenburg. I remember that her eyes, whilst speaking on this subject, were more than once filled with tears. Amongst other things, she told me, with an affecting simplicity, that on the very day when she heard of the disasters of the Austrian army, the Prince Royal, her son, had for the first time put on the military dress: and that on seeing him, she addressed him in these terms: “ I trust that, on the day when you will be old enough to find a use for this uniform, your only thought will be to revenge the wrongs of your unfortunate brothers.”

‘ She then made inquiries, with a great degree of interest,

7, concerning many circumstances in which I was personally concerned, to which I answered as well as I could; and when speaking of the emperor and the empress, she expressed herself exactly as she would have wished that they, in a similar case, should have spoken of herself and the king. One circumstance struck me forcibly, (and it certainly was not the effect of chance,) which was, that in the midst of all the difficulties into which she entered concerning the enterprize on foot, the name of General Mack was never once mentioned; my idea is that she most closely wished to avoid touching upon any point which might lead her to speak of the commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, by bringing forward a parallel either good or bad; for whilst she enumerated many of the generals of the army, such as the Prince Hohenlohe, the Duke of Louis, Schmettau, Ruchel, Blucher, Tauenzein, &c. I remarked that the name of the Duke of Brunswick never passed her lips.

Her Majesty then asked me if I had ever seen an article in the *Public Opinion*, in which she had been most infamously abused? As I had never seen it, she quoted some sentences from it, and then exclaimed, "God knows that I have never been consulted upon public affairs, and that it has never been my ambition to be so; if I had been, I confess that I should have voted for war, I think it was indispensable; our situation had become so equivocal that it was necessary at all hazards to escape from it; it was absolutely requisite to put an end to the reproaches and calumnies which weighed so heavily against us. We were imperiously urged upon to take this course, much less by a calculation of the advantages which it offered, than by a sentiment of honour and duty."

She then proceeded to talk of the partiality for the Russians, with which she had been reproached, protesting that it was the most unjust, as well as the most absurd, of all accusations: that she had done justice, as she always should do, to the ardour, the enthusiasm, and the virtues of the Emperor Alexander, but that so far from regarding Russia as the principal instrument of the deliverance of Europe, she had never considered the efforts of the emperor, except as a last resource to which other resources must apply; being fully persuaded that the only mode by which general safety could effectually be secured, was by the closest union with those who bore the name of Germans.

Much discussion had lately taken place at head-quarters concerning the propriety of the queen's remaining with the army. Desirous to hear what were her own wishes on this subject, Gentz related, in the course of his conversation, at her return to Dresden, expressing, at the same time, the satisfaction which her appearance in that city would create.

"I own," said she, "that under other circumstances it would afford me the greatest pleasure to pass some time at Dresden; at present, however, I could not enjoy it, for my head is too full of matter of more serious import. Besides, I do not know at present what will become of me. In this, as in every other point, I submit myself entirely to the orders of the king; I am fearful of returning to Berlin, for I dread the

alarming reports to which those are exposed who are at a great distance from the scene of events which are passing. I tell you fairly, far as depends upon me, I shall remain where I am; the king happily for me, permitted me to accompany him again to-morrow shall not quit him until it is his wish that I should do so.'

We cannot venture to dwell longer on this interesting story. No princess ever conducted herself under a succession of trying circumstances with greater dignity and firmness, and more nice discrimination. She remained with the king ever longer than she ought to have done with a due regard to her personal safety; and being obliged, in order to avoid falling into the hands of the French, to return to Weimar instead of following the king to Auerstadt as she had proposed, such a deep enthusiasm was created by her heroic behaviour, that the people wherever she passed, conceiving her appearance to be the forerunner of the near approach of the enemy, burst universally into spontaneous shouts of 'Long live the Queen.' Since we began this article, a publication has been sent to us from Berlin, on the life of this superior woman. It is written in a tone of affectionate attachment, which will render it peculiarly acceptable to those who were acquainted with the virtues of the queen; and it contains some interesting particulars relative to her last illness, and some very striking letters addressed by that accomplished princess to the elector of Baden, her father, at a moment of peculiar difficulty and distress. From one of these we have made the following extract, as we cannot exhibit in a stronger light the greatness of mind, and pious resignation under the most trying circumstances, for which the queen was so greatly distinguished.

' *Memel, 17th June, 1807.*

' Another dreadful calamity has fallen upon us, and we are at the point of leaving the kingdom. Judge what my situation is at present. But I earnestly entreat you not to distrust the conduct of your daughter, nor to believe for a moment that my mind is weakened by the events which are passing. I possess two great sources of consolation, which carry me through every thing; the first is the reflection that we are not the sport of blind chance, but that our fate is in the hand of God, and that his Providence is our guide; the second is, that we fall with honour.'

' By the unfortunate battle of Friedland, Königsberg fell into the hands of the French. We are closely pressed by the enemy, and the danger should become in any degree more imminent, I shall be compelled to leave Memel with my children. The king will retire to the emperor; I shall go to Riga, should the aspect of affairs become alarming. God will give me power to survive the moment when I shall cross the borders; all my firmness will then be required, but I shall have Heaven for support, from whence comes all good and evil; and I have a firm belief that no more is imposed upon us than we are able to

The crisis of Prussia was now fast approaching; and Gentz, as may be conjectured, was far too great an alarmist to await the issue of the storm which he had prognosticated; he prepared, therefore, for flight; and the night before his departure, waited upon M. Lucchesini for the purpose of taking leave. He found him in despair at the non-arrival of accounts from Petersburg, which he did not scruple to attribute to the tardiness and indecision of the king in delaying M. Krusemark's mission to the Russian court. As the baron did not reach his destination till the end of September, it was impossible that the troops of the emperor could appear on the theatre of war before the middle of November, a period far too late, according to all reasonable calculation, for them to be of any service in the present contest.

Seeing how completely fallacious all the expectations of immediate support from Russia had proved, as he had all along foreseen, Gentz appears to have been unable to resist putting the question to Lucchesini, 'why that precise moment had been fixed upon for the declaration of war?' He added, that, according to his idea, Buonaparte was only to be overcome by a prudent and decided coalition amongst all the powers of Europe, and especially between the two of most importance in Germany—that the alliance of Russia (which was as yet problematical) did not, in his opinion, make up for the uncertainty of Austria; and that to plunge at once into a war, without having communicated with England as to the extent of the assistance which that power could afford, and with so much uncertainty in regard to the disposition of the rest of the continent, could only be justified by more urgent motives than any of which he was aware,—that the winter might surely have been passed in negotiations with the various powers of Europe, so that the Prussians might have taken the field in the spring with the assurance of support, instead of being left entirely to their own resources.

This exposition of Gentz's view of the subject called forth a singular confession from Lucchesini of the unfortunate state to which he and his colleagues had reduced the country, whose public affairs they for so long a time had directed. The character of Prussia, he said, was so completely gone, that it was vain to attempt any negotiation with the other states of Europe without some strong demonstration of sincerity on the part of the Prussian cabinet, and that could only be shown by having recourse from the outset to that expedient with which it would have been desirable to conclude—viz. a recurrence to arms,—that the only other course which the king had to pursue was to dismiss all his ministers, a measure which would have been infallibly considered by France as equivalent to a declaration of war,—and hostilities,

cautious and timid politicians, who, from mistaken notions of economy and forbearance, would stave off, until a less propitious time, a war, which would afterwards be forced upon them by the voice of the country, or the encroachments of the enemy.

By this time the total incompetency of the Duke of Brunswick had become so apparent to the whole army, that a deputation of officers waited upon Kalkreuth to represent the necessity of a change of measures. That general indeed confesses the duke's absurdity in remaining at Weimar, instead of retreating to secure the debouches of the Saale, and the magazines upon the river, which now began to be seriously menaced, was only equalled by the folly of Mack in not quitting Ulm at an earlier period. On the 12th October Gentz left Weimar, and arrived at Dresden on the 17th: here he found all his gloomy forebodings too fatally verified by the accounts of the disastrous battle of Jena.

The result of that day, as is well known, was decisive, and Prussia was then, as has always been the case, called upon to send for relief to the distressed; she sent Lord Hutchinson and General Scharnhorst to sign a treaty of peace, to 'spy the nakedness of the land' and to discourage, rather than to rally the despondent minds of her unfortunate allies. The peace of Tilsit followed, and all the degradation and insult to which Prussia was compelled to submit at the hands of Buonaparte: and the House of Brandenburg was, to all appearance, condemned to irretrievable ruin.

But it is with states as with individuals: though their spirits may be for a time depressed by the influence of bad habits,



d of the weak and disjointed efforts which had hitherto state separately to its own destruction, an universal assistance to France now began to shew itself throughout le of Germany. A strong stimulus is required to overcome natural antipathies which exist between the different which this nation is composed. In the Thirty Years' powerful religious feeling produced the union against Austria as she was by the Church of Rome; and in 1813 of equal importance created that cordial co-operation could alone secure success against France.

a treaty which she was compelled to accept at the hands aparte, Prussia was not allowed to keep on foot a larger in 42,000 men, and it required more than ordinary means to obviate the bad effects which such a measure would produce. By a skilful arrangement, however, a fresh recruits was called out annually, so that in the course of years a well-trained army of 150,000 men could easily be had, and arms and artillery provided for a force to that

reg and Pillau on the shores of the Baltic, and Neiss and Silesia, were the fortresses most important to retain as for supplies, and as places of refuge; and in the neighbourhood of each, intrenched camps were formed, where Scharnhorst and Gneissenaу were unremittingly employed in the re-organization of the troops. A zeal and energy of no common denomination began to manifest itself throughout the whole.

as the progress of events rendered concealment unnecessary.

Independent of the regular force which we have mentioned, orders were issued for calling out the Landstrum and the Landwehr, which answer nearly to our Militia and Local Militia.

the inquietude which these measures appear to have given Napoleon is the best proof of their efficacy: they were considered by him as contrary to the law of nations, and unworthy of a civilized people, although afterwards adopted by France when France was, in her turn, subject to invasion.

The bourgeois flew to arms with an energy not surpassed by the countrymen, at a period of the late war more alarming for Prussia. Berlin furnished 30,000 men, the other towns 20,000, and even men of the first families were seen deserting their homes, the Universities where they were studying, for the purpose of serving as privates in the ranks: during the Seven Years' war the contributions of the Prussians, at some critical periods, to support the sinking fortunes of their enterprising monarch, were truly astonishing, but they are far outdone by the

public sacrifices which were voluntarily made by individuals in 1813.\*

The whole population of Prussia does not exceed five millions : to keep up a force, therefore, such as she furnished during the whole of the Silesian campaign, requires no common effort of patriotism. Though in the restoration of the army, the skill and perseverance of the two officers we have named deserve every encomium, the king must not be defrauded of his due share of praise. In military talents he is certainly not inferior to any general in his army ; and these natural advantages, combined with that unassuming and retiring manner for which he is so peculiarly distinguished, are said to have extorted from Buonaparte the observation to which we have before alluded. Although it appeared very improbable that Napoleon would be able, so soon after his failure in Russia to raise an army sufficient to allay the storm gathering around him, we were told by many cautious politicians in this country, (from an anxiety, no doubt, to check what might be considered as a premature feeling of sanguine expectation,) that the lion was more to be dreaded in his repose than during his ' moments of exertion ;' and that the peculiar character of the extraordinary man in question was ' to make to himself great reverses ;' which was, in other words, to allow that he was as obstinate in persevering in difficult enterprizes, as he was rash in the conception of them.

We like not those who delight to prophesy against their own country ; who, under the semblance of liberality to an enemy, and the desire of instilling a due degree of caution, conceal the designs of a turbulent and restless disposition, dissatisfied with itself, and unwilling even to hope for the success of a contest in the conduct of which they have had no share, and whose failure they consequently have never ceased to foretel.

To us who are accustomed to the slow process by which any considerable addition is made to our military force, or by which the funds are supplied to maintain that force when raised, it is not surprizing that the exertions of Buonaparte, in recruiting his

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\* An anecdote of a Silesian peasant girl deserves to be recorded, as it shows the general feeling which pervaded the country. Whilst her neighbours and family were contributing in different ways to the expences of the war, she for some time was in the greatest distress at her inability to manifest her patriotism, as she possessed nothing which she could dispose of for that purpose. At length the idea struck her, that her hair, which was of great beauty, and the pride of her parents, might be of some value, and she accordingly set off one morning privately for Breslau, and disposed of her beautiful tresses for a couple of dollars. The hair-dresser, however, with whom she had negotiated the bargain, being touched with the girl's conduct, reserved his purchase for the manufacture of bracelets and other ornaments ; and as the story became public, he in the end sold so many, that he was enabled, by this fair accident alone, to subscribe a hundred dollars to the exigences of the state.

at the juncture of which we are speaking, should have appeared extraordinary; but the wonder will cease, if we reflect, that his conscriptions were drawn from a population of nearly fifteen millions, and that, unfettered by any military council whatever,† at all times made his own will the sole guide of his operations.

The English House of Commons, we apprehend, would not easily be persuaded to entrust a large force to the command of a man who had already sacrificed one army by his own folly and rashness; but we find that the compliant senate of France felt no difficulty in voting, that 300,000 men should be placed at the disposal of their emperor, to repair (as it was expressed) the losses sustained by the defection of the Prussians, and by the inclemency of the weather.

The force which Buonaparte was enabled to raise by these various expedients is calculated, in the official return, at 600,000 men, of which the grand army on the Elbe formed 100,000; besides which, above 70,000 men remained shut up in the fortified places in Poland, and on the Oder, according to the following distribution:

In Dantzick . . . . .	30,000
— Modlin . . . . .	8,000
— Thorn . . . . .	5,500
— Zamosa . . . . .	4,000
— Czentochau . . . . .	900
— Stettin . . . . .	9,000
— Glogau . . . . .	6,000
— Custrin . . . . .	3,000
— Spandau . . . . .	3,000

Buonaparte has been blamed for allowing so large a portion of his veteran troops to remain thus in a state of inactivity, and in a manner useless: and it is the more extraordinary that he should have fallen into this error, since he has invariably shewn himself, when advancing into an enemy's country, regardless of leaving behind him those fortified places which were supposed capable of arresting his progress according to the ancient maxims of war. If the chief improvements in modern tactics appears to be the different degree of importance attached to the possession of fortresses in an enemy's country, which an invading army has formerly considered it necessary in the first instance to reduce.

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Aulic Council at Vienna, that pernicious tribunal which, in the Seven Years' war, condemned Laudon to account for taking Schweidnitz without orders, has destroyed the hopes of many an Austrian general; for though plans of offensive operations succeed when concerted at home, it is impossible to frame orders for every contingency. The three expeditions formed for the relief of Mantua in 1796 were the first days crowned with success, though they ultimately failed altogether.

They are now looked upon rather as the result of victory than as the means of obtaining it; and though the contempt of the ancient military rules on this subject has always been cited as one of the most striking features in the career of Buonaparte, we find it has been adopted throughout the whole of the revolutionary war. So early as 1796, Jourdan, when advancing through Swabia in pursuit of the Archduke Charles, confined himself to leaving a sufficient force to watch the strong and important fortresses on the Rhine: had he sat down to reduce them, he would have abandoned his project.

If the judgment of Buonaparte may be called in question for confining so large a proportion of his veteran troops to the fortified places he still held in Germany, the feeling of tenderness for his own citizens which withheld the King of Prussia from bombarding these towns, must certainly be considered blameable in a military point of view. A large body of troops was required to watch them, which could ill be spared from more active operations, and the resources which these fortresses contained were lost to the country, and only served to feed the rapacity of the French.

To shew the improvidence of permitting any part of the allied force to be diverted from the main object of the campaign, we have only to recollect of what it consisted at the opening of the year 1813. The losses of the Russians in the year preceding had been so enormous that they were unable to enter Germany with more than 40,000 men; and the Prussian army, though it amounted to 100,000 men, was so weakened by the causes we have stated, that not more than 70,000 men could be brought into the field. The French army, on the other hand, rather exceeded 120,000 men; and with this disparity, it is not surprising that the allies, after in vain attempting, in the bloody battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, to defend the line of the Saale, and to stop the progress of the invaders, should consider it advisable to retreat behind the Elbe.

This was the moment when Buonaparte, if common prudence had guided his steps, ought to have made peace with his opponents. The remembrance of his overthrow in Russia was in a great measure obliterated by his subsequent exertions, and the confidence with which he again advanced to attack the enemy upon his own soil; and although his losses had been great in the several battles which he had lately fought, his army was still respectable in point of number and appearance. The fall of Hamburgh too, at this time, created great alarm for the fate of the campaign, and much commiseration was excited for the hardships to which the suffering inhabitants were exposed. The Russians were blockaded

advancing to this point without sufficient force to defend it; as their main object in advancing through the north of Germany was to excite the spirit of the people, and to raise the land-militia, the success which attended their movements, as far as the objects were concerned, ought to entitle these operations to every commendation.

An armistice of two months succeeded, and negotiations for peace were set on foot; they ended, as is well known, ineffectually, and the apprehensions which had been excited in almost every quarter by the cessation of hostilities, were relieved by their speedy recommencement. The allies were certainly the gainers by the event; it afforded time for fresh troops to come up; and although Buonaparte was said at Paris to have 700,000 men on the Rhine, it was the general opinion among the Prussians that he had been able to bring forward above 240,000.

Whatever designs against the Emperor, Buonaparte might have conceived, fortunately proved abortive. The movements of the allied armies during Buonaparte's advance into Germany appear to have been throughout conducted with great skill and caution. Their force on the Elbe did not, in the outset, exceed 70,000 men. The bridges on that river were not covered—the French were still in possession of Magdeburg, Wittenberg, and Torgau; and Beauvoisin, with a formidable body of 50,000 men, was ready to move to the point of attack. All offensive operations were therefore prudently suspended by the Prussians until the Russian army came up in the latter end of April. Being superior in cavalry, the Prussians resolved not to attack the French until they had crossed the Saale, and were advancing into the plains of Lutzen. Their force in that battle did not exceed 80,000 men, whilst the French were enabled to oppose to them 120,000.

Of those who fought at Bautzen none was more distinguished than General Blücher; he commanded the right wing of the allied army on that day, which at one time was surrounded by the enemy on three sides; and his indefatigable exertions during the whole of the subsequent operations in which the Silesian army bore so distinguished a part, secured for him a more than common share of the public attention when he visited this country. We are glad to have met with an account of his life, which has at least the appearance of authenticity attached to it; though we shall make no further use of it on the present occasion, than merely to introduce a slight sketch of the hero who was destined to perform so noble a part in that great drama from which the world has scarcely yet withdrawn its astonished gaze. The actions of this gallant veteran will furnish ample materials for an article apart, which, we trust, we shall ere long be able to lay before our readers.

Blücher

Blucher was born at Rostock, in the duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in December, 1742, and at the early age of twelve displayed his decided partiality for the military profession to which his father belonged, by running away from his parents, together with his brother, and enlisting in the Swedish army. At fourteen he entered the Prussian service, from which he soon after retired in disgust at the conduct of the king, who had promoted over his head a junior officer. Blucher then married, and took a farm belonging to his father-in-law; and by economy and good management was at length enabled to purchase some property of his own, in the quiet cultivation of which he, for fifteen years, was constantly occupied. On the death of the Great Frederick, Blucher was reappointed to his former regiment by his successor, and soon after rose to the command of it. In the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, against France, he was distinguished as colonel of the Black Hussars, and his regiment was remarkable for having done more injury to the enemy than any other, with a loss to itself comparatively trifling.

When hostilities commenced in 1806, Blucher was appointed to command the right wing of the Prussian army, which situation he held at the battle of Jena; and, after the total discomfiture of that unfortunate day, his corps was the only one which retired in good order; it did not exceed 10,000 men, and being harassed in his retreat by three French divisions under Soult, Murat, and Bernadotte, he was at last compelled to take shelter in Lubeck, where, after a most gallant resistance, he finally received an honourable capitulation.

Jomini, in a late publication, has found fault with Blucher for retiring in this direction; and, in a military point of view, it certainly must be considered as a dangerous experiment; but his object in marching upon Lubeck was to divert part of the French force from the Oder, and by that means to give time to the Prussians to re-assemble their scattered detachments, and to receive support from the Russians.

Blucher's letter to the King of Prussia detailing the circumstances of his retreat, and final surrender, is an extremely interesting document. It fully justifies all the steps taken by him on both occasions. Yet so jealous was he of any tarnish being attached to his character by the latter transaction, that the capitulation was at one time on the point of being broken off because Bernadotte would not consent that the reasons which compelled him to surrender, viz.—a want of powder and other necessaries—should be stated, as Blucher insisted, among the articles drawn up between them.

After the peace of Tilsit, our hero was selected for the military government of Pomerania, an appointment to which Buonaparte



aid to have made strong objections; and on the breaking out of hostilities with France in 1814, the veteran assumed the command of that army which was destined under him to acquire such eminent distinction. Buonaparte had now commenced his retreat from Dresden, and no favourite scheme could possibly present itself which might extricate him from the various difficulties which he must be exposed; for, independent of those which always attend a retreating army, the conduct of his troops when passing through Germany on their march to Russia, (which lasted one hundred days, and is said, upon a moderate calculation, to have cost the country ten millions of dollars,) as well as in their advance in the early part of this year, had been so licentious and inhuman that they were not likely to meet with any quarter, never they fell into the hands of the Germans.

The whole of Germany being now free from the French, Blücher crossed the Rhine to the sound of cannon on New Year's day, for the invasion of France. His army consisted of the several corps under York, Kleist, and Bulow,—the Russian divisions under Tcherbatoff, Langeron, Sacken, and Winzengerode,—

the Saxons under the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and the Baron von Bülow. Our readers will pardon this enumeration, for the list is not made up with 'fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.' Their names are 'familiar in our mouths like household terms;' and if we have not been personally acquainted with all,—with all the associated recollections never to be eradicated of the most important period which this country ever saw.

The military operations of the allied armies in France are too deeply impressed upon our minds to render it necessary to re-perpetrate the particular achievements by which Blücher assisted considerably in bringing the contest to a successful and glorious conclusion. Buonaparte at times directed the whole of his force against the Silesian army, and on more than one occasion, with a degree of success, which would have dispirited and exhausted the energies of a less determined and resolute opponent; in spite of the complete annihilation of that army with which he originally entered France, we find Blücher still persevering in his systematic plan of daily attack, and finally assisting in the command of the centre, 'at that great battle which was fought under the walls of Paris.'

A word or two respecting Saxony, and we have done. Much honour has been raised in England against the Congress for the cession to Prussia of part of this country, and it has even been compared to some of Buonaparte's most nefarious proceedings. That some politicians should hold this language, is not at all surprising, as the real merits of the cause espoused are apparently of little importance, provided they afford a plausible pretence for

lavishing abuse upon the government; but that any impartial and reasonable person should gravely talk of the roffigacy of the measure, is to us matter of real astonishment.†

The political offences of the King of Saxony are of something ing, and of a nature which could not be overlooked with any regard to the safety of his neighbours. We shall not go far back to prove this assertion than the year 1806. After the battle of Jena, the Saxon troops might have retired with ease into Thuringia, and defended that province for the Prussians. Napoleon's situation from the December of that year till the May following was very precarious, as was shewn by the doubtful issue of the battles of Pultusk and Eylau; but no diversion was attempted by the Saxon monarch. In no one instance has he availed himself of any opening which has offered of escaping from subjection to Buonaparte, or let slip an opportunity of manifesting his complete subserviency to his commands. Being found in arms against his allies, his country, when conquered, lay at their mercy, and he was justly decided upon annexing part of his dominions to a power whom they have found by experience steadfast in the good faith, and both able and willing to defend her own territories.

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ART. VIII. *L'Angleterre, vue à Londres et dans ses Provinces*. Par M. le Maréchal-de-camp Pillet, Chevalier de St. Louis, et Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. A Paris. 1815. pp. 48.

WE congratulate our friends and neighbours the Britons (those, at least, who cannot indulge their curiosity by a voyage to England,) that after so long a suspension of intercourse between our countries, they have at last received from the pen of General Pillet, a description of England, so full, so just, and so impartial, that the reader may vie in accuracy and extent of knowledge with the most assiduous and intelligent traveller.

General Pillet's book has had, we learn, a prodigious sale in Paris—a whole edition was bought up in a few hours! This success is undoubtedly to be attributed solely to the intrinsic merit of the work; but its reputation will be established, and, if possible, increased, by two or three facts, which the modesty

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† It is a curious fact, that in the year 1761, when the partition of Saxony by the Prussians was the point of difficulty in settling the negotiations for peace, Frederick the Great proposed to the Elector an exchange of territories, himself to be King of the Vandals, and the kingdom of Prussia to be hereditary in the family of the Elector. This proposal was considered by Augustus as an insult; but Archenholz, who relates the circumstance, gives it as his opinion, that it might have been carried into effect had not the revolution in Russia, which took place in the following year, rendered the project abortive.

author induces him to hide, but which we cannot do him the justice to conceal.

General Pillet enters into a most minute account of the laws, customs, and manners of the United Kingdom at large, and into the smallest details of the domestic and moral economy of each class in society; a task for which his opportunities of observation were particularly fit him, inasmuch as he cannot speak or write one word of English, and had the good fortune, during almost the whole of his residence in this country, to be an inmate, in close proximity, of a prison-ship moored in the river Medway.

Thus favoured with the facilities of information, his personal character demands for his relation the most implicit credit; for General Pillet entitled himself to the agreeable residence before-mentioned, by having more than once broken his solemn *parole of honour*. It was during this confinement, we presume, that he collected the materials of this excellent work; but he also found time to put to paper several other observations, which he wished to have published in England, but the General gives us to understand that these essays looked, unluckily, like lies, so bare-faced and flagitious, that even Mr. Brougham declined to notice, and Mr. Lovell, of the *Statesman*, refused to publish them.

A few extracts will convince our readers that we do not overstate General Pillet's claim to credit.

We shall begin with some of his statements relative to the treatment of prisoners of war, a subject of all others in which he is likely to be best informed; our readers will see that these statements, though apparently not intended to do us any honour, are in truth a stronger proof of our superiority in arms than we could have expected even from the candour and impartiality of General Pillet. He states, in the very first lines of his book, '*that 150,000 Frenchmen have perished in tortures on board our prison-ships during the two last wars.*' p. vi. Now, as it is well known that not above one in ten of the prisoners has died, the total number in the prison-ships must have been 1,500,000, and would require to hold them above 2000 sail of the line; but as not quite half the prisoners were confined in ships, it follows that we must have taken 300,000 of prisoners from France in the last twenty years, of whom not less than 300,000 have died, 150,000 in *tortures*, as before-mentioned. In a subsequent passage, M. Pillet supports his general view by some details.

In the first war, 30,000 prisoners died in the course of five months of hunger; and I myself saw, at Norman Cross, a little corner of burial ground into which 4000 had been huddled. *Every day, hundreds of men died, either starved to death or poisoned by the bad qualities of the provisions.* Our hunger no longer knew any bounds. We kept the dead bodies

bodies of our comrades for five or six days, that we might dry rations! One day my lord *Cordower*, colonel of the Carmarthen M (quere Cawdor?) which was guarding the prison at Porchester, had occasion to enter the prison, tied his horse to the rails; in ten minutes the horse was torn to pieces and devoured. When my lord came he was surprized not to find his horse, and would not believe what had happened to him till he was shewn the bowels and *skin*, which a miserable starved wretch *finished* devouring in his presence! An enormous *er's* dog, and indeed *every* dog which entered the prison, was eaten the same way.'—pp. 358, 369.

It is with perfect justice that, immediately after stating this nature, General Pillet exclaims, 'truth guides my hand the authors of all our woes (scilicet, the English) cannot deny my assertions!'—p. vii.

Of our constitution and public history the General is so informed as to state, 'that during the last 25 years the king has been a cipher, and that Mr. Pitt, acting after the example by the lessons of Lord Chatham, his father, has pursued rigorous measures, that there is no longer such a thing as an English constitution.'—p. 93.

About thirty years ago General Pillet thinks that there is no real, solid, patriotic Opposition to the government; 'but no one assures us, 'there are two Oppositions, l'Opposition des Talens et l'Opposition de la canaille.' At the head of the 'Opposition des Talens' (by which we find the General gravely alludes to the facetious name of All the Talents) are, says he, Lords Grey and Grey; at the head of the 'Opposition de la canaille,' 'Opposition *déconsidérée*,' are Lords Holland and Stanhope in the Lords, and Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane in the Commons. But these Oppositions are not *real*: they are understood by the ministers and they understand one another, and the whole is a trap to entrap and deceive the powers of the continent!

'In all great and important state-questions, the Talents (Lords Greyville, Grey, and their friends) govern much more than the ministry itself, or I should rather say direct the ministry. These opposition orators no longer *mount the tribune*, but on subjects of detail: their speeches appear sometimes violent enough, but we know that they are all theatrical parts distributed amongst them, and that they take a tone higher or lower as may have been previously arranged. This perfidious mask deceives nobody in England, but is of the greatest use to her in the management of her foreign affairs.'—p. 113.

'But you will ask me, do I not believe that Wilberforce (the real calls him Willebersorce) was really the friend of the black? Lord Holland wished for an exchange of prisoners; that Mr. Bread (Whitebread, Withbread, or Withebread) was not sincere in his efforts for peace? I answer that I *will* not descend into any man's secrets, but that I know England too well to believe in the existence of any  
what

its never in that island. They have only the mask of virtue. The political parts are distributed among the opposition according to the interests or *expression of countenances* (*jeu de physionomies*) of the faces, just as at a theatre the parts of lover, valet, or tyrant, are acted; and one of those political actors, who yesterday played Sertorius with great applause, will to-morrow enact Nero with equal success.—p. 119.

The following very curious fact, public as it seems to have been, probably never reached the ears of any of our readers.

On the death of Mr Perceval, a sealed bag of papers relating to troubles in Lancastshire (Lancashire) was found in his bureau. Whithbread demanded, in the House of Commons, that these papers should be communicated to him. He declared to the House that he had the most positive information that the ministry had been the instigators of these riots. A committee was appointed to examine the bag. The papers were communicated, probably in secret, to Mr. Whithbread; from that hour Mr. Whithbread held his tongue, because he was satisfied of the truth of the statement, and the facts never would have been known, but that Doctor Taylor, of Bolton le Moore, in Lancastshire, a gentleman who had been accused of jacobinism, unveiled to the public the whole of the tricks and wickedness of the ministry.—41.

General Pillet enters into a long and curious calculation of the number of criminals in the United Kingdom, 'from which,' he says, 'it results, that whenever in this country, so famed for its liberty and morals, you meet a society of twenty persons, one may be certain that amongst them there is *at least* one thief or a murderer.'—p. 184.

General Pillet has also discovered that there are born in England one third more women than men; and as this want of proportion between the numbers of the sexes naturally surprises him, he explains, very satisfactorily, that this excess is rendered necessary 'by the immense consumption of women which takes place in England;'—the chief mode of consumption is, however, a very simple and effectual one, being no other, as he states, than *murder*.

The degradation of women (whom the English amiably call an inferior species in the creation) has arisen to such a pitch, that the murder of a married woman, by her husband, is an event of which the tribunals hardly ever think of taking cognizance, unless sometimes for the purpose of white-washing the husband, if the circumstances of the case have been so atrocious as to make any noise. Perhaps it will be thought I exaggerate, when I say that it appears by the public papers, between September, 1807, and June, 1813, that 171 wives were murdered by their husbands; but the *fact is as certain as it is easy of proof!*—(we believe)—but what is surprizing is, that for these 171 murders we find there is but ONE person punished. It is impossible exactly to calculate the number

number of *secret* murders, but, one year with another, they must amount to many thousands. In fact there are few men in England, of the age of fifty years, who have not married three times.'—p. 191.

It must be admitted that these facts, and particularly the last hinted at—that every Englishman who marries a second wife has murdered the first—do fully account for the *immense consumption* which the General mentions.

General Pillet's observations on the merchants and military, the lawyers and clergy, are all equally accurate—one circumstance relative to the latter affords, for a custom which we may all have observed, an explanation, that, we believe, was never before thought of.

'The practice of the English clergy *reading* their sermons arises from a *political* cause. Every clergyman is obliged to submit his discourse to a magistrate, and to *make an affidavit* that he has used, or will use no other words than those which are written in the copy laid before the magistrate.'—p. 369.

This wise precaution, however, does not prevent some very horrible doctrines being preached, as the general acquaints us from his own knowledge. In Litchfield, a clergyman told his audience, from the pulpit, that 'to kill a Frenchman, wherever or when he may meet him, is an act most agreeable to God?' (p. 371.) In consequence the cruelties suffered by the French prisoners, on parole in Litchfield, were, after this exhortation, dreadful: and M. Pillet assures us, that, after a similar sermon at Ashburne in Derbyshire, two Frenchmen were murdered by the people as they were coming out of church!

But the most surprizing part of his work is that which relates to the fair sex. Some specimens of the gallantry of this *petit chevalier Français* are absolutely necessary to complete our view of his work.

'Nothing,' he says, 'is more surprizing than the hideous uniform of female dress. The wife of the country shoemaker, butcher, or labourer, are all, like the same classes in London, *ladies*; and the only difference, in the appearance of these ladies and the wives of Lord and gentlemen, is not in favour of the latter, as it consists only in the greater slovenliness. The awkwardness of all, in dress and manner being the same, it would be wrong to expect to distinguish the rank of society by ease or decorum of manners. English women in general, of what condition, are destitute of grace and taste, and one may literally say, that an English woman has two left hands.'—p. 24.

So much for their *appearance*; which our readers will admit is strictly portrayed; their *manners* are touched with a still bolder pencil.

'Shoplifting is very much in fashion, as I have just said, but in particular



particularly among ladies of rank. The shop-keepers of New Bond Street, (the Rue Vivienne of Paris,) were formerly proud of visits from these ladies, which, however, they always paid for by the loss of goods which the ladies carried off under their petticoats; but the shop-keepers consoled themselves for the loss by the privilege which they obtained of writing on their signs "Milliner to my lady this or that." These are contestible facts!"—p. 50.

'Every one may remark that in an English drawing-room, about tea-time, the ladies are *tipsy*, (*entre deux vins*,) though they are seldom seen to drink more than one little glass of wine at dinner. The opportunity for these ladies is when they retire from the gentlemen. A mysterious temple is destined to the same bacchanal uses as the gentleman's dining-room, and the only difference is the liquor drank—the gentlemen drink Port, Madeira, Claret, and Champagne—the ladies drink by the best French brandy.

'Young ladies are only admitted to this circle of sobriety after a sort of trial and a certain age, namely, about forty; after which period every English woman of rank or fashion gets drunk every night of her life under pretence of keeping the wind out of her stomach!"—p. 319.

Nor are the *higher morals* of the English fair less candidly and freely described.

'The virtue of English women is that of slaves; it lasts just as long as the watchfulness of the beast to whom they may have been married.'—p. 55.

'The cause of that general spirit of licentious intrigue, of *libertinism*, which girls of *all* classes live in England, is to be found in the difficulty of marriages, and the manner in which those marriages are undertaken. In France we have a proverb that "a girl should wait till she is asked;" precisely the contrary maxim prevails in England. *ALL* the young women of England live in a state of incontinence, and neither the peasant, the Squire, nor the Lord, has ever the least scruple in the choice of a wife from what may have occurred previously to marriage.

'The least dissolute class of women in England are, undoubtedly, *waiting women* in great families, who speculate on marrying the young lord, or some old rich and gouty voluptuary, if they keep a kind of character.'—pp. 234. 278. 280.

We have, perhaps, ventured too far in our quotations on this subject, but we assure our readers solemnly that we dare not even allude to half the crimes that General Pillet charges against *all* the women of England; and that if we did, the Attorney General would certainly prosecute us for obscenity, blasphemy, and every other species of horror. On reading such profligate wickedness the spirit of irony fails us, and we are obliged, in indignant seriousness, to throw down the book.

Our indignation does not, however, arise from any effect which General Pillet's absurd calumnies have on our temper as *Englishmen*; his malice is often so complimentary, and, when it is not,

it so ridiculously defeats itself, that we really feel that he has paid to our national character the only compliment which *such a fellow* could pay; but we regret, deeply regret, to perceive that a work so indecent, and in every way so shocking can be even *tolerated* in France—in France, the royal family and nobility of which are bound to this country by the most sacred ties of private and national hospitality and friendship—in France, whose boast it used to be that her sons were brave in the field, amiable in society, generous even in their enmities, and chivalrously respectful to the softer sex.—It is a bad sign that a wretch who is the very reverse of this character should *dare* to offer such a work to the eyes of society. To say that the book is popular, would be to attribute to France almost as great a laxity of morals as General Pillet attributes to England, for no modest eye can look on its pages without shame and horror; and we cannot but lament the fate of the King of France, and tremble for the stability of his throne, when he finds himself obliged to maintain such a *stigmatized liar*, a wretch so lost to all sense of truth, honour, and *manhood*, in the rank of major-general of his army, and as a knight ('*proh pudor!*') of the *royal and honourable order of St. Louis*. As for the *Legion of Honour*, it is at once good policy and strict justice that men who resemble its founder should continue to fill its ranks.

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- ART IX. 1. *Précis Historique de la Guerre d'Espagne et de Portugal, de 1808 à 1814.* Par Auguste Carel, Chef de Bataillon, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Paris. 1815.
2. *Histoire de la Guerre d'Espagne et de Portugal, de 1807 à 1814.* Par M. Sarrazin. Paris. 1814.
3. *General View of the Political State of France, and of the Government of Louis XVIII.* London. 1815.
4. *An Answer to the Calumniators of Louis XVIII.* By an Englishman. London. 1815.
5. *Official Account of the Battle of Waterloo.*
6. *Battle of Waterloo.* By Lieutenant-General Scott, &c.

WHEN Buonaparte landed from the Isle of Elba, upon the last and guiltiest of his enterprizes, he said, 'many persons have read the first volume of my life; I shall give them a second.' Happily for mankind the threatened work has been cut short, and a supplementary chapter will suffice to close the bloody chronicle of this tyrant's crimes. The late events,

'Wherewith all Europe rings from side to side,' belong to the life of Wellington also; and now that our great commander has set the seal upon his former exploits, crowning them

with a victory which, for its magnitude and consequences, never been surpassed, we gladly take up the thread of his glory from the point at which our limits, and the prospect before us, compelled us to break it off in our last Number. General Sarrazin pronounces that Lord Wellington's movements before the battle of Vittoria, were a masterpiece of strategy : *il faut avouer que le général Anglais n'est pas aussi habile en. Arrivé sur un champ de bataille par une série de manœuvres, on est tout étonné de le voir agir, pour ainsi dire, au rebours du bon sens.* Accordingly the General, with his usual acumen, in what manner the battle might have been better won, and Lord Wellington might have renewed, as he expresses himself, the brilliant triumph of Marlborough at Blenheim : but, he says, French themselves admit that they were clumsily attacked, and clumsily pursued ; and this accounts for the trifling loss of French, who, as the General has been assured, did not lose, in killed and wounded, more than 3000, though the English lost nearly that number. But if Lord Wellington manœuvred so badly, how could his troops fought so badly on this occasion, how much worse the manœuvring of the French have been ? and how strangely they have been frightened to run away and leave every thing behind them at a time when the contest was so much in their favour as they were killing two for one ! General Sarrazin thinks also that Lord Wellington acted erroneously in cutting off the French from the road to Bayonne ; *il en aurait eu bien meilleur marché en cette direction, que dans le pays fourré qui conduit à Pampelune :* the French had not been found hard dealers in the action, either it they were easy customers in any direction. The General also overlooks the policy of turning the fugitives towards Pampeluna, a city which was to be reduced by blockade, and where, in consequence, every additional mouth was upon active service in aid of the besiegers.

The Battle of the Nile, for which Nelson said *victory* was too small a word, was not more complete than the battle of Vittoria. The French themselves, in their greatest victories against the ill-disciplined and worse-commanded Spanish troops at Medellin, or Albufera, had never seen an army so entirely dispersed, so irreparably wrecked and ruined as their own veteran forces were upon that memorable day. The whole of their baggage, the whole of their artillery, were left upon the field—one solitary howitzer being the only one that was carried off. The plunder, the wardrobe, the sideboard, the cellar, and the cellar of the mock king Joseph, fell into the hands of the victors' hands. So little did he and his generals seem to apprehend the possibility of such a defeat, that the superior officers did not even taken the precaution of placing their wives and mis-

tresses in safety. The wife of Count Gazan, the second in command, was among the women who were taken: they were all sent to Pampluna the following day in their own carriages, and with a flag of truce. The battle of Salamanca had effected the deliverance of Seville and the kingdom of Andalusia: that of Vittoria produced the deliverance of Arragon and of Zaragoza, a more deserving city and a nobler people, after that famous capital had been four years four months and sixteen days, (for the Zaragozans numbered the days of their captivity,) under the yoke of the French. That city had been defended with the utmost heroism by Palafox, a man whose virtues were equal to the occasion out of which they grew, and with which they seem to have ended. It was recovered by Espoz y Mina, the Scanderbeg of Spain: who, having long and gloriously laboured for the independence of his country, made a gallant effort in behalf of her liberties, and whose sterling worth was proved in the balance when Palafox was found wanting. Palafox deserves the rank and honours which he holds by those deeds which made him the admiration of Europe, though it was not for those deeds that he obtained them; but Espoz y Mina also has his reward, proscribed and in exile, he has his reward in the sympathy of all generous minds, in the testimony which history will bear to his principles as well as his exploits, and in his own heart,—the highest and most enduring reward, now and for ever.\*

The flight of the French, from Vittoria, was favoured by the weather: it rained heavily on the succeeding days, and this, with the consequent state of the roads, in some degree slackened the pursuit, the pursuers being impeded by obstacles which were disregarded by men flying for their lives. The fugitives took shelter in Pampluna, and Marshal Jourdan had time to throw between 3 and 4000 men into St Sebastian's before the allies could lay siege to it. Pampluna and St. Sebastian's were two of the four fortresses which Buonaparte thought it necessary to obtain possession of, before he threw off the mask and declared his intention of dethroning the Bourbon dynasty, and usurping Spain. Both are strong places; Pampluna one of the strongest in the Peninsula; this city might be taken by the slow and certain means of blockade:

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\* And here we may take the opportunity of mentioning a fact which is highly characteristic of Spanish punctilio and of the personal honour of Mina. When he had made his escape into France from persecution at home, he was, we know not under what weak pretence, arrested by the King of France's orders. Louis, however, though he had not the firmness to set the Spanish patriot at liberty, was yet too just to give him up to his pursuers—he therefore permitted Mina to reside in France on his parole of honour. When, on the irruption of Buonaparte, the king was driven out of France, Mina, instead of feeling released from his parole, or of compromising with the usurper, made his way through France to Ghent to present himself to the king, and to receive his majesty's commands as to the place, either of confinement or parole, where he was to reside.

bastian's was so near the French coast, that no maritime force, and no vigilance on our part, could prevent it from re-supplies by sea. Lord Wellington, therefore, besieged the blockaded the other: Sir Thomas Graham directed the force before Pampluna was chiefly Spanish, under the Abisbal, and the Commander-in-Chief posted the rest of forces so as to afford protection to both. The struggle on the peninsula was now indeed decided; the enemy had been beyond the Pyrenees, and though they still kept the field in it was evident that whatever might be the issue of events in my,—Portugal and Spain, by the aid of Great Britain, were secured their independence. But Buonaparte yet so humbled as to withdraw from a war which he recklessly and wantonly provoked; neither indeed was it in him if he had been thus disposed. Portugal, and Spain, and were not to be duped by his insidious policy; the war was carried into France if he could not continue it in Spain, Marshal Soult understood his art too well to wait for the attack without an effort to avert it. The wreck of his armies of Portugal, the north, and of the north, were collected: their ranks, which had been thinned, were filled by a new conscription, and Marshal Soult was sent back from Germany to take the command. The French generals employed in Spain, Marshal Soult had the highest reputation; and undoubtedly he is entitled to the credit of those authors who write history with a mere military recklessness of humanity and without regard to right and wrong. In the annals of Spain and Portugal, Marshal Soult will be recorded with lasting infamy. In a memorable dispatch, Marshal Soult's peasantry of Galicia intercepted, he had complained of the debility (*affaiblissement moral*) of some of his officers, and it was his opinion that the generals who were employed in war ought to be men whose hearts no circumstances could shake. *Sans le genre de guerre que nous faisons, et avec l'espèce qu'il y a à combattre, il importe beaucoup au succès des opérations, que les chefs qui sont à la tête des troupes, soient non impassibles, mais qu'ils aient une force d'âme qui les tienne toute circonstance au-dessus des événemens même les plus graves.* This impassibility, or, in other words, this Satanic indifference to the means which he used, the crimes which he committed, the misery which he occasioned, Marshal Soult possessed as completely as the monster whom he served. On his command in Andalusia, he had issued a proclamation that, 'as there could be no Spanish army, except that of God, all persons in arms, whatever might be their number, whoever might be their commander, should be treated as bandits.'

ditti, and all who were taken, immediately condemned and shot, and their bodies exposed along the highways' This system he proclaimed, and upon this system he acted, till the Spanish government put an end to it by declaring, with becoming spirit, that for every Spaniard who might thus be murdered, they would put three Frenchmen to death. These services, with the massacre at Porto, and the manner in which he kept down the people of Andalusia under his iron rule, recommended him to Buonaparte not less than his military talents: in policy, as well as in war. Soult was a general after the tyrant's own heart, and he was now appointed Lieutenant of the Emperor, and Commander-in-Chief of the French armies in Spain. Upon assuming the command, he issued an address to his troops, containing more truth than was usually admitted into a French state-paper, but sufficiently savoured with misrepresentations and falsehoods. 'The armies of France,' he said, 'guided by the powerful and commanding genius of the emperor, had achieved, in Germany, a succession of victories as brilliant as any that adorned their annals. The presumptuous hopes of the enemy had thus been confounded; and the emperor, always inclined to consult the welfare of his subjects, by following moderate counsels, had listened to the pacific overtures which the enemy made to him after their defeat. But in the interim, the English who, under the pretence of succouring the inhabitants of the Peninsula, had, in reality, devoted them to ruin, had taken advantage of the opportunity afforded them: a skilful reader might have braved and discomfited their motley levies; and who could doubt what would have been the result of the day at Vittoria if the general had been worthy of his troops? Let us not, however,' he continued, 'defraud the enemy of the praise which is their due. The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive; the valour and steadiness of his troops have been praise-worthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character; and that whenever the relative duties of a French general and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight.' Marshal Soult did justice in one part of his address to Lord Wellington; but this latter assertion strikingly shews the character of the boastful and vain-glorious people whom he was addressing: he himself had been repulsed by a far inferior British force at Coruña, had been driven from Porto, and defeated in the bloody field of Albuhera: he was addressing men who had been beaten at Vimero, beaten at Talavera, beaten at Busaco, beaten at Fuentes d'Onoro, routed at Salamanca, and scattered like sheep at Vittoria; they had been driven from Lisbon to Bayonne, and yet this general, who had so often been baffled, could address this language to the very troops who had so often



been defeated ! ‘ The present situation of the army,’ he pursued, ‘ is imputable to others; let the merit of repairing it be ascribed to me. I have borne testimony to the emperor of your bravery and your zeal; his instructions are to drive the enemy from these heights which enable them proudly to survey our fertile vallies, and to chase them across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that our tents must next be pitched, and your resources drawn. Let the account of our successes be dated from Vittoria, and the birth-day of his Imperial Majesty be celebrated in that city.’

While Marshal Soult was preparing for one great effort which might relieve the two fortresses, put the invaders again in possession of Navarre and Biscay, and lay open for them the way to Madrid, the siege of St. Sebastian’s was prosecuted with the same happy substitution of bravery for science which had distinguished our former operations of this kind. A breach having been made, the troops attempted to storm it July 25th; but the covered approaches did not come within 300 yards of the breach, the way over very difficult ground,—rocks covered with sea-weed and immediate pools of water; the breach was flanked by two batteries, and the fire of the place was entire; against such difficulties even the determined courage of the British and Portuguese could not prevail, and they retired with the loss of 500 killed and 1000 wounded. The approach of Marshal Soult occasioned a temporary suspension of the siege; it was thought prudent to embark the battering artillery and stores, and convert it into a blockade till the issue of the expected battle was known.

The French army consisted of nine divisions of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of light cavalry. The right was under General Goyenche, the centre under Comte d’Erlon, and the left under General Ballesteros. The allies were posted in the passes of the Pyrenees; the ranks of the two armies were in some places within 150 yards of each other; and the hostile forces were encamped upon opposite heights within half cannon-shot. In a national war, such as that of Portugal and Spaniards, there can be no traces of courtesy or mutual humanity; but it was a military contest here, and the armies offered no molestation to each other in the intervals of time of war.

The right of the allied army was at Roncesvalles, the sacred land of romance,

‘ *La dove il corno sana tanto forte  
Dopo la dolorosa rotta.*’—PULCI.

In the seventeenth century, a spot was shewn as still reddened with the blood of the Paladins, and where Nuestra Señora, under some of her thousand and one appellations, may perhaps still be supposed to work miracles in the chapel where they were buried.

This famous pass was occupied by Major-General Byng's brigade of British infantry, and a Spanish division under General Murillo; Sir Lowry Cole was at Viscarret, about four miles in their rear, to support them, and General Picton at Olaque, six miles farther back, with his division of reserve. Sir Rowland Hill occupied the valley of Bastan, about ten miles from Roncesvalles, on the left, with the remainder of the second division, and the Portuguese division of the Conde de Amarante, an officer who had added new honours to the old and honourable name of Silveira. The sixth division, under General Pakenham, was in reserve at St. Esteban, about six miles in the rear of Sir Rowland. The light and seventh divisions were twelve miles to his left, and somewhat more advanced; and General Longa (a distinguished guerrilla chief) kept the communication between these troops and Sir Thomas Graham, who, with the Spanish Mariscal del Campo Giron, was on the great road. On the 24th, Marshal Soult attacked General Byng, at Roncesvalles, with between 30 and 40,000 men. Sir Lowry Cole moved up to his support, and they maintained their post against this great superiority of number throughout the day: but in the afternoon their position was turned, and therefore they retreated in the night to Zubiri. On the afternoon of the same day two divisions of the enemy's centre attacked Sir Rowland Hill; here their attack was favoured by an unexpected chance. Two advanced vedettes, who had been posted on some high ground to give timely notice of their approach, fell asleep during the heat of the day; the enemy, in broad day-light, was thus enabled to advance unseen, and the French were in the very camp almost as soon as the alarm was given. This was a most important advantage: they gained the position, which gave them a passage to Pampluna in the rear of the British right flank; and though Sir Rowland, after a heavy loss, recovered the key of the position, he did not think it prudent to pursue the advantage and reassume it, having now been apprized of General Cole's intended movements. He fell back to Irun. Lord Wellington was apprized of these events during the night, and immediately took measures for concentrating the army on the right, providing still for the siege of St. Sebastian's, and for maintaining the blockade of Pampluna, to the relief of which the enemy's efforts were immediately directed. This would have been accomplished early on the 27th if the post at Zubiri, to which the right of the allies had retreated, had been tenable; but Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Lowry Cole concurred in opinion that it was not, and retired on that morning to take up a position for covering the blockade about four miles from Pampluna, and within sight of that city; here they were joined by Lord Wellington as they were taking up their ground. The hopes of the garrison had

now

been raised to the highest pitch ; the state of things appeared doubtful to the Spanish general that he prepared to raise the siege, and actually spiked some of his guns, and the enemy, being at this time took fourteen pieces of cannon. But their exertions and their hopes were of no long continuance. The French renewed their attack upon a hill on the right, and vainly endeavoured to gain possession of it till night put an end to the conflict. The following morning General Pakenham arrived with the division from St. Esteban, and formed across the valley of Bazan in the rear of General Cole's left. They had scarcely taken their position when they were attacked by a very large force ; the post had been so well chosen and was so well defended that the enemy were at once assailed by a fire on their front and rear on both flanks, and were soon driven back with immense loss. This was a false move which Marshal Soult never recovered ; the British became general along the whole front of the height which the fourth division occupied ; in one point only the enemy succeeded in establishing themselves upon the British line, and from there they were driven down. Every regiment in this division fought with the bayonet ; the 40th, the 7th, the 20th, and the 95th made four different charges. The event of this day's operations taught Marshal Soult how little he could hope for success against such an antagonist ; the intention of dating his account of the battle from Vittoria, and celebrating the emperor's birth-day in the city was postponed *sine die*, and on the evening of the 28th he sent back his guns to St. Jean de Pied de Port, while they were yet to be sent back in safety. But another chance for victory presented, and Soult was not a man to let any opportunity pass him.

The very superior force before which Sir Rowland Hill had retreated followed his march, and reaching Ortez on the 29th brought a powerful reinforcement to the enemy. Their position upon the mountains was, in Lord Wellington's judgment, one of the strongest and most difficult of access that he had ever seen occupied. While the British were endeavouring to turn the British left by an attack on Sir Rowland, Lord Wellington attacked this formidable position on both flanks and in front, and carried it notwithstanding the extraordinary strength of the ground. In proportion as he gained ground he dispatched troops to support Sir Rowland, which enabled him to attack in his turn ; and the enemy, being now baffled in all points, effected their retreat, which they effected in good order, but not without severe loss. Soult's expectations of success had been very high, for he brought with him a large body of cavalry, and a number of guns, neither of which arms could be used to any extent among the Pyrenees. His loss was estimated at 15,000 ;

15,000; that of the British and Portuguese was 862 killed, 5335 wounded, 701 missing; but few of the Spaniards were engaged, and that only on one day; their loss was stated in the government gazettes at 204. General Sarrazin supposes that the slaughter on both sides was equal, amounting to about 8000 men each; he does not know, or perhaps cannot believe, the fidelity with which the returns are made public in the British service, and he neglects to ask himself, if the loss was equal, why his countrymen should have abandoned the field. The battles of the Pyrenees were remarkable for the extent upon which the operations were carried on, the nature and celebrity of the ground, and the importance of the object at stake. Lord Wellington had never more occasion for all his skill, and that skill was never more eminently displayed: his movements were all well-directed, well-timed, and well-executed; and the superiority of the British and Portuguese armies, generals and men, was never more decisively proved than on this occasion, when the French displayed their utmost talents and exerted their utmost courage.

The stores and besieging train, which had been embarked, were now relanded; more artillery arrived from England; the siege of St. Sebastian's was renewed with more powerful means, and, on the last day of August, the breach was stormed. 'Never,' said Sir Thomas Graham, 'was any thing so fallacious as its external appearances.' Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter, and there only by single files exposed to the fire of the horn-work. At the back of the whole breach was a perpendicular fall from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, under which were the ruins of the houses which joined the breach, and the only means of descending were by the end walls of these houses where they were in part left standing. The enemy occupied a line of retrenchment along the nearest parallel wall which swept the summit of the breach; during the suspension of the siege they had had ample leisure to provide for defence; great numbers were covered by intrenchments and traverses, in the horn-work, on the ramparts of the curtain, and in the town opposite to the breach. The storming parties for two hours vainly endeavoured to gain the summit; fresh troops were sent on successively as fast as they could be filed out of the trenches, but not a man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge: the obstacles appeared insuperable and the attack desperate, when General Graham ventured upon a measure which had never before been practised, and which shews at once the emergency of the case and the skill of his artillerists; he ordered the guns to be turned against the curtain; from the superior height of the curtain this was just practicable; a heavy fire was directed against it, passing only a few feet over the

heads of the troops on the breach, and kept up, says Sir Thomas, with a precision beyond all example. This occasioned a loss to the enemy, and is believed to have set fire to a quantity of combustibles within the breach, after the explosion of which the French began to waver. The breach was then won, the victorious assailants forced their way into the town. *l'assaut de St. Sébastien coûta trois mille hommes.*" says General Sarrazin, '*parcequ'il fut donné ou, pour mieux dire, préparé à l'ennemi. Cette opération, bien dirigée, ne devait pas faire rester plus de mille hommes hors de combat.*' The statement of loss is exaggerated by one-third. General Sarrazin may seem to speak with more truth when he says that the account of this assault may suffice to give an idea of the bravery of the English soldiers and the inexperience of their engineers. But the deficiency was not in the engineers; it was in our military establishment. Richard Fletcher, who took part in this assault, has left a proof of his abilities which will be for ever remembered in the lines of Fort de Vedras. The castle soon surrendered after the fall of the place.

Some partizans of France, who wished to exasperate the Spaniards against their allies, published in one of the Cadiz papers, in the form of a letter from St. Sebastian's, an account of the cruelties committed when that place was taken by storm, accusing the English of having plundered the churches, set fire to the town, committed atrocities of every kind, and of having thus lost the valuable time for pursuing their success and winning the castle. The charge has been repeated by a French officer, M. Carel, in a work of the Peninsular war, published during the second reign of Napoleon. He says, '*On a reproché aux Français d'avoir fait de la Péninsule un théâtre d'horreurs et de dévastations.*' (Observe, reader, that this is the only passage in his whole volume wherein he hints at those horrors and that devastation!) '*Rien n'échappa des crimes que les alliés commirent le 31 août. Ni le sexe ne furent respectés. On assassina indistinctement les Français et ennemis. Les soldats se gorgèrent de sang. Le pillage dura quatre jours, sous les yeux des officiers, qui ne réprimèrent ni les honteux excès.*' Enfin, pour mettre le comble à toutes ces cruautés, il ne resta de cette ville opulente que dix-sept maisons; toutes furent conservées comme par miracle; le reste fut la proie des flammes.' To enumerate the misrepresentations in M. Carel's work would require a book of the same bulk, for the whole volume is a tissue of continued falsehood. The charge being publicly made at the time was rigorously inquired into. It appeared that the allied troops, flushed with success, pursued the enemy in hopes of winning the castle, and that some of the officers were reproved for

cused the allies of it, because they themselves are familiar with such practices. When Nelson attacked the flotilla at Boulogne, soon as any of their own boats ceased firing, the French fired at them from the shore, not caring how many of their country comrades they murdered, so they might kill some of the allies. At the battle of Trafalgar four French vessels under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir made their escape; they had borne no part in the action, but when they were seeking safety in flight, they poured their broadsides into the Spanish ships which had struck; and they were seen to back their topsails for the purpose of firing with more effect. They who committed crimes like these may have been deserving of reward under Buonaparte, but these actions, as these, display the national character. Thus it is that the French have acted to their allies and to their own countrymen. When the British and their allies took St. Sebastian's by storm, after having been severely in the enterprize, exasperated as men are in such situations, and provoked still farther by seeing that the town was surrendered, they came upon six hundred of the enemy who, finding it impossible to escape, surrendered at discretion: our troops had humanity enough to grant them their lives; there, as at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, they did not enforce the right which the laws of war allowed them,—laws which, in this instance where the laws are most severe, are in reality most merciful; and which we *therefore* wish to see more frequently exercised. Is it not an encouragement to a profligate expenditure of human life, and to the bloody traitors who compose the garrisons of Huningen, and Vincennes, should be permitted to capitulate upon terms?



that of the French at Porto, Tarragona, &c. is, that the crimes which the former committed were checked as soon as they could by the generals, and acknowledged as things which they had not been able to prevent, but which they had punished and severely condemned: those of the French, of Marshals Soult, Suchet, Maheux, &c. were systematic and predetermined; they were stated of in bulletins and official reports—the men were neither checked, nor reproved by their generals, and the generals were rewarded by their emperor.

On the day that St. Sebastian's was taken, the enemy crossed the Bidasoa, and made their last effort in Spain for its relief. They attacked the Spanish troops along the whole front of their position with a very large force; their repeated attempts were as repeatedly repulsed, and the Spaniards had the honour of defeating them without receiving any assistance from the British or Portuguese. The military character of the Spaniards had suffered during the revolution, though the national character assuredly never—in the best splendid periods of their history—stood so high; but, in spite of all the obstacles which a succession of incompetent and suspicious governments interposed, an effectual reform had at length been accomplished. The splendid services of The Lord (as the Spaniards called him, by an appellation (*El Lord*) which looks almost as oddly in Castilian as it sounds in English) were now universally acknowledged, and, after years of patience and fruitless persuasion on his part, the Spaniards had consented to let their troops acquire, under his auspices, the same discipline which had raised the Portuguese armies to such deserved celebrity. The delay of this measure had occasioned a cruel prolongation of the miseries of Spain, and to England a heavy expense of blood and treasure; it was now accomplished: and Buonaparte, had he been in the plenitude of his power, might have trembled for the result. He was collecting his utmost force for the struggle in Germany at this time, and men could no longer be allotted by the hundred thousand for the consumption of Spain! A levy of 30,000, however, was ordered to reinforce Marshal Soult's army; this, M. Magnaud (who has modestly added to his name that of the place of birth, St. Jean d'Angely) said, would suffice to stop the successes upon which the enemy was congratulating himself too soon, to resume the attitude which was becoming France, and to prepare the moment when England should no longer dispose of the treasures of Mexico for the devastation of both Spains! The special commission, which made their report upon this occasion by M. Burnonville, spoke in the same strain, and their language becomes doubly curious when compared with the events which immediately followed. 'England,' said the orator, 'who intrigues much, and hazards

hazards little, has not dared to compromise her land forces by sending them to combat in the north of Germany, and uniting them to the Russian and Prussian phalanxes; she feared the result which she could not but foresee, and which would be irreparable for her.' Even a Frenchman will hardly read this without some feeling analogous to shame, and some tingling in the cheeks, when he remembers the battle of Waterloo. 'In this thorny conjuncture,' he pursues, 'and that it might have the appearance of doing something for the powers whom it had set to play, the cabinet of London had preferred mingling the English troops with the Spanish and Portuguese *bands*, being sure of withdrawing them without inconvenience and according to its interest. Hence that sudden augmentation of force which had determined our armies to a retrograde movement; and these *bands*, encouraged by some ephemeral successes, have carried their audacity so far as to invest the places of St. Sebastian's and Pampluna.' Buonaparte's ministers never thought proper to inform the senate that these *bands* very soon carried their audacity a little farther, and took them both. 'The proposed levy,' it was added, 'would enable the armies of the peninsula to resume their ancient attitude.'

The special commission was mistaken: it was England who resumed her ancient attitude, who resumed and reasserted her military superiority upon that ground where her Plantagenets had often displayed it; her victorious armies were preparing at the time to plant their banners in France, leading the way to the general invasion of what had been boastfully styled the sacred territory. On the 7th October, 1813, Marquis Wellington crossed the Bidasoa. General Graham effected the passage on the left with the first and fifth divisions, and a Portuguese brigade; they carried the enemy's entrenchments about and above Andaye at the point of the bayonet; and General Graham, having thus established within the French border the troops whom he had so often led to victory, resigned the command to Sir John Hope, who had arrived the preceding day. The Spanish troops under General Freyre crossed at the same time above the British and Portuguese, attacked and carried the entrenchments on the Montagne Verte and the heights of Mandale, and thus turned the enemy's left. Their right was attacked with equal success by General Skerrett's brigade under Colonel Colborne; Baron Alten, with the light division, and the Spanish General Longa with his troops, carried the entrenchments at the Puerto de Vera, and the Camp Marshal Don Pedro Giron with the Andalusian army of reserve, attacked, at the same time, the enemy's posts on Mount La Rhune, immediately on the right of the light division. Mount La Rhune is a remarkable spot, the possession of which had been obstinately contested in the war of

4, because its summit served as a watch-tower, from which whole country between the Pyrenees and Bayonne might be served. The mountain itself is within the French territory; but there is a hermitage (or, more properly speaking, a chapel) on its summit, which used to be supported at the joint expense of the kings of Vera in Spain, and of Sarre, Ascain, and Orogne in France,—people of different nations, different languages, and hostile feelings, being there drawn together by the bond of their common faith. This hermitage the French now occupied as a military post; repeated attempts were made to take it by storm, but it was found impossible to ascend the rock on which it stands; and the British remained that night in possession of this post, and of a rock on the same range of the mountains with the right of the Spanish troops. On the following morning, when the fog had cleared and Lord Wellington could reconnoitre the mountain, he perceived that it was least difficult of access on its right, and that the rock might advantageously be connected with an attempt on the enemy's works in front of the camp of Sarre. He made his arrangements accordingly: Don Pedro Giron won the rock on the right, followed up his success, and carried an entrenchment upon a hill which protected the right of the camp; the enemy then evacuated all their works in order to defend the approaches to the camp; these posts were instantly occupied, and Giron established a battery on the rock of the Hermitage. Night prevented further operations—opportunistically for the enemy, who retired under cover of the darkness both from the Hermitage and the camp, and the British armies pitched their tents in France. ‘*Accablés par le nom-  
bre,*’ says M. Carel, ‘*les Français recutèrent ils lâchèrent pied, et ils  
sentirent la douleur de voir sur leur territoire un ennemi que jusqu’alors  
avaient méprisé.*’ If they had not learnt on the way from Lisbon to the Bidassoa that the Portuguese and English were not to be despised, they had profited little by a long course of instruction. But they were not so ignorant as this officer represents them; Lord Wellington, proceeding upon the old plan of scholastic discipline, had beaten the knowledge into them long before this time. British loss in these two days was 579 killed, wounded, and missing; that of the Portuguese 233; that of the Spaniards 750. Carel states the whole at 4000—this is for him a modest exaggeration.

The country which the contending armies occupied had been disputed in 1793 and 1794, during the heat of the French Revolution: men whose names have since become conspicuous served in both armies; Mendizabel and Romana among the Spaniards; among the French, Latour d’Auvergne, Mouncey, one of the very few French marshals who have preserved a tolerable character,

character, and Laborde, who will be remembered for his in Portugal and for having been the first French general Wellington defeated. In that war, the Spaniards fought under disadvantages of a wretched administration, an ill-disciplined and worse provided army, and a revolutionary spirit in some of their own countrymen : yet, under all these disadvantages, they offered a longer and sturdier resistance in the Pyrenees than the French displayed when it was now their turn to defend the passes and protect their own country from invasion. But honourable as was the conduct for the armies of England, Portugal and Spain, thus to have driven the enemy from Cadiz and Lisbon to the Pyrenees, and to pursue him into his own territories, the spirit in which this expedition was undertaken was not less honourable to the allies than the success of their arms.

‘ Private property,’ said the Marquis of Wellington, in his Orders, ‘ must be respected. The Commander of the Forces is particularly desirous that the inhabitants should be well treated. Officers and soldiers must recollect that their nations are at war with France, and that the cause the ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be defeated, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke ; and they must not forget that most of the evils suffered by the enemy in his invasion of Spain and Portugal have been occasioned by the cruelties of his soldiers, and their cruelties, authorized and encouraged by their chiefs, towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of that country. To avenge this conduct upon the peaceable inhabitants of France would be unmanly and unworthy of the nations to whom the Commander of the Forces now addresses himself.’

Upon entering France, the allies found themselves, for the first time, in their enemy’s country, and that enemy one whom every man has every imaginable reason to abhor. They disregarded the humane orders by which Lord Wellington had endeavoured to prepare them for this event, and some of the officers were more culpable than the troops, for they made no exertions to prevent the outrages which they saw. Lord Wellington, as soon as he was informed of this misconduct, republished his former orders, accompanying them with a severe reprimand. ‘ The Commander of the Forces,’ said he, ‘ has already determined that some of those so grossly negligent of their duty shall be sent to England, and that their names may be brought under the attention of the Prince Regent, and that His Royal Highness may give such directions respecting them as he may think proper, as the Commander of the Forces is determined not to command officers who will disobey his orders.’ It was now seen how much the moral character of an army depends upon the general ; this act of timely severity was so effectual that never, perhaps, since

the great Gustavus, was such discipline observed in an enemy's country; even the Spaniards and Portugeze, whom it might have been thought almost impossible to restrain from indulging a spirit of revenge which had been so wantonly and cruelly provoked, obeyed the injunctions of him who had led them to victory; and behaved themselves with such good order and humanity, that the French, says Mr. Broughton, often said their own armies were the ones whom they chiefly dreaded. M. Carel admits this. He says the English conducted themselves *avec la plus grande douceur*, and paid for all the requisitions which they made, while the French were obliged to levy contributions, and take away the cattle and the grain of the inhabitants by force; the conduct of his own countrymen he does not think it necessary to account for, that of the English he explains by saying that they behaved well to the inhabitants because they were afraid of them. This is more than usually candid in M. Carel; for once he deals fairly towards the English, and ascribes their good order to the only motive which could make a French army demean itself with common humanity—the only one therefore which he was capable of conceiving.

Pampluna surrendered on the last day of October. The Spanish general, Don Carlos D'Espagna, set an example of proper spirit upon this occasion; he refused to grant any terms to the garrison till it was ascertained that none of the inhabitants had perished during the blockade, either from ill-treatment or want. The recovery of this important fortress set the right wing of the allied army at liberty for further operations; and the Marquis of Wellington prepared to attack the position which the enemy had for three months been fortifying with the greatest care. Their right rested upon the sea in front of St. Jean de Luz, and on the left of the Gironde; their centre on La Petite La Rhune in Sarre, and on the heights behind that village; their left was on the right of the Gironde, on a strong height behind the village of Anhoue, and on the mountain of Mondarin, which protected the approach to it. The position was strong by nature, and the whole of it had been well fortified, the right in particular being of such strength that Lord Wellington did not deem it expedient to attack it in front. The intended attack was delayed two days by heavy rains which rendered the roads impracticable. The object was to force the enemy's centre, and establish our army in the rear of their right; the attack, therefore, was made in columns of divisions, each led by the general officer who commanded it, and each forming its own reserve. The movement of the right was directed by Sir Rowland Hill, the right of the centre by Marshal Beresford, the cavalry by Sir Stapleton Cotton, and the left by Sir John Hope. The attack began at day-light: Sarre and the positions on La  
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impeded them during the day, and on the second night again fell back, and took shelter in an entrenched camp at Bayonne. Fifty-one pieces of cannon, six tumbrils of ammunition, and 1400 prisoners were taken by the conquerors. British loss was 2112, the Portuguese 582; that of the Spaniards not stated. The Portuguese were thanked by Marshal Soult not only for their conduct in the battle, but for their regularity in quarters and towards the inhabitants. 'The English soldiers,' said he, 'have not only proved their superiority over the French in the field and in military qualifications, but have also evinced to the French nation how much they excel the French troops in point of morals, humanity, and good behaviour.'

The denominations of the army of Portugal, of the centre, having now become absurd, as M. Carel has observed with remarkable candour, Marshal Soult re-formed it into six divisions, under Generals Foy, D'Armagnac, D'Arrian, Leval, and Villatte: Count D'Erlon commanded the right wing, Baron Clausel the left, and Count Reille the centre. General Gazan was *chef de l'état major général*. The army occupied a position in front of Bayonne, which they had been busily fortifying since their defeat at Vittoria. Bayonne is a place memorable in military history for the invention of the bayonet, a weapon which in British hands has proved more useful than any other to the nation by which it was invented. Before the French revolution, Bayonne would not have been able to resist against a single division of an enemy's army; the war of 1793 made it immediately a place of great importance.



of Catalonia, under General Paris, which was at St. Jean de Port. This was an excellent position ; and as long as the ally remained in force in it, it was impossible to attack them.

Wellington would have passed the Nieve immediately after passage of the Nivelle if the weather had permitted ; but heavy falling in the beginning of December had swollen all the rivers and made the roads impassable, the soil being deep and

As soon as the state of the weather and the roads would permit, materials for forming bridges were collected and prepared ; and on the 9th Sir Rowland Hill with the right of the army crossed about Cambo, Marshal Beresford supporting him by passing a division across at Ustaritz. Both operations succeeded, and the enemy, being immediately driven from the right, retired toward Bayonne : they assembled a considerable force on a range of heights running parallel with the Adour ; but these heights with the adjoining village of Ville Franche were well fortified also, and with these advantages the day closed. On the following morning Soult made a bold attempt upon the left of the British force under Sir John Hope, leaving no more than what was necessary to occupy the works opposite to Sir Rowland. The ability, coolness, and judgment of Sir John Hope on this occasion were such, that Lord Wellington says he could not sufficiently applaud them ; and the attempt, though well planned and bravely made, was completely defeated by a comparatively small part of the British force. Some feebler attempts in the same quarter with the same ill success were made on the 11th and 12th. Marshal Soult, having thus failed with his whole force to produce any effect upon the left of the allies, passed through Bayonne in the night, and, in the morning of the 13th, made a desperate attack upon the right under Sir Rowland. This was an able movement : but Soult was opposed by an adversary who foresaw every movement with the eye of a master, and was everywhere prepared as well for defence as for attack. Lord Wellington had dispatched reinforcements to the right in expectation of this attack, but before they could arrive Sir Rowland had repulsed and defeated the enemy with great loss. The movements which Marshal Soult made on the subsequent days were in like manner foreseen and baffled ; and being thus frustrated in every attempt to dislodge the allies, the main body of the French retreated from Bayonne and marched up the right bank of the Adour towards Dax.

At the close of one of these actions the Frankfort and two battalions of the Nassau regiment passed over to the allies. M. Carle, *je ne me permettrai aucune observation sur leur conduite ;*—he however, permitted himself to say, ‘ *qu’on assurait dans l’armée* ’ that Marshal Soult some days before had sent for the commanding

276 Edward, that he himself has not ventured to as-  
sert terms what he wishes to make believed, but qualifies  
assurail. The fact is, that the enemy took every pos-  
sibility to conceal from these officers the state of affairs in  
and when the officer who led the troops over had  
that the country to which his allegiance was due had  
the yoke of France, he imparted the welcome intelli-  
gence to the opportunity arrived; then drawing his sword  
addressed the men, told them that their country was fre-  
posed to them to go over to the English army, that  
be transported to Germany and join in the glorious

The British army now commanded the navigation  
Nieve and the Anour; and Lord Wellington, taking  
consideration the necessity of fixing the basis upon which  
commerce of the ports of French Navarre to the south of  
should be regulated, declared that those ports were  
nations not at war with any of the allied powers; a  
cent. *ad valorem* being paid upon all articles except  
salt, and stores for the use of the army. An order of  
also published in England, granting permission for  
ships to trade to these, and such other French ports  
under the protection, or in the military occupation of  
the ally's arms. To this then were the decrees of Berlin  
come at last! The tyrant, who had endeavoured to  
ports of all Europe against British ships, and had  
one time accomplished his barbarous and barbarizing  
saw England at this time regulating the commerce  
ports, and levying duties in France.—not after the

ch as possible from the French people, Buonaparte persisting the last in that system of falsehood by which he had so long deceived and flattered them to their ruin. It could not indeed be disguised that Lord Wellington was wintering in France; though by what train of events he should have arrived there the French were left to guess. But it was asserted that he had been defeated in the actions before Bayonne, with the loss of 15,000 men; that he now thought of nothing more than entrenching himself in his own lines,—that the position which General Clausel had taken alarmed him,—his situation became more and more critical,—the misunderstanding between the Spanish and English troops increased every day,—the British commander began to perceive that that part of the French army which remained in the camp at Bayonne would cut off his retreat,—in fine, that there was consternation in the British army, and that while they were in want of provisions, their convoys were wrecked upon the coast of the Landes, and supplied the French detachment with food and clothing, and packages of prest hay which were sent to Bayonne, and there served out to the troops. While the *Moniteur*, in its official articles, boasted thus of a chance shipwreck, and attempted to delude the people in its usual strain of falsehood, that part of the French nation who remembered and regretted the state of the country under the Bourbons, beheld the progress of the British arms with satisfaction, because it offered hope of the restoration of the legitimate government, and that peace of security and peace which could be attained under no other auspices. The hopes of the exiled family had also recovered; and before the Duc d'Angoulême went to the British camp, an agent of Louis XVIII. arrived at Bourdeaux. Part of his commission was to see M. de la Roche-Jaquelein, and tell him that the king depended upon him for La Vendée.

The name of Roche-Jaquelein is one which France will remember with pride in better days: few families have displayed more devotion, or made greater sacrifices in an honourable cause. In the first Vendean war the Marquis de la Roche-Jaquelein had distinguished himself by a generous enthusiasm and heroic devotion. One of his proclamations to his soldiers concluded with these impressive words—*Si j'avance, suivez-moi—si je recule, tuez-moi—si je meurs, vengez-moi*—twenty years afterwards, his brother, the heir of his name, his virtues, his glory, and his fate, put himself at the head of the Vendéans, repeating, with a noble and affecting simplicity, the very words of his illustrious brother—*Si j'avance, suivez-moi—si je recule, tuez-moi—si je meurs, vengez-moi*. We trust that our readers will feel as we do, that nothing, however new or striking, that eloquence could have uttered, would have equalled the (almost all are inclined to call it) sublimity of this simple repetition,

tion, which, besides being calculated to excite all the feelings which a leader would wish to inspire, was moreover a powerful claim on their confidence, and the most touching panegyric on his illustrious brother, and the heroic royalists who had died with him.

M. de la Roche-Jaquelein immediately went through the Vendée and Touraine, and found little difficulty in rousing again the spirit which the National Convention had found it so difficult to suppress. A plan was formed for delivering Ferdinand V. the person who was to have headed the enterprize died before the time when it should have taken place. Roche-Jaquelein's signs were suspected—and he was warned by an express from Lynch that orders were given for arresting him, and bringing him dead or alive, before M. Savary, the worthy minister of police at Buonaparte; he escaped to Bourdeaux, and from thence, with great difficulty and imminent danger, got to the British headquarters, where he assured Lord Wellington that Bourdeaux would declare for the king as soon as a British force should appear. He would fain also have persuaded the British general to send a few hundred men, who should land him on the coast of the Gironde, and divert the attention of the troops, while he pursued his way alone, and called up the faithful people who had suffered themselves so bravely and suffered so severely in the most terrific and ferocious time of the Revolution. Lord Wellington listened with great interest to these representations; but he doubted whether the attachment of the people to the Bourbons was what M. de la Roche-Jaquelein believed it to be; and he did not feel himself authorised to detach troops upon an expedition such as was proposed, especially when he was on the eve of commencing operations,—for he was at this time preparing to pass the Gironde.

About the middle of February, the right of his army advanced, and cut off the enemy's communication with St. Jean Pied de Port, and drove them successively across the Bidouze river, the Gave de Mouleon, and the Gave d'Oleron. These movements were intended to weaken Marshal Soult's force in Bayonne, and with a detachment of troops from the right of the Adour, above the town. While a part of the army was thus employed, Sir John Hope prepared to cross the Adour below Bayonne, a service in which Admiral Ross rose, with a naval force, was anxiously waiting to co-operate. A corps of 600 men, under General Stopford, crossed on the 23d upon rafts made of pontoons: they were opposed by the enemy, who hoped to overpower them before they could be reinforced, but by the assistance of a rocket-brigade the French were repelled with considerable loss. In the evening a breeze sprung up, and enabled the vessels to reach the mouth of the Adour; and the boats, which had been collected to

edge across the Nieve, endeavoured to find a passage through the surf. The first which was selected as the safest for such an attempt, and had the principal pilot on board, was overset; the second succeeded in reaching the beach, and the rest returned to wait the chance of the next tide, 'it being scarcely possible,' as the Admiral, 'that one in fifty could then have effected the passage.' A pilot was landed to the south-west of the river, who might walk from thence to the Adour, and make signals from thence in the bar to guide the vessels through the safest parts; without, there appeared nothing but one long and heavy line of surf; the bar, at all times a difficult one, being at this season especially dangerous. But the zeal and intrepidity of British seamen will overcome all obstacles which are not absolutely insuperable; and on the next tide the boats and vessels, vieing with each other, passed this tremendous surf, and ran up the river in triumph, the officers displaying on this occasion a gallantry and skill which is seldom been equalled. With these boats, a bridge of about 100 yards was thrown across the river; and the troops, thus having accomplished their arduous undertaking, invested Bayonne. The right of the army meantime was engaged in more extensive operations. Marshal Beresford, on the 23d, attacked the enemy in their fortified posts on the left of the Gave de Pau, and compelled them to retire within their *tête de pont* at Peyrehorade. On the 24th, the allied troops crossed the Gave d'Oleron, and the enemy retiring in the night across the Gave de Pau, destroying the bridges, and collected their force near Orthes. The position was very strong; the right was upon the heights on the road to Dax, and occupied the village of St. Boes, the left upon the heights above Orthes, and defending the passage of the river. Marshal Beresford attacked the right, and carried the village; but the ground was so narrow that the troops, after repeated attempts, could not deploy to attack the heights; and Lord Wellington, perceiving that it was impossible to turn the enemy on their right without extending his line too far, (an error of which he had taught the French on a former occasion so severely to repent,) changed his plan; and bringing up two other divisions, attacked this wing on the left, dislodged it from the heights, and secured the victory. Sir Rowland, who had forced the passage of the Gave, seeing the state of the action at this time, moved upon the enemy in a direction which threatened them with such fatal consequences, that the good order in which they had begun to retire was exchanged for a precipitate flight; the cavalry charged at the favourable moment; the fugitives threw away their arms to facilitate their escape, and when darkness put an end to the pursuit, the whole country was covered with their dead. In this action Lord Wellington was struck by a spent musket

exposure of a life, of the value of which he could not be ignorant, and that brilliant gallantry which, on the professions, flashes terror into the eyes of the enemy, and in his own army an enthusiasm which nothing can withstand.

Heavy rains again impeded the progress of the troops. As soon as the rivers had fallen, and the bridge the enemy had destroyed could be repaired, Lord Wellington sent a detachment to occupy Pau, the capital of Bearn, a city many accounts memorable, and for this among others, not only the most beautiful part of France, but, before the Revolution cut up the happiness of a whole generation, it was one of the most favoured parts of the world. The vision of property and the industry of the people combined all happy circumstances of soil, surface, and climate, and the inhabitants happy. Travellers are still shewn the chamber in which Henri IV. was born, and the tortoise which he was nursed as a cradle. Here we had a hospital established, where *Les Sœurs de Charité* attended upon our wounded soldiers. One of the first measures of the revolutionary government, after what they themselves called the great devastation, was to recall these nuns, whose want had been felt in all the hospitals. 'On a fait,' said M. Portalis, *par expérience, que des mercénaires sans motif intérieur qui peut les attacher constamment à leur devoir, ne sauraient remplacer des sœurs animées par l'esprit de la religion, c'est-à-dire, par un principe supérieur aux sentimens de la nature, et qui pouvant seul leur faire faire les sacrifices, est seul capable de nous faire braver tous les dangers.*



heart beholden; perhaps also it may lead to some-  
 thing.

General Fane took possession of Pau, Marshal Beresford upon Bourdeaux, M. de la Roche-Jacquelin prepared to prepare the royalist party. The progress of the war was no longer impeded by deep roads and numerous, which, owing to the devastation of the woods on the Pyrenees, become impassable and inundate the country more frequently than in former times. From Bayonne to Bordeaux extends a sandy track well known by the name of *le chemin de la mer*, which, totally uncultivated as it is, yields a better crop than any other land in the country, the pine trees, with the *chênes*, being regularly tapped for resin.\* Over these British forces advanced without opposition; they were welcomed, the magistrates put on the white cockade, Louis XVIII. was proclaimed in Bourdeaux. The hopes and the better part of the French people were now no longer if any event could put an end to the accumulated evils of France was suffering, it was the restoration of the dynasty to that desirable event all things were tending, the disgrace of that family, whose expulsion the French never much reason to regret, and the manner in which it was evident that Great Britain favoured their cause, called for a declaration from Marshal Soult, which clearly shewed that he expected from him, and from those officers who, had served the tyrant in all his bloody purposes, without a word without remorse. 'Soldiers,' said he, 'there will be no quarter for us till this hostile army shall be annihilated; or we have evacuated the territory of the empire. It does not the dangers which surround nor the perils which await us will teach this army, as well as the general who commands it, that it is not with impunity that our territory is invaded; it is not with impunity that the French honour is injured; a British general has had the audacity to incite you and your men to revolt and sedition. He has dared to insult the emperor: he has had the baseness to excite the French to break their oaths and to be guilty of perjury. Yet a few days, and you will have been capable of believing in the sincerity and the English will learn to their cost that the English have other object in this war than to destroy France by itself; we wish the French to servitude, like the Portuguese, the Sicilians, all the other people who groan under their yoke. Let the Frenchmen look to the past! they will see the Eng-

\* For the Encouragement of Arts and Commerce, offered some years ago for discovering a mode of forming this substance into candles. It is noticed that such candles are in common use at Bayonne.

spirit in two lines under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the general and all his staff at their head: both lines were soon lodged under some banks immediately under the enemy's entrenchments; but when they attempted to move round the left flank of the French they were repulsed; and the French following their success, turned the right of the assailants by both sides of the high road leading from Thoulouse to Croix d'Orade, and compelled the whole corps to retire with considerable loss. The Spanish general and his staff distinguished themselves greatly on this occasion, and their troops rallied as soon as the light division, which was immediately on their right, moved up. General Mendizabal, who was present as a volunteer, was wounded, but kept the field, and one Spanish regiment kept its position under the enemy's entrenchments till it was ordered to retire. Meantime Marshal Beresford had been more successful on his side. He attacked and carried the heights on the enemy's right, and the redoubt which covered that flank, and he lodged his troops on the same height with the enemy. They were still in possession of four redoubts, of the entrenchments, and of some fortified houses; and before Marshal Beresford could attack these he was obliged to wait till his artillery could be brought up, which, owing to the badness of the roads, he had left in Mont Blanc. By the time this was effected the Spaniards had re-formed, and the attack was then renewed on both points with the most determined valour. The Marshal continued his movement along the ridge, and carried with General Pack's brigade the two principal redoubts and fortified houses in the enemy's centre; a desperate effort was made to recover them, but in vain. Marshal Beresford pursued his advantage; and the Spaniards moving in like manner upon the front, the French were driven from the two redoubts and entrenchments on the left, and the allies remained in possession of the whole range of heights. Sir Rowland meantime had driven the enemy from their exterior works in the suburb on the left of the Garonne within the ancient wall; and the army was now established on three sides of Thoulouse.

Thoulouse is a name which brings with it a painful reflection to an Englishman's mind, when he remembers the history of the Catholic crusade under an English leader: henceforth the name will be connected with Lord Wellington's wars, and bring with it a proper feeling of national exultation. The battle was fought on Easter Sunday;—long will that Easter be remembered by the Thoulousans! the wounded French were brought from the field of battle as they fell, to the gates of the town, and thence conveyed by the inhabitants to the hospitals. They are said by the French themselves to have been innumerable. Marshal Soult talked of defending the town and burying himself and his army

under

under its ruins, and the people had all the horrors of Zaragoza and Tarragona before their eyes, and dreaded those reprisals which might so naturally be expected from the Portuguese and Spaniards. The city and the army were in reality at that time in the conqueror's mercy; but Lord Wellington, though he had not been apprized of the deposition of Buonaparte, knew that that event was at hand, and that no circumstances could long delay it. Wishing, therefore, to avoid all further effusion of blood, he suffered Soult and his troops to file off during the night of the 11th under the cannon of the British army without firing a shot; and on the following morning the allies entered the city as deliverers. The perfect order which they observed, so utterly unlike the rapacious conduct of the French armies, excited the utmost admiration in the inhabitants, who, in the eulogium of gratitude, compared Wellington to Turenne. Lord Wellington is wronged by the comparison: Turenne's memory is stained by the ravage of the Palatinate; but the character of the British commander is without any such spot. The battle of Thoulouse occasioned the allies a loss of 4600 men: the victory was decisive, and such a victory was of wholesome effect, much as the circumstances are to be regretted which occasioned the expense of a needless battle. The French had systematically been kept in ignorance of the repeated defeats which their armies had sustained: and this policy had been surprizingly successful, the vain and unreflecting character of the people seconding, in this respect, the artifices of the government. Here the superiority of the British troops was exhibited in a fair theatre and upon an ample scale; the whole people of Thoulouse were spectators and witnesses; they saw their veteran troops, under leaders of great experience, undoubted skill, and high reputation, attacked in a position which they had fortified with extraordinary care; they saw them beaten there and driven from thence, and they beheld them file off under the guns of the British army, at the mercy of the British general.

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\* M. Carel affirms that the French lost only 2500 men in this battle, and the allies from 18 to 20,000. He says, '*il faut avoir une bien grande dose d'impudence pour oser écrire qu'à la bataille de Toulouse les Anglais furent vainqueurs, tandis qu'une population entière peut rendre témoignage à la vérité et attester qu'ils perdirent de dix huit à vingt mille hommes, et les Français deux mille cinq cents.*' And he has the modesty to assert, that the English lost, by their own account, more than 15,000 men in this battle! As M. Carel is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and therefore of necessity an honourable man, it would be very difficult to reconcile his honour and his veracity in this instance, if we had not fortunately discovered a solution of the difficulty in the state of his eye-sight. He tells us that in the space of four feet of ground, he actually, at this battle of Thoulouse, counted forty-three dead bodies. '*La terre est couverte de cadavres. Dans un petit espace de quatre pieds, j'en ai compté quarante-trois.*' These are his words, and from them it is apparent that M. Carel's eyes are so formed as to produce the effect of a multiplying glass, otherwise he could not possibly have counted forty-three human bodies lying within the space of four feet French. His sum total, no doubt, is made upon a calculation of the area of the field of battle, and an allowance of ten bodies and three quarters to every square foot.

On the evening of the 12th the dispatches from Paris arrived; the restoration of the Bourbons was announced to Marshal Soult, and that general only proposed a suspension of hostilities till he could ascertain the real state of public affairs: Lord Wellington then put his army in motion to pursue him; but on the 17th, Marshal Soult informed him that he formally acknowledged the provisional government of France. And here Lord Wellington finished that career which he had begun at Roliza, and which, when all circumstances are considered, may truly be said to be unparalleled in military history. He entered upon that career at a time when the military reputation and the military power of France were at their greatest height; when a belief that it was impossible to resist the commanding genius and inexhaustible resources of Buonaparte had been inculcated in this country with pestilent activity, and had deeply tainted the public mind. Daily, and weekly, monthly and quarterly, this poison was administered with the most mischievous perseverance in newspapers, magazines, and reviews. Never was there an opinion more injurious, more fatal to the honour, interest, safety, independence, and existence of the country; yet was it propagated by writers who were then held in the highest estimation, and they enforced it with a zeal which arrayed their passions, and seemed to array their wishes, as well as their intellect, on the enemy's side; and with a confidence which boldly affirmed that nothing but folly or madness could presume to doubt their predictions. Suicidal as the belief was it became the creed of a party in the state. The first successes of Sir Arthur Wellesley availed little towards checking the evil; for they were counteracted by the bad effects of the Convention of Cintra: an event, however, which, though it certainly had (chiefly, we believe, from the ungenerous artifices of party) a baneful influence on the public mind, is yet remarkable as giving a presage of the extraordinary military foresight of Wellington. 'He concurred in that convention,' he said 'because the French had been allowed to reach Torres Vedras; a position from which he thought it would be almost impossible to dislodge them.' This opinion was, at the time, treated as a mere excuse to cover misconduct; and no one can forget the opprobrium which it drew down on Sir Arthur Wellesley from the tacticians of Brooke's and the Strand. Never, however, was a triumph more complete, than when, three years afterwards, Lord Wellington, in that very position, baffled the superior forces of Massena, and gave to all Europe a practical proof of the accuracy of his military judgment. This convention, however, came fearfully in aid of the despondents; and the retreat of Sir John Moore, which soon followed, and more especially the advice which was given him to capitulate at Coruña, proved that the rot had reached even the main timbers of our strength. The general feeling

g, or at least a feeling so general as to be in the highest danger, was in the worst state when Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived a second time in Portugal and took the command—apparently for himself, his country, and the world, his heart was not, and his understanding neither dazzled by the successes of the French, nor duped by the shallow or factious sophists who represented them as invincible. Happily too he was no longer subject to the direction of inferior minds, and his heart and understanding had now their full scope. *From that hour* every operation of the British army tended to give the troops and the nation confidence in their general, and to impress upon the enemy the proper sense of the British character. Wherever he met the French he defeated them; whenever he found it necessary to retreat for want of numbers, or of food, or of co-operation in the field, it was in such order, and so leisurely as neither to raise hopes of the enemy, nor abate those of his army, or of his allies.

After the battle of Talavera, and the series of provoking conduct by which the effect of that memorable victory was dissipated, he distinctly perceived the course which the enemy would pursue, and, anticipating all their temporary advantages, he yet he omitted no occasion of opposing and impeding, he knew and determined how and where the vital struggle must be made. The foresight of a general was never more admirably displayed, nor more nobly justified; and if there be one place in the peninsula more appropriate than another for a monument to a leader whose trophies are found throughout the whole, it is the lines of Torres Vedras that a monument to Lord Wellington should be erected. When he took his stand there, Lisbon was the only stake of that awful contest: the fate of Europe was at stake; and they who, like Homer, could see the balance in the hand of Jupiter, might then have perceived that the fortunes of France were found wanting in the scale. There the spell which bound the nations was broken; the plans of the tyrant were baffled; his utmost exertions when he had no other foe and no other object were defied; his armies were beaten; and Europe, taking heart when she beheld the deliverance of Portugal, began to make movement for her own: that spirit by which alone her deliverance could be effected was excited, and the good cause continued to advance and prosper till Paris was taken; and the tyrant, for whom the world had trembled, was glad to capitulate for a ignominious retreat, and to escape the vengeance of the French people in disguise. If any thing seemed wanting to the triumph of Wellington and England, it was that the British flag which had led the way into France should have entered Paris also:—complete as the triumph was, it was scarcely possible not to

feel something like regret that it had not thus been completed. Who could then have apprehended that this cessation was only for a short time deferred?

It seemed not unreasonable to suppose that the Duke of Wellington would, for the remainder of his life, enjoy in honours and rewards which he had so well deserved, and which had been so properly bestowed. Leaving the army which he had often conducted to victory, he joined the allied sovereign court of Louis XVIII. and there for the first time met Blücher, the most glorious of his fellow-labourers in the defence of Europe, little did they foresee in what manner the acquaintance which they then began was to be cemented, and how they were to be in inseparable union would descend to the latest posterity. After the Peace of Paris the Duke repaired to Madrid, where Ferdinand VII. conferred all the honours which the Cortes had conferred upon him, and created him Captain General of Spain. Returning to England he was received with every mark of love and gratitude and respect which the Prince, the legislature, and the people could bestow. He had never yet taken his seat in the House of Lords, and on his first introduction was placed in the highest rank of the Peers. On the same day he received the thanks and congratulations of the house on his return from his command on the continent for the great, signal, and eminent services which he had bravely rendered therein to his Majesty and to the public. The House of Commons appointed a deputation to congratulate him on his return, and the duke attended the house in person to receive their thanks. This was a memorable scene; all the members were present, covered, rose, and enthusiastically cheered him as he entered the house. The speaker, in an admirable address, touched upon those peculiar qualities of his military character for which Wellington is more peculiarly distinguished—the implicit faith which he communicates to his troops—the confidence which he had ever felt in himself and in his army—and the manner in which he had united armies of such different and discordant materials under his command. ‘It is not,’ said the speaker, ‘the grandeur of military success which has attracted our admiration or commanded our applause; it has been the generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unshaken confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory: that moral courage and enduring fortitude which in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset the minds, stood nevertheless unshaken: and that ascendant character which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival states, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of millions.’



es.' The duke on his part 'expressed his admiration of the great efforts made by the house and by the country in times of unexampled pressure and difficulty, for supporting on a great scale the operations by which the contest had been brought to so happy a conclusion.' The occasion indeed had called for all the efforts of the country, but the efforts were adequate to the occasion, and success could not be doubtful when those mighty means were trusted to hands which knew how to direct them so well.

In the summer of 1814 the Duke of Wellington was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. The national vanity of the French might be flattered, or might be wounded by this appointment, but there is another point of view in which its prudence appears more questionable. Would partizans of Buonaparte have been deterred by any principle of public faith, or any feelings of honour, from seizing the British commander, if he had been within reach when their plans were matured? Let the English travellers who were entrapped in France on a former occasion, and condemned to hopeless imprisonment as long as Buonaparte held his power—answer the question! And could the conspirators have rendered to their master by any other means a service so congenial, so gratifying, and so momentous? He who began his operations against Spain by inducing troops under the mask of friendship into its most important fortresses, how gladly would he have commenced the war which he knew that he must inevitably be engaged with England, by depriving her of her great commander! Fortunately (for any thing may be said to have happened by mere fortune this day) the opportunity was not afforded; Wellington having gone to the Congress at Vienna when the peace of Europe was broken, and Louis XVIII. driven from that throne which it had been so costly for him as an individual never to have recovered, if the richest of all rewards and the sublimest of all feelings were not found in the sacrifice of individual inclination and temporal happiness to private, and still more to public duty.

An Englishman may well be proud of his country when he compares the history of our civil wars with those of France. If the errors of the Jacquerie be compared with the outrages committed in the like insurrections under Wat Tyler and Jack Cade,—the wars of the League with those of the white and red roses, and the struggle between Charles and the Puritans with the French revolution, the difference in humanity between the two nations will appear as strongly marked as it is in the treatment which, in what may be called the same age, the maniacs Damiens and Hatfield experienced for actions precisely similar. But the restoration of the Bourbons was marked by none of that vindictive and cruel spirit

spirit which disgraced the return of the Stuarts; and this must not be imputed wholly to policy or weakness; Louis XVIII. has a good heart,—the Stuarts were the most unfeeling of men. The restoration of the old family to the throne of France was an event which the experience of our own history taught us to expect; when it had taken place the difference of the circumstances under which it had occurred was distinctly seen. Our commonwealth had not demoralized the people; but their revolution completed that general dissolution of principles which had been begun by a vicious court, and a literature licentious and obscene above that of all other countries. Here then existed a fearful difference! A profligate government could exist safely in the midst of a moral and religious people; not so a moral and religious government in a depraved nation, where a military spirit predominated, and where the armies were thoroughly flagitious. The character of the army was notorious; there was scarcely a part of continental Europe which had not seen and suffered under its enormous wickedness. Policy required and justified an amnesty of political offences; but that amnesty ought not, in so literal a sense, to have been extended to moral offences; though they could not be punished, they should have been remembered with abhorrence and with fear. In this point Charles II. and Louis XVIII. erred in opposite extremes; the former thought the body of Blake unworthy to rest in the royal vault wherein it had been deposited—forgetting that Blake had with perfect magnanimity upheld the honour of his country: Louis, on the contrary, employed and confided in men whom Buonaparte had elevated because they resembled himself in perfidy and obduracy; and who, whatever their military talent might be, had by their rapacity and crimes brought a stain upon the name of France, which no successes, however brilliant, could efface.

Talleyrand is said to have earnestly advised that the king should neither grant nor promise the smallest power to the marshals. There was, however, a broad line of distinction between men like Oudinot and Marmont, who were without reproach, and such as Soult, Suchet, Ney, Massena, and Davoust, whose names were infamous throughout Europe for the excesses and cruelties which they had committed. A regard to public decency, to the moral feeling, and therein the general interests of mankind, to the honour of France, and to its own immediate security, should have led the new government to make this distinction. Louis should as little have thought of entrusting power to these men, flagrant and branded as they were, as of recalling Billaud Varennes from Cayenne, or appointing Barrère and Méné de la Touche to offices in the state. There were persons who supposed that those who had risen under Buonaparte, and enriched themselves by pillage

lage, would be contented under any government which should ve them in quiet possession of the rank and plunder which they d obtained ; and the manner in which marshal after marshal it in his *adhesion* to the Bourbons—(for ‘whither fly the gnats t to the sun?’) seemed to countenance this opinion. But there : certain habits from which reformation is nearly impossible ; d soldiers who had been moulded to Buonaparte’s purposes, ist be as miserable in retirement and inactivity, as the drunk- l when deprived of the drams with which he exhilarates ex-usted nature, and obtains a respite from those wretched sensa-ns which are the consequence and the punishment of habitual-ness. Experience has abundantly shewn, that men who make r like robbers have ever been unable to endure the listlessness, d perhaps the reflection of peace. Thus it was with the *White npanies* of the fourteenth century ; thus it was with the first nquerors of America ; and they who had acquired political-edom, where alone it is to be learnt, from studying the history-ast ages, and regarding the nature of man, knew that thus o it must be with the soldiers of Buonaparte. The Bourbons-ought otherwise ; restored to the throne of France, they felt-renchmen,—this was to be expected, it was natural, and as-should be ; but with the levity of Frenchmen, and perhaps it-y be thought, with that moral insensibility which is but too-aracteristic of the nation, they began to pride themselves on- military reputation which France had acquired under the ty-t, forgetful how that reputation had been stained by every-aginable crime, and every possible disgrace. ‘Honour,’ said a-alist writer, ‘had taken refuge in the army when driven from- rest of France!’ In the days of Robespierre this was true ;-armies, when they refused to butcher their British and Ha-erian prisoners, were deservedly the pride of France. In the-s of Buonaparte it was false ; he changed their character ; the-ic and chivalrous spirit,—the honourable feeling which had-en cherished by Kleber, and Pichegru, and Moreau, would have-nteracted the views of one who aimed at empire ; he there-e corrupted the soldiers in order to make them fit instruments-enslaving the nation ; he indulged them in pillage, he habi-ted them to excesses, he fleshed them in massacre, till he-de them the scourge of Europe and the reproach of France,-most formidable and the most flagitious of the human race.

The obstacles,’ says Mr Eustace, ‘which Louis XVIII. will-et with, will arise not from the army ; for though discontented-ferocious, they are broken and divided, commanded by of-fers who are loyal, and checked by the national guards.’ This-s a strange error ! Divided !—yes—like a pack of blood-hounds-o run loose in the village, ready to assemble and hunt in com-

Language like this was well adapted for its purpose; were not wanting for keeping alive the feeling which tended to impress; and so widely diffused was the knowledge of his intentions, that they who wished, and his return, jested about it in public. It was frequently in the gardens of the Tuileries, in allusion to the gout with which the king was disabled—*Ah, ah, il porte les guêtres à propos quand le printemps viendra il sera en bas.* When Buonaparte, his first address to the army discovered both his own and the disposition of the great body to which it was

‘Soldiers, we were not conquered, we were betrayed! I have heard your voice: I have arrived through all obstacles. Tear down those colours which the nation has proscribed the tricolour cockade; you bore it in the days of your. Soldiers, come and range yourselves under the standards of his existence is only composed of yours; his rights are only the people and yours; his interest, his honour, his glory, are not your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall be the charging step: the eagle with the national colours shall fly to the steeple, even to the towers of Notre Dame! Then you shall shew your scars with honour—then you will be able to glory in what you have done!’

And he bade them remember that they had entered the Vienna, of Berlin, of Madrid, and of Moscow!—It required the effrontery of Buonaparte to speak of Madrid and Moscow.

One who had observed the conduct of the different Generals might, in almost every instance, have predicted what would act upon this occasion. From the best of the

parole in England, an act for which he was rewarded by the Emperor Napoleon. Miollis, whom Massena affected to dispatch against Buonaparte on his landing, is the man whose insolence and brutality to the Pope have made him infamous, and of whom the injured Queen of Etruria says that he went frequently, not to visit her in the unworthy office of gaoler, but to insult her with his sardonic laugh, and insolent discourse, her deplorable situation. Of Marshal Massena and Marshal Soult enough has been incidentally said. The cruelties of these men in Portugal were rivalled by Marshal Ney in Galicia, who laid waste that country with fire and sword, butchering all the Spaniards who fell into his hands, till a Spanish officer, enforcing the law of reprisals, which had long been threatened, threw at one time six hundred French prisoners into the river Minho. Marshal Suchet, another of these worthies, promised, in the terms which he granted to Valencia, that none of the inhabitants should be molested;—as he was master of the city, he sent 1500 of the monks prisoners into France, and executed those persons who had distinguished themselves most in its defence. At Tarragona this monster butchered more than 6000 unresisting persons, old and young, man and woman, mother and babe. When the fugitives were passing toward the beach, the French cavalry galloped among them, cutting them down to the right and left, and trampling them under their horses' feet: and not contented with this, they kept up a heavy fire upon the landing place, where women and children stood crowded together getting into the British boats; and endeavoured to sink the boats which were employed in saving these helpless and unoffending people. It was a premeditated massacre. Marshal Suchet had threatened to set a terrible example, and intimidate Catalonia and Spain for ever by the destruction of a whole city. Catalonia and Spain were not intimidated, and the consequences of this massacre, which are to endure ever, are those only which must rest upon his head when the account for blood shall be exacted! The destruction of a whole town was no new exploit for General Suchet. There was a town called Bedouin, in the department of Vaucluse, which contained about 500 houses, and two thousand inhabitants; they had a good trade in silk, and the place was flourishing. In the year 1794 the tree of liberty, which had been planted without this town, was cut down during the night; fearful of the consequences of this act of individual indiscretion, the inhabitants themselves informed the Army Maignet, who was then upon a mission of blood in the department; this availed nothing in their favour; he issued a decree, condemning not only the people of Bedouin, but of the surrounding communes, and condemned the town to the flames. Suchet was an officer who, at the head of a battalion, accompanied Maignet's

commission upon this infernal errand. Sixty fathers of families, after the mockery of a trial, were put to death; their relatives, who were spared, being placed at the foot of the scaffold during the execution. Suchet then gave the word to set fire to the town; it was burnt to the ground, the church was the only building which resisted the conflagration, and that was demolished by means of gun-powder. The inhabitants who had escaped were hunted in their retreats by Suchet's soldiers, and shot like wild beasts.\* Robespierre's Committee of Public Safety approved of Suchet's conduct at Bedouin: if the Suchet of Bedouin be not the Suchet of Tarragona and Valencia, then has France produced two monsters of the name instead of one. We believe him to be the same man. But whether *alter* or *idem*, it was for committing the like enormities upon a wider scale in Spain, that Marshal Suchet, Duke of Albufeira, was rewarded by Buonaparte, with his Marshal's staff and his dukedom. When the tyrant was preparing to disturb the peace of France, and involve Europe again in all the horrors of unbridled military licentiousness, he calculated with perfect confidence upon this man's co-operation.

Marshal Davoust, in Buonaparte's peerage Duke of Angoulême and Prince of Eckmühl, is another of those generals who entered zealously into the rebellion. Were there nothing more known of this man than that he is one of the *red-hands* of Jaffa, that fact alone would sufficiently characterize him; but Marshal Davoust is known in Germany as well as in Egypt and Syria: and among all Buonaparte's instruments there is not one who has rendered himself more infamous, or contributed more to make the name of France detested. M. Becker, a German author, and councillor of the court at Gotha, was arrested by this general's orders in direct violation of the rights of nations, and thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburgh. The Duke of Weimar reclaimed him, or rather (for this is a degree of liberty which the allies of the Emperor Napoleon did not venture to exercise) he interceded for his subject, and representing that M. Becker was entirely innocent, requested that he might be released. Marshal Davoust replied, in a manner so brutal and insolent, that the letter has been preserved as a record of the manner in which the French exercise their usurped authority over the Germans: he refused the demand; request; 'and besides,' he added, 'the Germans are altogether a stubborn people, and they will hardly become tame and docile until I have made some striking examples, by hanging upon a gibbet tree a German prince, a man of letters, and a merchant, as a warning to the rest.'† But it is at Hamburgh that the character of Davoust

\* Prudhomme, *Histoire Générale et Impartiale des Erreurs, des Fautes, &c. des Crimes commis pendant Révolution Française*. T. vi. p. 174.

† *Life and Campaigns of Field Marshal Prince Blücher*, p. 290.



was fully displayed, in its true, black, and bloody colours. In Hamburg he will be remembered like Murat and Grouchy at Madrid, like Soult at Porto, like Suchet at Tarragona and at Valence. The daughters of the best families in Hamburg were pressed by Marshal Davoust to work at the fortifications among common labourers, as a punishment for having embroidered the standard of the Hanseatic Legion! A physician of this devoted city, well known as a man of science, ventured to appeal to Marshal Davoust, when he had been ordered to quit his house within half an hour, that it might be converted into a hospital; he represented that his library, his physical apparatus, his anatomical collection, &c. could not possibly be removed in so short a time, and that if they were left, they would be destroyed by the soldiery; that in these convulsed times he had preserved no other property.—‘Property!’ exclaimed Marshal Davoust:—‘How, in these times, can you have property?’ And laying his finger on a button of his coat, he pursued; ‘Not even this button can I call your property; it belongs to the emperor. You must quit your house within half an hour. Begone!’ On the west side of Hamburg there *was* a large village called Hamm, in which many of the merchants had their houses. It extended for two miles and a half in a straight line from the outworks. In the middle of December Marshal Davoust issued an order, that forty of these houses, reaching as far as the church, should be burnt, and their ruins levelled to the ground. This was the first destruction of the same kind which had taken place within a fortnight, the plea being, that this measure was necessary for the defence of the city. Eight and forty hours were allowed, and then were promised to be allowed, the inhabitants for removal of their property; for, as may well be supposed, many of these houses were filled with fugitives, and with goods which had been removed from houses destroyed in a similar manner. Before seven hours had elapsed, a body of French pioneers, with their axes, burst into these houses in the night, and in spite of the applications of the inhabitants,—in spite of the remonstrances of the mayor, who claimed only the time which had been promised, burnt or pillaged whatever they found,—the wreck of many a family, the property of many a widow and orphan. The mayor upon this wrote a letter to Davoust, reminding him that he had been graciously pleased to promise the poor sufferers a reprieve of forty-eight hours to enable them to remove their goods, and informing him in what manner this promise had been disregarded. ‘The remaining inhabitants of Hamm,’ said he, ‘be-

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\* Life and Campaigns of Field Marshal Prince Blücher, p. 290.

seech you in the most pressing manner, to inform them how far the burning of their houses may yet extend, as they only need a little time and notice to remove their effects. I entreat to be favoured with a word of consolation on this head, that I may communicate it to the distressed parishioners.' Ten days after this letter was written, the mayor received a verbal message, authorizing him to announce to the inhabitants of Hamm, that it was not the intention of Marshal Davoust to destroy any more of their houses. Three weeks had hardly elapsed before this Marshal Davoust gave an order to set fire to every remaining house in Hamm the next evening; the inhabitants had neither means nor time to remove their effects; they were turned out into the high way in the very midst of winter, without shelter and without bread; their houses were destroyed in their sight, and their furniture consumed as fuel for the watch-fires of the French. The French ruffians were mirthfully about their work of havoc: a body of troops was drawn up, every man having a bundle of combustibles fixed upon his bayonet; they then divided into parties; and went dancing, with music before them, from house to house, to set house after house on fire. If the unhappy families clung to the spot, they were driven out with the bayonet: if they refused to open their doors, even in the night, to let these incendiaries in, they were fired upon. This was a wanton destruction; it was not necessary, it was not even useful, as a means of defence; but was committed in mere malignity of heart. The execution of these atrocious orders was entrusted to General Loison, a man pre-eminent for infamy among the infamous officers of Junot's army; he presided at the murders at Caldas, and by whom the massacre at Evora was committed. Notwithstanding the severity of the season, Marshal Davoust turned out of Hamburgh all the inhabitants who had not been born in the city, and all who were not provided with food for six months: 30,000 were driven from their homes by this measure. He ordered the public hospital, for the insane and infirm, to be cleared in a few hours for the use of the army. Nearly four hundred patients of both sexes, suffering under the most deplorable afflictions to which our poor nature is subject, idiots and madmen, the blind and the bed-ridden, were driven out by Davoust's orders into the open fields in the midst of winter; they were exposed to hunger, cold, and a miserable death; their sufferings were aggravated, if it were possible to aggravate them, by the brutality of the French soldiers, who faithfully followed the example of barbarity which their chiefs had set:—these miserable creatures were driven together into a field covered with deep snow; 'their fits of convulsive laughing,' says a German writer, 'their weeping, their curses, and their prayers were alike the subject of mockery for the French, and more than

of them were found dead in the morning! It appears a high estimate, in which a native of Hamburgh assures me has been exaggerated, that the losses which Napoleon occasioned to that city, and its environs, amounted to millions sterling; that he reduced the population from 240,000 souls; that he burnt or demolished more than 200; and that in the depth of a German winter he turned more than 1600 families whom he had plundered of every thing their bread. These were Marshal Davoust's actions; and he it remembered, that when he took the head of the rebel army after Buonaparte's abdication, Napoleon boasted of his conduct at that city, and laid claim, on ground, to the confidence of the soldiers, and the approval of the French nation. *Citer les faits, c'est louer les héros*, to which M. Auguste Carel, *Chef de Bataillon, et Chevalier de la Legion d' Honneur*, has affixed to his *Précis Historique*. Napoleon is a hero, according to the French school of history; and M. Carel's notions of the military character. Happily, a different morality prevails in the other parts of the Christian world; and in citing the acts of Marshal Davoust, they are set up for abhorrence and infamy.

Napoleon, Knight of the Legion of Honour, whose history is a book of the most shameless falsehoods, has one sentence which contains a true truth (not indeed of the profoundest kind) in his *L'histoire ennoblit une nation, elle ennoblit aussi les individus, elle redit les hauts faits et la valeur des guerriers, elle porte à la postérité*. But history does more than this; it distinguishes nations and individuals as well as ennobles them; it records nothing more than the mere military circumstances of the causes of war, the conduct of the contending armies, the characters of the leaders are handed down to posterity, to be remarked for honour or for infamy, according as they have been good or evil. It is not to be endured that men are presented to us as accomplished generals, perfect in war, and distinguished for having discharged its duties, Napoleon, Ney, Soult, Suchet, Massena, Murat, Davoust, and their kind, they have carried on war like robbers and ruffians, and without the humanities which mitigate, the courtesies which soften, and the feelings of honour and generosity which ennoble war, when thus relieved, war is so dreadful a calamity,—so horrible, so monstrous in itself,—almost it might be considered a manifestation and triumph of the evil principle, that a just and religious mind can contemplate it without being shocked at the perversion of human intellect, and the mystery of our nature. It is therefore for the common sense of mankind that they who have aggravated the measures

of war with wanton barbarity, should be marked and branded at least, if they cannot be brought to condign punishment; that they should be held up to universal execration, and made to taste while they are yet living, that abhorrence and infamy which will accompany their names as long as they shall be remembered in history.

Another of the most active adherents to Buonaparte in the rebellion was General Grouchy, created by the usurper a Marshal for his services. Of this man it will suffice to repeat that, after the massacre at Madrid, he presided at the military murder by which that scene of horror was concluded; and that after the battle of Waterloo he had the audacity to ask the Emperor of Russia either to obtain for him, from the king, the rank which the usurper had given him as the price of his treason, or to accept his services in the Russian army! The emperor treated him too well—he gave him a contemptuous answer, but he should not have answered him at all. Count Clausel was another; a general who proved more successful against the Duchess of Angoulême than he had ever been against Lord Wellington. To the Princess, who on that frightful occasion displayed so royal, so heroic a spirit, the beautiful lines of Cartwright upon one of her own family may with perfect propriety be applied.

‘ Courage was cast about her like a dress  
Of solemn comeliness;  
A gathered mind and an untroubled face  
Did give her dangers grace.’

The political characters who came forward to re-establish the monstrous system from which Europe had so happily but with such efforts been delivered, were men whom it might have been thought impossible ever to combine in the same cause. Foremost among them was Savary, one of the murderers of the Duke D’Enghien, the man who was employed to decoy the Spanish Bourbons into captivity by the vilest treachery and falsehood; the head of Buonaparte’s police, the prime mover and mainspring of that complicated tyranny for which eight bastiles were required. Caulincourt also, Duke of Vicenza in this Tyburn peerage, appeared again upon the great stage; upon the first fall of Buonaparte he had in proper trepidation disclaimed his share in the murder of the Duke D’Enghien, the imputation of which he had been so well satisfied to bear while he could plead it as a merit; upon the return of the usurper he lost no time in proving the sincerity of his disclaimer, and his gratitude to the Bourbons for having believed, or affected to believe it. Such clemency deserved such a reward;—the old proverb about saving a thief holds *good fortiori* as to saving a murderer. Cambaceres, prince and arch-treasurer

surer of the empire, during the course of the Revolution, had  
 attracted no greater degree of guilt than that of assenting to  
 atrocious measures which it would have been dangerous or  
 ill to have opposed; and having escaped the storm he contrived  
 to enrich himself by the wreck. He probably would have been  
 ever pleased if the tide had not turned,—but consistently with  
 former conduct he turned with it, ready to acknowledge any  
 government under which he might continue to enjoy his share of  
 spoils. Jerome and Joseph Buonaparte, as was to be expect-  
 ed, hastened to partake their brother's triumph; they had been  
 supple and guilty instruments, and having, by a fortune bet-  
 ter than their deserts, escaped unchanged when they were sinking—  
 they started up again to perform the part of princes in the  
 revolutionary drama that was preparing. Louis, with ho-  
 norable consistency, kept aloof: it is mortifying to think that a  
 man who deserves to be mentioned with so much respect, should  
 have disgraced himself by the publishing of so absurd a book as  
*Hollandaises*:—in some of the better parts of his character  
 may be compared to Richard Cromwell,—the wise and the  
 good will feel how much more this is to his praise, than if the  
 comparison had been with Oliver. But while Louis Buonaparte  
 refused to bear a part in the guilty enterprize of Napoleon, Lu-  
 cien, to the surprise of all men, mingled in the scene, and un-  
 asked himself to the world. The character of Lucien Buona-  
 parte at one time stood high in public estimation. He had man-  
 y and virtuously, as it seemed, refused to co-operate in Na-  
 poleon's plans, even when tempted by a crown: he had fled from  
 tyranny; and living innocently and happily in domestic life,  
 devoted himself to literature and the fine arts. The publication  
 of *Charlemagne*, so ostentatiously announced, and so extravagant-  
 ly extolled before its appearance, was fatal to his literary charac-  
 ter; *magnis tamen excidit ausis*; here his ambition was blameless  
 at least, if not commendable; but as his poem had proved him  
 to be but a sorry Homer, so has he shewn himself in his subse-  
 quent conduct a not less pitiful Timoleon. The man who sup-  
 ported Napoleon Buonaparte after his return from Elba cannot  
 possibly have differed from him upon the score of principle dur-  
 ing his former tyranny; as little can his conduct be attributed  
 to political foresight and worldly prudence. The solution which  
 either wisdom nor virtue can afford may be found in vanity or  
 pride. He had been accustomed to regard himself as his bro-  
 ther's superior in intellect, and perhaps with reason; he remem-  
 bered also how greatly Buonaparte had been indebted to him in  
 the most critical day of his life, when the Directory was over-  
 thrown; and to have been made a king by the brother whom he  
 enabled to make kings, was a humiliation which his spirit could  
 not

not brook. But when Napoleon stood again in need of assistance, then Lucien set upon the hazard the rank and file which he had secured by his former conduct; his vanity gratified, and an ambitious hope excited of asserting and proving his natural superiority over Buonaparte, either in controlling the despotic temper of his brother, by help of the republicans, or acting as guardian to the young Napoleon, if the allies should be duped into so fatal a compromise as to renege and ratify the crimes of the father by acknowledging the son.

It is scarcely possible that any men could at this time be so much as enough to dream of establishing a republic in France. The Revolution, indeed, had taken a dreadful vengeance upon the speculative philosophers who began and the practical assassins completed the fatal experiment. Lanjuinais was the only survivor of the Brissotines; and the part which he bore in the usurpation was merely that of helpless assent. Of the Jacobins there remained two men, who had renounced Jacobinism but were stained to the core with its foulest crimes,—Camille Fouché. What service the Duke of Otranto may have rendered to the Bourbons during the late usurpation of Buonaparte we pretend not to know. But we know that Fouché of Nantes sat in the National Convention as deputy for the department of the Lower Loire, was a priest of the Congregation of the Carmelites before the Revolution, and during the Revolution was successively commissioner to Nevers and to Lyons; that at Nevers he issued a decree for destroying all public monuments of religion, and placing the words *Death is Eternal Sleep* over the entrance to the burial-place; that he sent to the Convention from the department of the Nièvre, 1091 marks in gold and silver from the spoils of the churches; that he ordered a procession in Lyons in honour of Chalier, in which an ass formed a conspicuous figure, having a mitre on its head and a Bible and a New Testament suspended from its tail, which Bible and Testament afterwards publicly burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds; that bearing an equal share with Collot d'Herbois in the vilest atrocities which were committed in that city, he wrote to the Convention, saying, 'On the ruins of this proud city which is now base enough to ask for a master, the traveller will see with satisfaction some simple monuments erected to the memory of the tyrants of liberty, and some scattered cottages which the spirit of equality will hasten to inhabit.' In other dispatches, these representatives of the people sent to Commune Affranchie, (as the Jacobins of Lyons were to be called!) 'to secure the happiness of the people,' say to the Convention, 'convinced that there is no innocent person in this infamous city except those who were oppressed or chained with chains by the assassins of the people, we set at liberty



of repentance. Nothing can disarm our severity. The deliberations are too slow. The republican impatience requires more violent means. The explosion of the mine, and the devouring activity of the fire, can alone express the omnipotence of the people. No indulgence, Citizen Colleagues, no delay, no slowness in the punishment of guilt. Kings punished slowly because they are feeble and cruel; the justice of the people ought to be as prompt as the expression of its will. We have taken effective measures to make its omnipotence serve as a lesson.' This we know of the ex-priest Fouché of Nantes, during the reign of Robespierre. We know that he was Buonaparte's minister of police at the time when Toussaint, Pichegru, and Captain Wright died, in what manner, Buonaparte and his minister can best explain. We know also that having shewn himself, as far as intentions can be inferred from public acts, ready to renew the system of terror in France for the support of Buonaparte, and that, a double traitor, having betrayed Buonaparte, and with four others having usurped himself the sovereign authority, he was immediately appointed minister of police to Louis XVIII. and is now French ambassador at Dresden!

Carnot had not, like Fouché, shewn himself of the vicar of the king's religion. Had he been actuated by as pure a love of liberty as he has pretended to, it would not require more sacrifices to principle than he has ever made to entitle him to respect or indulgence for his political career; the most atrocious acts of Robespierre were committed with his concurrence, and this concurrence he avowed when an attempt was made to bring his colleagues Billaud Varennes and Collot d'Herbois to punishment. Opposing the election of Buonaparte, first to the consulate for life, and then to the empire, he deserved some credit,—and obtained more than the act was worth; for he incurred by it no real danger than an English peer does on entering a protest; Buonaparte was more likely to be pleased than offended at the able opposition which seemed to imply a liberty of choice, and with this single exception an universal assent in his election. While Buonaparte continued upon the throne, though France oppressed under an iron tyranny, the undisguised object of which was to establish and perpetuate a barbarous military power, it was not a quiet subject: no sooner had the Bourbons been restored, and a government established upon principles which the zealots of liberty acknowledged to be sufficiently free, than Carnot appeared as an enemy of that government, proving thereby that he acted not from a love of liberty but in pure hatred of the Bourbons. A feeling not very unlike this brought other persons upon the scene in Buonaparte's favour. Marshal Ney and General Lecourbe had for many years been unemployed,

ed, the latter, it was said, for his republican opinions: no motives can be assigned for their conduct in serving the king on his return than that they could not bear to see the Bourbons on the throne of France, because they had fought against them with distinction in the earlier part of the revolution. When then a principle had become a fixed and rooted prejudice in England we have seen with what a stupid obstinacy she will sometimes persist in their opinions after the circumstances upon which those opinions were originally founded have changed. Wherever the ship of the state may be driven by storms, or however far she may have advanced in her progress, the latitude by their observations is always the same.

The feeling which prevailed throughout Europe at the appearance of Buonaparte was as general as it was just. The plenipotentiaries at Vienna thought it due to their own dignity and the interest of social order, to make a solemn declaration of sentiments.

‘By thus breaking the convention,’ they said, ‘which has excluded him in the Island of Elba, Buonaparte destroys the only legal basis which his existence depended; by appearing again in France he subjects of confusion and disorder he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe that there can be no peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declare that Buonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance.’

This was the proper language; it was what the law of nations and the law of nations dictated; it was what common sense prompted and common justice required. The declaration bore the stamp of wisdom and sound policy as well as of magnanimity and it will be recorded by future historians and biographers to the honour of the Duke of Wellington, that he was one of the statesmen who acted thus promptly and judiciously for the benefit of which they represented. He acted as became him in the crisis; and Great Britain, in perfect approbation of what he had done, and in that full confidence which his former services had earned, placed him once more at the head of her armies in the Peninsula.

But the military means of Great Britain were not in the same state as when Lord Wellington was master of Bearn, and Gascony. A considerable part of the British army had been sent to America, and there had not yet been time for their return; and when Portugal was called upon for her contingent in the emergency, according to treaty, the Regency evaded the demand by pretending that it was necessary to receive instructions from Brazil. Wellington was thus without the assistance of those who had contributed so much to his former triumphs, and  
Port

Portuguese troops were deprived of the glory which they would have obtained by bearing their part in the most signal victory of modern times. Their place was to be supplied by Belgians and Dutchmen; no efforts were spared by the enemy to render the utility of the former doubtful, and the latter were raw levies. France, on the contrary, had received a tremendous accession of military strength; more than 300,000 prisoners had been restored her, the flower of her armies, men practised in war, and so accustomed to its licence that Europe was again convulsed because these wretches were impatient of the restraints of peace, and eager to be again let loose upon mankind. It appeared at first that Buonaparte was better prepared for war than the allies, and doubtless he himself thought so when he planned and accomplished his nefarious attempt. But to the thoughtful observer it was evident that the allies had power as well as justice on their side, and that nothing but disunion (which in this case would have been madness) could prevent their speedy and certain success. Buonaparte had made his attempt too soon; though the allies of Great Britain were taken at a disadvantage, those of the other confederates were in full force; the Cossacks were ready for another excursion to Paris; and it was now perceived by the councils of the allied sovereigns, as it had been felt from the beginning in the hearts of their subjects, that their vengeance had been incomplete, and their former work but half done.

The conspirators who brought back Buonaparte knew that foreign and civil war would be the inevitable result; and yet foreboding and calculating upon this they committed the crime! Landée instantly rose in arms; had the usurper's road lain through that part of France, an end would have been put to his career. But the soldiers were every where in his favour, and only in Landée was there that principled and passionate loyalty which makes men expose themselves to any danger rather than by their coward acts belie the feelings of their heart and conscience: the people were ready to struggle and suffer for the Bourbons, there, because their fathers had struggled and suffered in the same cause. The general state of feeling was of a very different complexion. The commercial part of the community and the gentry who had survived the Revolution wished the legitimate government to continue, the one from hereditary principle, the other because their interests were inseparably connected with the preservation of peace, and the endurance of a system under which the industry of the country would have a free course: the adventurous and the profligate, the more ambitious spirits who aspired at Marshalships, Dukedoms, and Principalities, and the coarser spirits of kindred mould who desired nothing more than free quarters,

quarters and an exemption from all other law as the rest of the nation, they were zealous for Buonaparte; the peasantry, and the great body of the people, there was a less and ominous indifference; they desired to be at rest, they cared not under whom; in Paris this temper was mixed with that levity which characterizes and disgraces the French; they danced and sang to compliment Louis, they danced and sang to compliment the Emperor Napoleon. and if the Emperor were to come among them they would dance and sing to compliment him with equal glee and with more sincerity.

The former system of Buonaparte had been too bad for this depraved and degraded nation. Buonaparte himself did not attempt to re-establish it such as it was in the days of its prosperity; a monstrous compromise was made with the remains of various factions, a legislative body was assembled, and the nation once more were amused with a new constitution, being told that there were in the new legislature men who had assisted in the former one, who had sworn to all, and now took the oath of the tenth. Buonaparte, who knew the worthlessness of such things, and only submitted to it because he was compelled by the Jacobins for a time, endeavoured to make a merit of his folly. 'For three months past,' said he, 'circumstances of confidence of the people invested me with unlimited power; at this moment the most anxious wish of my heart is accomplished. I have just commenced the constitutional monarchy. Men are too feeble to secure the future: institutions alone fix the destinies of nations. This labour will recommend the present epoch to future generations.' And he told them that he was anxious to see the French enjoy all possible liberty! A few persons in England were not enough to believe him; and, as foolish girls have supposed a reformed rake makes the best husband, they seemed to imagine nothing could be so fit for a constitutional king as a reformed tyrant. We were told that 'we were about to commence a war against the French,'—'a war against a whole people for the sake of a single man;' that 'the allied powers, even before the struggle had begun, regretted their rashness, their infatuation;' that 'Buonaparte had 600,000 men in arms, and would carry the war into our country.' It required no gift of prophecy to perceive that he would attempt this, and that troops might be assembled in France sooner than they could be collected upon its frontier, from the Vistula and the Danube. But never were exertions made with more unanimity, or greater promptness, than by the allies on this momentous occasion. Their sense of the danger was well expressed in a state-paper wherein the King of the Netherlands announced that he had made the Duke of Wellington Field-Marshal.

Netherlands, and required the consent of the states to the militia upon foreign service.

s of defence for the moment,' it was said, 'are insufficient : our ends farther. That we ourselves may live without perpetual erable apprehensions ; that we may transmit to following generations the guarantee of the national prosperity and independence, it is our duty to try that this tyranny be overthrown, and this system of deception, inseparable from the existence of the tyrant, be in his turn ever destroyed.'

hallow politicians, whose cuckoo note respecting France and Buonaparte was always the same, inveighed loudly against the policy which the allies had committed in not securing the friendship of King Joachim Murat, by guaranteeing to him his kingdom ; and they declaimed, with edifying indignation, upon the injustice with which that worthy personage had been treated. It had, it must be confessed, been lamentably disregarded in the transaction,—King Joachim would otherwise have been sent to be executed on the Prado on the anniversary of the 19th of May. These politicians, equally sagacious as statesmen and moralists, were silenced when it was proved that Murat had entered into an alliance with the allies for the purpose of more effectually opposing Buonaparte if opportunity should occur, and of securing 'whatsoever king might reign.' His threatened diversion was no otherwise felt than as it encouraged the allies, by showing how easily that power is overthrown which has no roots in the institutions, nor in the hearts and minds of men. It scarcely retarded the advance of the Austrians from Italy. A second army meantime drew toward the Upper Rhine ; on the Lower Rhine the Russians and Bavarians were to enter ; the Prussians were assembled in Flanders to co-operate with Wellington ; the Spaniards, whose armies had taught the French to respect the Pyrenees, were prepared to cross the Pyrenees. Thus threatened on all sides, Buonaparte's only hope was to strike a blow which should shake the allies, and break up the alliance ; on former occasions he had found this policy successful, and he now avowed the intention of opening the campaign on the Meuse and Sambre, striking at the centre of the allies. Thus to make his plans was in the spirit of his military policy ; if the enemy did not deceive him, he took them unprepared ; if they did, the confusion which it implied would be likely to depress them as much as it encouraged his own troops. Blucher and Wellington were not to be deceived nor intimidated. They would willingly meet the assailants, but the allies were to move simultaneously on all points ; the enemy had necessarily the advance in his operations, and he had the advantage not only of attacking them, but also *where* he pleased. They could not therefore venture

to weaken one part of the long line which they occupied sake of strengthening another, and thus were sure that when the attack was made it would be with a great superiority of numbers.

The French never took more pains to inflame the ardour or increase the confidence of their troops. The minister of the interior announced that Louis had reduced the army to 175,000 but that Buonaparte had already added 200,000 to its number, and that before August it would be half a million, exclusive of the national guards. Buonaparte himself, at his first review, assured the troops that if the allies brought 600,000 against them, he would oppose them with two millions. On the 31st March, when the grand melodrama of the new constitution was acted in the Champ de Mars, after the swearing and the execution (a frightful mockery!) were over, he delivered the eagle to the troops, and they swore to defend them. 'And you, O you of the imperial guard!' said he, 'you swear even to surpass yourselves in the campaign which is about to open, and to die rather than allow the invaders to dictate laws to your country?' If this were not sufficient to stimulate them, Carnot moved, in order, as he said, to add to the glory and enthusiasm of the armies, that they had deserved well of their country;—a motion which brought forth the proper remark, that as yet they had not done anything fresh to distinguish themselves.

The enemy, who were very desirous of exaggerating their numbers before the battle, have been not less solicitous to diminish them since the event. Fortunately there are good grounds upon which to compute the force that was assembled upon the Sambre and the Meuse. There were five corps of infantry, amounting upon an average of 24,000, to 120,000. Of the infantry of the Imperial Guard, (30,000 in all,) 20,000 at least may be supposed to have been with Buonaparte, these being the flower of his forces on whom he could more especially rely. We have 140,000 foot. In cavalry they were very strong; Ney had divisions of 2000 each: and Buonaparte had with him, on the left, a great variety of heavy and light horse, not to be computed at less than 18,000,—26,000 in all. The sum therefore is 166,000 men, and adding no more than 4000 artillery, the French army was 170,000 strong. Buonaparte commanded in person. Marshal Soult for his Major General. The ex-king of Naples, now dwindled into Prince Jerome, commanded the left. Marshal Ney was in the centre, and Marshal Grouchy on the right. The five corps were under Generals Erlon,

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\* Keille allows his corps to have been 25,000 previous to the 16th June; the English demolished 4000 of them; and Ney says that a corps and a quarter of another might be from 25,000 to 30,000 men.



**e, Girard, and Lobau. Marshal Mortier, who should  
manded the young guard, was confined to his bed, at  
, by rheumatism.**

ussian army consisted of four corps, under Generals  
Zulow, Borstel, and Thielman; Prince Blucher com-  
with Count Gneisenau for his quarter-master general.  
hese corps, with cavalry and artillery, are estimated at  
the battle of Ligny; and Buonaparte afterwards rates  
which had been thinned in number at that battle, at  
the full force of the Prussians may, therefore, be reck-  
10,000.

ke of Wellington had under his immediate command a  
ny, of which the British part did not exceed 33,000.  
an Legion, which may be esteemed equal to our best  
ounted to 7000. There were about 20,000 Hanoveri-  
vies, but who had been trained by British officers, with  
during the two preceding months; 10,000 Brunswick-  
fidelity and courage were not doubted, and who proved  
s worthy of their heroic leader; and about as many  
nd Dutch, who were not so well to be relied on. Of the  
e, which may thus be computed at 80,000, about half  
troops, and half tolerable. According to this estimate,  
rmies in Flanders amounted to 180,000; the French op-  
nem to 170,000: the trifling difference in numbers was  
compensated by the composition of the French army,  
sisted wholly of veteran troops of one nation; and by the  
which they possessed of chusing their point of attack.  
econd week in June, the French army began to concen-  
t Maubeuge and Avesnes; this indicated an intention of  
elgium at that point where the left of the British army  
ne right of the Prussians, of separating the two armies,  
possession of Brussels, which, if the attempt were suc-  
uld be open to the invaders. On the 14th, Buonaparte  
ddress to his soldiers from Avesnes, chusing that day  
was the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Fried-  
as he said, had twice decided the destiny of Europe,—  
ses of deciding or fixing the destiny of nations he had  
ten, for the purpose of deluding those who are imposed  
nselfish words, that he probably repeated them on this  
without perceiving the absurdity that they involved.

said he, 'as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too  
We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes  
e't on the throne! Now, however, coalesced among them-  
' would destroy the independence and the most sacred rights

**They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Can we then to meet them ! Are they and we no longer the same**

men? Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, who are now so arrogant, you were one against three; and at Montmirail, one against six! Let those among you, who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries which they suffered! The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to lend their arms to the cause of princes, the enemies of justice and of the rights of all nations; they know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, it must devour the states of the second rank of Germany! The madmen! A moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with steadiness, victory will be ours; the rights, the honour, the happiness of the country will be reconquered!—For every Frenchman, who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish!

Among the qualities by which this man is distinguished, his effrontery is not the least remarkable. He, who thus talked of the independence and the rights of nations, of the protestations and oaths of princes, of unjust aggressions, of compelling soldiers to fight in a cause which concerned them not, of sacrificing inferior states and devouring men by the million, was Buonaparte, the Ali Buonaparte of Egypt and of Jaffa, the Emperor Napoleon, who had trampled upon the independence of all nations; who had made treaties only for the purpose of more securely destroying those with whom he treated; who had sent to the slaughter not Saxons, Belgians, Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Rhine alone, but Poles, and Mamelukes, and Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, and Neapolitans,—men of all climes and countries—of all conquerors the most restless, the most perfidious, the most insatiable, the most prodigal of blood. It was observed too, at the time, and by the French, that he had in this proclamation committed the gross '*bêtise*' of complimenting the British—when, enumerating the enemies of France, he reminds his soldiers of their victories over all other nations of Europe, of the British he could only say that they maltreated the prisoners which they made from France. The charge was false, notoriously false; but it was true that the best understood relation which the French army bore to the British was the relation of prisoners to their conqueror.

His first attack was directed against the Prussians. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ancy and Haunut; at any one of these points the whole army might be united in four and twenty hours. The movements began upon the side of Fleurus—ground upon which Jourdan won that military

military reputation over the Austrians, which he lost to the English at Talavera and Vittoria. Reille commenced the attack by driving in the Prussian posts upon the Sambre, at three in the morning of the 15th. General Ziethen had collected the first Prussian corps near Fleurus, and, according to the French, was defeated with the loss of 2000 men and five pieces of cannon; they themselves losing only ten men killed, and eighty wounded. Certain it is that the Prussians suffered severely, but they are not men to be destroyed in the proportion of 20 to 1 in battle. Charleroi was taken by the enemy, and Buonaparte made his headquarters there. The French continued their march along the road from Charleroi towards Brussels, and, on the same evening, attacked a brigade of the Belgians and forced it back from Frasne to the farm house, on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras, because at that farm the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, intersect each other.

Blucher had intended to attack the enemy as soon as possible; and, with this intent, the three other corps of his army had been directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Fleurus, where Thielman and Borstel were to arrive on the 15th, and Bulow on the following day. The Duke of Wellington's army was between Ath and Nivelles, which would enable him to assist the Prussians, in case, says their official account, the battle should be fought on the 15th. The duke knew that Buonaparte had collected some force behind the Sambre; he thought it probable that he would unite in that quarter several corps which were in the act of moving in different lines—he felt convinced, that if Napoleon assembled the army in this position, Brussels must be his object; and he knew that there were three distinct roads by which he might push forward on Brussels. Buonaparte might come on the side of Namur, or of Charleroi, or of Mons; the British army was therefore stationed near Brussels, in a smaller circle concentric with the frontier line, and ready to be collected in any of the three directions that Buonaparte might take; but the duke further considered it as most *probable* that Buonaparte would advance by Charleroi, and therefore the army, though ready to be moved to either of the other roads, was principally concentrated towards this. On the night of the 15th the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball at Brussels, at which the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick, and Lord Uxbridge, with many other officers, were present; there they received the intelligence that the work of death was begun; and many of our officers, who were dancing till midnight, were, within a few hours, in action, and received their death-wounds in their ball-room dress. In the midst of the festivities the bugle sounded and the drum beat in Brussels. In less than an hour the

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troops

troops began to assemble in the park; they received four days' rations; and at four in the morning, Sir Thomas Picton's division marched towards Namur. General Picton himself had arrived from England that very night. In the first uncertainty of the enemy's intentions, the march of our divisions was directed upon Nivelles, Brain le Comte and Enghien, according to the situation of their cantonments; but as soon as the movements of the French were ascertained, the whole army was ordered to march upon Les Quatre Bras. Early in the morning, the Prince of Orange, reinforcing the brigade which had been driven from thence, had regained part of the ground, and commanded the communication, leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Blucher's position.

The Prussian army was at this time posted upon the heights between Bry and Sombreff, and beyond the latter place, and occupied, with a large force, the two villages of St. Amand and Ligny, in front of those places. Both these villages are situated upon a small stream flowing through flat meadows; it is called the Ligny in the official accounts, but is too small and insignificant to have obtained a name upon the spot. The left wing of the French, under Ney, was at Frasne, opposed to the British at Les Quatre Bras; the right, under Grouchy, was in the rear of Fleurus. 'The general opinion in France,' Marshal Ney tells us, 'and particularly in the army, was that Buonaparte would first turn his attention solely to the destruction of the British army, and for this,' he assures us, 'circumstances were very favourable, for Lord Wellington would have been taken unawares and unprepared.' Buonaparte thought otherwise: having reconnoitred Blucher's position, he changed front about noon, and marched his right and centre upon St. Amand and Ligny. The fact is, that at this time, whatever course Buonaparte had decided upon taking, his situation, as assailant, would have enabled him to have taken either of the allied armies at an advantage; a great part of Lord Wellington's troops, and his cavalry in particular, having a long way to march, had not arrived, and the Prussians also were without a fourth part of their force; Bulow, who was stationed between Liege and Haunut, not having yet come up. Buonaparte is censured by Marshal Ney for not having attacked the two armies separately; 'the English army,' he says, 'if it had been attacked with his whole force, would undoubtedly have been destroyed between Les Quatre Bras and Genappes; and that position, which separated the two allied armies, once in his power, would have given him the means of outflanking the right of the Prussians, and crushing them in their turn. A corps of observation,' he thinks, 'would have sufficed to hold the Prussians in check while Buonaparte was demolishing the British.' The best players are frequently mistaken

staken in the game of war ; and perhaps the best general has sometimes trembled to look back upon the faults which he has committed. Marshal Ney's censure of Buonaparte seems to be well founded ; but it is very unlikely that all the results expected the marshal would have ensued. The Duke of Wellington is not in the habit of permitting his army to be demolished ; and moreover it must be remembered that old Blucher was not a man to be held in check by a corps of observation while his allies were vigorously engaged ; and that Buonaparte, by the plan which he pursued, obtained a signal, though not a decisive, advantage. Indeed, the superiority of numbers with which he attacked the Prussians might have seemed amply sufficient even to a general so confident and less presumptuous. He brought up not less than 100,000 men against 80,000. First, about three in the afternoon, he attacked the village of St. Amand, and, after a vigorous resistance, carried it ; their efforts were then directed against Ligny. Ligny is a large village ; the houses well built of stone, but roofed with thatch. Here the contest was maintained with the utmost obstinacy for five hours ; there was little room for manœuvring ; the main struggle was in the village itself, each army having, behind that part which it occupied, great masses of infantry, who were continually reinforced from the rear, and from the heights on both sides. There were several farm-houses in the village enclosed by walls and gates ; these were occupied as so many fortresses by the Prussians, and the French, notwithstanding their superior numbers, were four times driven out. About two hundred cannon on both sides were directed against this unfortunate village, and at length it took fire in many places at once. Sometimes the battle ended along the whole line. About five, the Prussians, with Blucher at their head, recovered St. Amand, which had been twice lost ; and won, and regained the heights of La Haye and Little St. Amand. At this moment, Blucher might have profited greatly of his advantage, if Bulow's corps had arrived ; his right wing would then have charged with good prospect of success. But the march of this corps had either been miscalculated, or the nature and state of the roads had not been taken into the account. From the Duke of Wellington he could receive no assistance, for as many of his troops as had come up were themselves perilously engaged with superior numbers. As evening advanced, the situation of the Prussians became more hopeless,—there were no tidings of Bulow,—the British division could with difficulty maintain its position at Les Quatre Bras ; the whole of their own force had been brought into action, and the French began to derive that advantage which fresh troops, and a great superiority of numbers, ensure, when armies are equal in discipline and in courage. In this emergency

emergency, Blucher had nearly closed his long and illustrious life. A charge of cavalry, which he himself led on, failed; the enemy pursued their advantage, his horse was struck by a musket ball, and galloped more furiously for the wound till it dropped down dead, and Blucher was entangled under it, and stunned by the fall. His own people did not see him,—the last Prussian horseman past by, and there remained none with him but an adjutant, who, with an honourable self-devotement, alighted to share his fate. Happily, in the eagerness of pursuit, the enemy passed him by;—they were, in their turn, repelled by a second charge, and, in their retreat, past him a second time with equal rapidity; then, and not till then, he was extricated from under the horse,—and immediately he mounted another.

Had this excellent veteran been recognized by the enemy, they would probably have butchered him. The hatred between these two nations is of the deadliest kind; France had inflicted the deepest wounds upon Prussia; in her hour of victory she had trampled upon the Prussians, plundered, outraged, and insulted them; and Prussia, though as yet she had retaliated none of her wrongs, had taken full revenge. Blucher was especially hated by the French, because no general, except our own, had so long and so determinedly resisted them. It has been said that the corps of Generals d'Erlon and Vandamme had confederated, and hoisted the black flag; whether or not this were done it is certain that the French gave little quarter in this action, and that the Prussians asked for none. When the night was closing in, a division of the enemy's infantry, favoured by the darkness, made a circuit round the village unobserved, and took the main body of the Prussians in the rear. Some regiments of cuirassiers at the same time forced the passage on the other side. The Prussians, though defeated, were not dismayed; they formed in masses, repelled all the attacks of the enemy's cavalry, retreated in such order that the French did not deem it prudent to pursue them, and formed again within a quarter of a league from the field of battle. Their loss was little short of 20,000 men. The people of the village, who had the best means of judging, affirm that that of the French was greater. No prisoners were made, except those who were left wounded on the field. Fifteen pieces of cannon were taken.

Marshal Ney meantime, with all the rest of the French army which had come up, amounting at the very least to 40,000 men, attacked the British at Les Quatre Bras. There had been much skirmishing about this point during the whole of the morning; the main attack was made after three o'clock. The Brunswick corps and the fifth division had happily arrived, and maintained the position with the most signal intrepidity, under the Prince of Orange,



Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir James Lempt, and Sir Denis Pack. The Prince of Orange was at one time surrounded; a battalion of Belgians delivered him; he took off the insignia of his Order and threw it among them, saying, 'Children, you have all deserved it!' They fastened it to their colours on the field of battle, amid cries of 'Long live the Prince!' They swore to defend it till death, and many actually fell while they were pronouncing the oath. Picton was wounded—but knowing how much was to be done, he would not mention his wound, lest he should be hindered from being present in the subsequent actions; and it was not till after his death that this wound, so heroically concealed, and dressed only with a piece of a torn handkerchief, applied to it in secret by Sir Thomas Picton himself, was discovered. The Duke of Brunswick, in the ardour of battle, rashly exposed himself amidst the fire of small arms,—a musket ball went through his bridle-hand, into the belly, and entered the liver; he died in a few minutes. Greatly and deservedly was the Duke of Brunswick lamented; in the worst days of Germany his spirit had been unsubdued; and the heroism which he displayed in 1809, after the battle of Wagram, would alone entitle him to an honourable place in history. In this action, which was neither less obstinate, nor (in proportion to the forces engaged) less bloody than that at Ligny, the French had many circumstances in their favour. They were not only superior in numbers, but they were comparatively fresh, whereas the allies had been marching from the preceding midnight. The fields were covered with corn growing as high as the tallest man's shoulders; availing themselves of this, and of an inequality of ground, they posted a strong body of cuirassiers so as effectually to conceal them; and the 79th and 42d regiments were thus taken by surprise. The former, which suffered most severely, would have been destroyed, if the 42d had not come up. Forming itself into a square, it was repeatedly broken, and as repeatedly formed again. Of this regiment, which was 800 strong, only ninety-six privates and four officers are said to have come out of the field unhurt. Generals Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland, and Byng successively arrived, and the troops maintained their ground till night.

Bulow's corps arrived during the night at Gembloux. At day-break Thielman fell back in that direction from Sombref, where he had retained his position, and the first and second corps retreated behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Marshal Blucher determined to concentrate his army upon Wavre. This movement, of which the Duke of Wellington does not seem to have been previously apprized, rendered it necessary for him to fall back also. He had travelled through this part of the country at a time when there was no appearance that hostilities would be so

soon renewed, and seeing every thing with a soldier's eye, he observed, that were he ever to fight a battle for the defence of Brussels, Waterloo was the ground which he would choose. A heathen, or a catholic chief, might have imputed this to some tutelary genius or patron saint. In Wellington's case, it was only an additional instance of that infallible foresight and tact which is the highest quality of a great captain; it is also a full and victorious answer to all the criticisms which we have heard on the duke's measures previous to the battle—all of which, it now appears, only tended to bring the contest to the very ground which he had long before selected as the theatre of his glory. The battle began about noon on the 17th, and was well covered by the cavalry and horse artillery. A large body of French cavalry, headed by lancers, followed with some boldness, especially at Genappe, where the little river which runs through the town is crossed by a narrow bridge. But the pursuit was not vigorous, and this corps of lancers paid dearly for their temerity; they were actually *ridden down* by a column of our heavy cavalry, and all perished: the state of the weather and the soil prevented the enemy from acting upon the flanks of our columns; a storm from the south-west had come on, with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain; and rendered the fields knee deep in mud. Between five and six in the afternoon the whole army had reached the ground appointed. The position which the Duke of Wellington occupied was in front of the village and farm of Mount St. Jean, about a mile and a half in advance of the little town of Waterloo, on rising ground, with a gentle declivity in front. It crossed the high roads from Nivelles and Charleroi to Brussels, nearly at the point where they unite. The right was thrown back to Merke Braine near Braine la Leude; the left extended on a ridge above Ter Haye, a hamlet which was strongly occupied: both wings were posted as to derive all advantage which the nature of the ground would allow. The left wing communicated with the Prussians by a road leading to Ohain. A walled mansion called Hougoumont was in front of the right centre, and in front of the left centre a farm called la Haye Sainte. The position was good, for the country, which affords no strong ones; but the British army and the British generals had driven the French from positions in the Pyrenees, and being accustomed to attack and defeat the enemy on some of the strongest situations in the world, they required no advantage ground when it was their turn to be attacked themselves. Lord Wellington wrote to Marshal Blucher that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the Prussians would support him with two corps. Blucher promised to come with his whole army; never was there a man from whom such a promise could be

ten. And he proposed, if Buonaparte did not begin that the allies should, with their whole united force, where hitherto so little apprehension of danger had, but its customary occupations and pleasures were not on the very eve of the contest, was now in a pitiable state as the field of battle on the 16th had been, one that the roaring of the cannon made the city shake,—a sensation will not appear hyperbolical to those who receive a sensation which is produced by the discharge of discharges,—a sensation which is rather felt than heard. In the evening the cannonading seemed to approach nearer, though there was no change of position,—the British had kept their positions Quatre Bras, and the Prussians, though defeated, not being disordered, had not been pursued; but in the evening the sound was more distinctly perceived. This increased the alarm of the inhabitants; and early on the morning of the 17th some runaway Belgian cavalry came galloping through the town, as if the French were in close pursuit. With the baggage began to hurry off, the panic spread, and those who had the means of removal, taking the news that the allies had been defeated. When the alarm was allayed by the receipt of certain intelligence, a busy scene ensued. The inhabitants were called upon to bring, lint, old linen, &c. for the hospitals. The wounded arrived;—many had died on the way, and some only time to expire at their own doors. The body of the Duke of Wellington passed through during the night; the people crowded him for his personal qualities, which, being such as his illustrious birth, derived lustre from his station; for actions which he had performed, and the hopes which he had ever cut off. This sorrow would be felt throughout the country—but at Brussels it was remembered that on the previous day he had been sharing in the festivities of the place, and that the city for the field of battle full of life and ardour. The anxiety became greater when it was known that the Duke of Wellington had fallen back to Waterloo. A retrograde movement with it so many symptoms of defeat—it is so often the prelude of an overthrow—or the prelude to one—that the inhabitants of a great city may well be excused for interpreting it in the worst sense, when they had every thing at stake. Each, on their part, exaggerated their advantages, and all the insolence which of late years has characterized the French. Marshal Soult, in a dispatch to Davoust, minister during the usurpation, did not scruple to announce, 'The Emperor had succeeded in separating the allies' line. Wellington and Blucher,' said he, 'saved themselves with difficulty.'

faculty: the effect was theatrical—in an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy was routed in all directions.' It was announced at Paris that His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon was to enter Brussels the day after this glorious action, in which the general in chief, Wellington, had been compromised. Another dispatch published with great pomp in the *Moniteur*, said, 'the noble lot must have been confounded! Whole bands of prisoners are taken; they do not know what has become of their commanders; the rout is complete on this side; and I hope we shall not hear again of the Prussians for some time, even if they should ever be able to rally. As for the English, we shall see now what will become of them! The emperor is there!'

Notwithstanding these boasts, the French had failed in their chief object; they had not, as Marshal Soult asserted, succeeded in separating the line of the allies; and the actions of the 16th, severe as they had been, were but preludes to the dreadful drama which was now to be represented. The junction of Bulow's corps had made the Prussians as strong as they were before the late engagement; Lord Wellington's army, having lost about 5000 killed and wounded, may be computed at 75,000, the united forces therefore would amount to 155,000; and the 170,000 of the French having been diminished 10 or 15,000, the armies now to be brought against each other were not unequal in numbers.†

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† Before we enter on a review and statement of the several accounts which have been given of this great battle, it is proper to observe the extreme difficulty of collecting accurate details of events of this nature. When, after the victory of Agincourt, in which Henry the Fourth was wounded, he called his generals round his bed to give him an account of what had occurred subsequently to his leaving the field, no two could agree on the course of the very events in which they had been actors; and the king, struck with the difficulty of ascertaining facts so evident and recent, exclaimed, 'Viola ce que c'est que l'histoire!'—If there is any fact on which one might expect the unanimity of witnesses, it would be the precise hour at which the action commenced. It must have been notorious to every man in both armies; and there could exist no motive on either side for misrepresentation; and at Waterloo, where the whole of each army was visible, there could be no possibility, one should have thought, of mistake, and yet nothing can be more various and discordant than the statements on this point with regard to the battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington and Blücher say that the battle commenced about ten—General Alava, who never quitted the duke's side during the early part of the action, says half past eleven. Drouot and Buonaparte concur in stating twelve, and Ney dates the commencement at one. The difference must be between preliminary skirmishing and the serious attack, and at such times men are more likely to speak by guess than from observation.

A very minute and careful examination of all the accounts of this battle, and an actual survey of the ground, enables us to pronounce, that, next to the duke's own report published in the London Gazette, which traces in the clearest manner the great features of the transaction, the relation of General Alava is the most able and accurate of all that we have seen. Buonaparte's official account, which General Drouot endeavored to corroborate, is full of obscurities, contradictions, and mistakes, probably unintentional—for instance, they talk of having obtained possession of the houses in the village of Mount St. Jean: whereas, in fact, this village was quite in the rear of the British

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n, which had continued heavy throughout the night, abate about nine in the morning, when Buonaparte, ad-quarters that night had been at Planchenois, a farm a distance in the rear of the French line, and about fifty from Brussels, put his army in motion. The position occupied was on a riuge immediately opposite to that of the British, at a distance varying from 1000 to 12 or 1300 yards. It was on the heights in front of Planchenois; their position was a little country tavern and farm, famous from that day for its appropriate name of La Belle Alliance; their position was on the road to Brussels from Nivelles. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the imperial guards in reserve on the heights. Grouchy and Vandamme had been detached to oppose the Prussians; and the sixth corps, under D'Erlon, with a body of cavalry, was in the rear of the right, to oppose a Prussian corps, 'which,' says the official French report, 'appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to be about to fall upon our right flank:' Buonaparte had obtained intelligence of this, and it was confirmed by an intercepted letter from the Prussian generals: but of the strength, temper, and position of the Prussian army he seems to have been ignorant. Reversing, however, his plan of the 16th, and considering Blucher as in no state to renew the contest, he directed the great body of his force against Lord Wellington, to bear down the British army by dint of numbers. He directed therefore, against their 75,000, three corps of infantry, most of all his cavalry, amounting with artillery to not less than 40,000 men, 40,000 more being in reserve or awaiting the opportunity on the right.

Two points of the greatest importance in the British position were the farm of Hougoumont with its wood and garden in the rear, and that of La Haye Sainte in front of the left. Early part of the forenoon the French army was paraded, as if Buonaparte thought to intimidate his opponent by

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and no French soldier could have come within half a mile of it; and it was the farm of the Haye Sainte in front of the British centre, and the vicinity of the heights called Mount St. Jean, that the French occupied. The account is limited to his own share in the action, and appears to be tolerably correct; and in those parts in which it is at variance with Buonaparte's, we are to side with Ney.

The account published under the name of Lieutenant-General Scott is a wretched thing; 'a thing of shreds and patches;' we presume some poor scribbler has assumed the style and title of a general officer to set off his trumpery ware.

As for the report of General Gneisenau we have the report of a man who combines courage with ability for the task. It was natural that he should dwell minutely on the details. As for the libellers in the Rhenish Mercury, who attempt to depreciate the merits and the glory of the Duke of Wellington, and endeavour to supply the deficiency by the authority of this official paper,—their conduct will only reflect to the contempt of the British army, and the indignation of the Prussians.

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the display of so formidable a force, and about noon, or a little earlier, the action began by a furious attack upon Hougoumont. Soult and Ney attacked it with one corps, and the French came on with their usual shouts and their usual impetuosity. This post Lord Wellington had strengthened as much as possible during the night: a detachment of the Guards was stationed there, and the garden and wood were lined with Nassau troops as sharpshooters. These troops disputed the ground gallantly, and when they were compelled to retire under cover of the house, the Coldstream and Third drove back the enemy. Within half an hour 1500 men were killed here in an orchard not exceeding four acres in extent. Great efforts were made by the assailants: they surrounded the house on three sides, and they set it on fire with shells, and burnt a great part of it nearly to the ground. But they were compelled to desist from the attack, and fresh English troops recovered the wood. Throughout the day the enemy made repeated efforts in great force to obtain possession of this important point, but it was defended with the utmost gallantry to the last. Artillery on both sides was directed against this wood, and almost every tree bears marks of the tremendous conflict: their branches shattered and the trunks pierced. Generations and perhaps centuries hence, the woodman, when he feels an axe strike upon the imbedded balls, will remember Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

This attack upon Hougoumont was accompanied by a very heavy fire from more than 200 pieces of artillery upon the whole British line, and under cover of this fire repeated attacks were made, first by infantry only—then by cavalry only—and lastly and principally by cavalry and infantry together. One of the latter was so serious and made with such numbers, that General Alava says it required all the skill of the British commander to post his troops, and all the courage and discipline of his soldiers to withstand the assailants. This was the attack on Sir Thomas Picton's division, and in which that gallant officer fell. The Duke himself happened to be in this part of the field at that moment. The French advanced up to a hedge (the only one in the country, and which gives its name to three or four neighbouring hamlets) which extends along the heights where the British left was placed—some of our foreign corps who were posted behind this hedge gave way, but the Duke moved up some British troops, and the enemy was driven off with immense loss. It was at this time Sir Thomas Picton fell: at the moment when the enemy, astonished at seeing their charge met in this manner, fired and retreated, a musket ball struck his right temple, went through his brain, and passing through the scull on the opposite side, was retained by the skin. A helmet might probably have saved the life of one of the



most distinguished and gallant officers in the British service. The enemy in this action found the full advantage of defensive armour, which we, strangely as it would seem, have not yet met. The French cuirass is made pigeon-breasted, so that when a musket ball be fired very near it is turned off, and it is polished that the balls may more readily slant aside; the lower part fits the back; they are stuffed with a pad, fasten on a clasp, and are put on and off in an instant. The weight of the whole is about 16 pounds, not enough to occasion any inconvenience\* to an able-bodied man. The men who were thus armed were the flower of the French army: it was required that they should not be less than six feet high, that they should have been seven years in the service, have served in three campaigns, and retained a good character. Their horses are proportionably light. Thus armed and thus mounted they possessed a most important advantage over the British troops, the great points of speed and strength in our cavalry having been sacrificed for the sake of activity and display; the error had been felt in Spain; it was still more severely felt at Waterloo. The enemy had another advantage, in the use of the lance, the most formidable, if not the most efficient weapon with which a horseman can be armed, and had been proved to our cost at Albuhera.

The attack in which General Picton fell proved fatal also to Sir William Ponsonby. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, checked their charge. Accompanied by only one aide-de-camp, he got into a ploughed field, where his horse stuck; he was unhorsed, for he had not expected to be in action so soon, his own charger was not arrived. A body of lancers approached him in full speed; these men have always distinguished themselves by their barbarity: Sir William saw that his death was inevitable, his horse was incapable of extricating himself, but he hoped his aide-de-camp might escape, and taking out the picture of his wife and his watch, was in the act of delivering them to his care

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In one of the compilations concerning the battle of Waterloo, it is observed, in an incorrect language, that wounds received through the cuirass prove mortal. The Worthy has an allusion to this in his sermon entitled the First Reconciler; speaking of the danger and impolicy of using weak arguments in a good cause, he says, 'It is better to fight naked than with bad armour; for the rags of a bad corselet make a deeper wound and worse to be healed than the bullet itself.' But it should be remembered that the bullet which drives broken armour into the body would certainly make of itself a severe if not a mortal wound, and that many more shot must be killed off from a cuirass than can possibly enter it. The obvious question may be asked, why defensive armour should ever have been disused if it were really advantageous? It was probably laid aside as larger trains of artillery were brought into the field, and battles were chiefly decided by cannon. But contending powers soon arrived to an equality in these things, and battles now, as in old times, depend essentially upon the physical strength of the men, and still more upon what is familiarly called the bottom. When, therefore, the sword, and the lance, and the bayonet are in use, it seems a natural consequence that the helmet and cuirass should be resumed.

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when the enemy came up and speared them both. The brigade revenged their commander so well, that the Polish lancers were almost entirely cut to pieces before the day was over. Two eagles were taken in this charge; two of those imperial eagles which had been given to the French troops only seventeen days before in the Champ de Mars, and which in sight of the people of Paris, they had sworn to defend, and to perish if necessary in defending them. The bearer of one had well performed his duty, it was detached with blood in the struggle, and the eagle was severed from the pole by the cut of a sabre. These standards were inscribed with the names of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and Wagram. It has been a matter of surprize to some, why more eagles were not taken—the reasons are, first, that the number of eagles is very small; each regiment has but one eagle, though it has four battalions, so that in our army there are eight colours for the same number of men to whom one eagle is assigned—secondly, it appears from the Order Book of one of the French regiments which was picked up on the field of battle and is now before us, that the eagles had not been generally distributed to the army, and that only a few favoured regiments had yet had them;—and thirdly, it is surprising that one eagle ever should be taken, for they are purposely made portable, and easily detached from the staff; and it is a practice of the French, with that mixture of rhodomontade and meanness which characterized them under Buonaparte, to boast that they had secured their eagle when the staff and the colour were abandoned, and the eagle itself was in the pocket of some runaway ensign.

It was only on the left of the centre that the enemy obtained a temporary success; some light troops of the German Legion had been stationed in the farm of La Haye Sainte; the French succeeded in occupying the communication between them and the army, and when all the ammunition of the besieged was expended, they carried the farm-house, and, it is said, put every man to the bayonet. This enabled them, about two o'clock, to occupy a small mound on the left of the road near where the hedge joins the road from Brussels to Charleroi and just opposite the gate of the farm, and from this position they never were dislodged till the grand advance of the British army about seven in the evening. The battle continued with the most desperate intrepidity on both sides, Buonaparte continually bringing forward his troops in considerable masses, and the British and their allies resolutely resisting them. The Duke of Wellington was every where; always where the struggle was most arduous, in the hottest fire and front of the danger, he was seen, as Waller says of Lord Falkland,

exposing his all-knowing breast,  
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest.

ver were his exertions more needful; sometimes he was rallying broken infantry, sometimes placing himself at the head of formed squares. No man indeed ever had more confidence in his troops, did more justice to them. ‘When other generals,’ he has said, ‘commit an error, their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten; when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it.’ They on their part amply returned the confidence which they so well deserved. ‘Bless thy eyes!’ said a soldier in Spain when Lord Wellington passed by him for the first time after he had returned from Cadiz to the army, ‘Bless thy eyes, I had rather see thee come back than see ten thousand men come to help us!’ On that day both men and leaders were put to the proof: none of their former fields of glory, many as they had seen together, had been so stubbornly contested, or so dearly won. All this while there was no appearance of the Prussians; and well as the British army held its ground, many an anxious eye was directed towards the quarter from whence they were expected.\*

Blucher had put his army in motion at break of day. The corps of Borstel and Bulow were to march by St. Lambert, occupy a position there under cover of the forest near Fritschermont, and strike the enemy in the rear when the moment should appear favourable. Ziethen’s corps was to operate on the right flank of the enemy by Ohain, and Thielman to follow slowly and afford succour in case of need. But the two first of these corps had been placed on the east side of the river Dyle at Wavre; they had to cross by a narrow bridge; and to add to the delay which this necessarily occasioned, the houses in the street leading to it were on fire, so that the infantry passed with difficulty, the cavalry and artillery with still greater, and the powder-tumbrils not at all till the fire was extinguished. The passage too by the defile of St. Lambert was far more difficult than had been expected, so that when it was half past four in the afternoon, only two brigades of Bulow’s corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned them. But there was not a moment to be lost, and the general resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. Their way was through the forest of Soigny, which extends over many leagues of country, and from whence Brussels is supplied with fire-wood. By good fortune a peasant who guided them was a man of more than common sagacity; and instead of coming out of the forest at Fritschermont, he proposed to descend into the valley lower down, and come out in a direction toward Planchenois, nearly on the French reserve. Then, ‘he, we shall take them all. In the best concerted plans of war

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It is, however, due to historical truth to declare, that we have been personally informed by an eye-witness of the highest authority, that he himself had seen the Prussians in the wood close to our extreme left as early as two o’clock, though it was six hours even before they advanced so as to operate on the enemy.

something must always be greatly affected by *itious circum-*stances, and the Germans have well observed now much depended on this peasant, who, had he been less disposed to serve the allies, or less intelligent, might easily have led them into a hollow way where their cannon could not have past. Buonaparte saw them coming out from the wood, and asked one of his adjutants who they were; the adjutant, looking through the glass, replied, They are Prussian colours; and Buonaparte, it is said, turned pale, and shook his head, without answering a word.

General Bulow had only two brigades and a corps of cavalry. Count Lobau was stationed on the rear of the French right to oppose them, and all the means in reserve were ready to succour him, and, Buonaparte says, to overwhelm the Prussians when they should advance. Relying upon this disposition, he says, he led an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean; (by which he means the heights of Mont St. Jean, with a farm of the same name; the village being, as we have already stated, far to the rear, and on a separate line of hills;) from this effort he expected decisive success, this being, in fact, the vital part of Lord Wellington's position: but here he accuses the French of a movement of impatience, so frequent in their military annals, and frequently so fatal to them. The cavalry of reserve, according to his account, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from the French batteries, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry; a movement, he says, which, if made at the proper moment and supported by the proper reserve, must have secured the victory; but which, because it was made in an insulated manner, and before affairs were terminated on the right, became fatal. Neither the British nor the Prussian accounts notice any such error; nor indeed does this statement accord with the remainder of the narrative, which was drawn up under Buonaparte's direction, or by himself. He says that as there were no means of countermarking this movement, all the cavalry ran to support their comrades; that for three hours numerous charges were made, several squares of the British were broken, and six standards of light infantry taken; that the Prussians in their flank attack were first kept in check, and then repulsed by General Duhesme with the young guard; and that finally they fell back, they had exhausted their forces, and on that side there was nothing now to fear. This was the moment for an attack upon the British centre; it was made; and he proceeds to say 'the day was won, the French occupied all the positions which Lord Wellington held at the beginning of the contest, and after eight hours fire and repeated charges of foot and horse, all the army saw with joy that the battle was gained, and the field in their power.' But unluckily the British army were not of the same opinion; they did

did not know when they were beaten; and making an unceremonious attack upon their rejoicing enemies, the French, Buonaparte fairly confesses, took fright and ran away. Now, as the battle was won before this accident of the panic, it is palpably inconsistent to attribute its loss to the movement of the cavalry three hours before the English thus unaccountably recovered—what in reality they had never lost.

Buonaparte's narrative is entirely drawn up for the purpose of excusing himself as a general, thus palliating a defeat, the extent of which he could neither palliate nor extenuate. The truth is, that, acting as he always has acted, he set every thing upon the hazard. He is a general who has done things with mighty means; and thinking that his means were also fully adequate to the occasion, he attempted to do all resistance by an overwhelming attack, neglecting, or refusing to reflect upon what must be the consequences of failure. Confident was he of success, that messengers were dispatched from the field to announce it. On the day of the battle it was telegraphed to Boulogne that the emperor had gained a most complete victory over the united British and Prussian armies commanded by Wellington and Blucher. A bulletin extraordinary was published at Lisle, stating that the emperor himself, setting the example in the war, had fired the first carbine, and had had a horse killed under him; that his astonishing victories of the 15th, 16th, and 17th, were exceeded by this of the 18th, in which he had taken 30,000 prisoners. One account announced his entrance into Brussels; and another said that the cannons were roaring from the ramparts of the French fortresses to celebrate that event. Buonaparte had indeed invited Marshal Ney to sup with him that night at Brussels; and at six in the evening he is said to have remarked to him that they should yet arrive there in good time to keep their engagement. His proclamations to the Belgians upon his victory were printed, and dated from the palace of Laeken. The sale of a 'dying speech' in England has sometimes been spoilt by the reprieve of the criminal. This criminal's disappointment was of a different kind: he had prepared every thing for victory, nothing for defeat. Certain it is, however, that he did every thing for victory which man could do; and that his officers and men seconded him with ability and energy worthy of a better cause. His great object—his only hope—his sure means of success was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arrive in any force; he therefore made a perpetual repetition of attacks with horse and foot, supported by the whole of his artillery. It was one of those efforts by which he has more than once decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as tremendous a cannon-

ade as ever was witnessed upon a field of battle, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the *élite* of his guards with his reserves, and made an attack upon our centre, which, if it had been possible to quail the spirit of a British army, would have proved successful. Our cavalry was driven to the rear of our infantry;—our advanced artillery was taken. Every battalion was instantly in squares, and though the French cavalry repeatedly charged, not a square was broken;—more than once did Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance upon the steadiness of the men, and ready to stand or fall with them. The troops advanced by echelons to cover the guns. On arriving nearly at the line which their cavalry had occupied, the French infantry appeared, and it became necessary for some battalions to deploy, though almost surrounded by the enemy's horse. For about an hour the conflict at times appeared doubtful: the carnage which ensued was such as the British army had never before experienced. Shocking as the slaughter was, it would have been much greater had it not been for the state of the ground, which was thoroughly soaked with rain; for although this, by preventing dust, afforded better aim to the artillerists, many shots never rose after they touched the ground, and none bounded so often as they would otherwise have done; and the shells frequently buried themselves, and, when they exploded, threw up the mud like a fountain.

This continued for about one hour, though Buonaparte would make us believe that the French cavalry had stood their ground in these tremendous circumstances for *three* hours—a manifest impossibility. The fact, as it did occur, is sufficiently surprizing, for the French cavalry were on the plateau in the centre of the British position between the two high roads, for three quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. It was now that the Duke advanced his squares forward to recover and protect the guns—he recalled to the centre the cavalry which had been detached to the flanks, and the French cavalry was at length driven off. After this, and till seven in the evening, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre, so frequent and so close to one another, that it was impossible to distinguish them. About seven, Buonaparte made a last and desperate effort to force the left of the centre of the British army near La Haye Sainte; he made it with cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery; and the more to encourage the men he deceived both them and their generals. Labeledoyere, whom he had made a general and a count for that treason which has since received its due, but not its appropriate punishment, brought a message to Marshal Ney from Buonaparte that Marshal Grouchy had arrived and was attacking



ing the enemy ; this intelligence he spread among the soldiers rode along the lines. However politic it might have been to the spirits of the soldiers by this delusion, Ney very naturally expresses his indignation at discovering that Grouchy was far distant and that the troops who had arrived were enemies instead of friends. The attack, however, was made, and for a few moments, only for a few, with hope. The first brigade of guards advanced to meet the leading division, and poured in so well-directed a fire literally for a time to make a chasm in it. Ney led the attack, he has disgraced his country and himself by the most abominable cruelty and the most aggravated treason ; but on this day performed all that could be required from a soldier and a general, and he says that officers and men displayed the greatest intrepidity. General Friant fell by his side, his own horse was killed and he fell under it. This would have been too honourable a death for the Marshal Prince of Moskwa, who might fitly superadd the name of Iscariot to his titles. He, however, who knew that there were to be any punishment inflicted for the foulest crimes, he himself must stand in the first rank of offenders, did shrink from danger ; sword in hand, he remained on foot ; he appeals to those who survived the battle if he was not among the last to quit the scene of carnage. This attack had been made with what was called the middle guard—the young guard on the right with Lobau—the old guard, hitherto untouched, in reserve at the bottom of the ascent, up which the middle guard charged—when the latter were routed, a cry, say the French writers, was heard, ‘ All is lost, the Guard is beaten : ’ this seems probable, and is probably true ; and when the remains of the middle guard in their flight threw themselves into the ranks of the old guard, it was impossible but that some disorder must have ensued in the ranks of those tried veterans.

Sucher, as well as Ney, had been apprized of Grouchy’s movements, but more truly. About six o’clock he was informed that Blücher had been attacked near Wavre by a superior force, and they were disputing possession of the town. This intelligence did not disturb the veteran general ; he well knew that the battle was to be decided at Waterloo, not at Wavre ; any thing which might happen there was of little moment, and he therefore steadily pursued his course. At half past seven the whole of Borstel’s corps, part of Bulow’s had successively come up, and at *this time* it was evident that Buonaparte’s attack upon the British—the last effort of fury and despair—had failed. Ziethen’s first column at this time also arrived on the enemy’s right flank near the village of Plancenoit, and instantly charged. As the Prussians passed our left flank in their advance, they cheered them with that exultation

which the determination and sure hope of conquering inspired, and all their bands played God Save the King. Wellington perceiving their movements, and seeing the confusion of the enemy, took that great and decisive step which has crowned his glory and saved Europe. He advanced with the greatest celerity the whole line of his infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery; he put himself at the head of the Foot Guards, spoke a few words to them, which were answered by a general *hurrah*, and then, he himself guiding them on, the attack was made at all points, and in every point with the most perfect success. The Prussians soon after rushed forward on the enemy's right, at the *pas de charge*, and made their attack under the most favourable circumstances; their troops descended into the plain and formed into brigades in the greatest order, and fresh bodies continually unfolded themselves issuing from the forest on the height behind. Even if the British army had not repulsed the enemy, assailed him, and already driven him to flight, this movement of the Prussians would have been decisive; it must have forced the French to retire; if they had succeeded in their efforts against Lord Wellington, it would have prevented them from profiting by the success, but being made at a moment when the British had secured the victory, it rendered that victory complete beyond all expectation, all hope, almost it might be said beyond all former example. *Sauve qui peut* was the cry in Buonaparte's army. A total rout cannot be more fully acknowledged than it is by his own account. 'A complete panic,' he says, 'spread at once through the whole field of battle—the men threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication—soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard which was in reserve was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers of all arms were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder, and such was the confusion owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops and point out to them their error. Thus a battle which *had been* terminated, a day of false manœuvres which *had been* rectified, the greatest success which *had been* ensured for the next day, all were lost by a moment of panic terror.' There is an unfortunate grammatical error in this part of the statement; Buonaparte speaks of all these things in the *plusquam perfectum* tense, whereas he should have used the imperfect. The sentence, however, which thus speaks of a battle that was terminated before it was over, and of success which was certain but never came to pass, is yet of material value in one point of view, for here he distinctly states that the previous

false

false manœuvres had been rectified, and thus completely contradicts his own prior assertion that the loss of the battle was occasioned by the premature advance of the cavalry of reserve.

Buonaparte's station during the battle had been upon the Châtleroi road at the hamlet of La Belle Alliance, a little to the right of the middle of the French position. In the early part of the day he had reconnoitred the ground, and directed the movements from a sort of scaffolding, observatory, or telegraph, which had been erected for some ichnographical purposes; but he afterwards seems to have remained personally at La Belle Alliance.— There, says General Gneisenau, he gave his orders; there he flattered himself with the hopes of victory, and there his ruin was decided. Towards this farm, which, because of its elevated situation, was visible from every side, the march of all the Prussian columns was pointed; and there, when night had closed in, and the rout of the enemy was complete, Blücher and Wellington met in the pursuit and congratulated each other as victors. In commemoration of the alliance then subsisting between the British and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their confidence in each other, Blücher desired that the battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance. The British general, finding himself on the same road with this excellent veteran, left the pursuit to him, on account of the fatigue of the British troops, who had then been twelve hours in action, and who were by no means fresh when the day began. Blücher assured Lord Wellington that he would follow the enemy through the night; he assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit,—welcome orders, and obeyed as heartily as they were given. The British army then halted, formed on the hill, and gave the Prussians three cheers as they passed; a moment which all who were present will remember as having given them the sublimest emotion of their lives. The pursuit could not have been delivered over to better hands; the enemy had deserved no mercy from the Prussians, and they found none. Both on this day, indeed, and on the 16th, the conduct of the French had been brutal. An English ensign, a youth of seventeen, being taken in the first action, was led to Buonaparte, who asked him if he thought he could overtake the British army before they embarked for England! this youth was sent to the rear of the French troops, where he was stripped almost naked, and severely beaten when he remonstrated; and when at length getting sight of the general who commanded the division, he claimed his protection as a British officer, the ruffian answered, We will treat you all in the same manner. Their lancers speared many prisoners in cold blood; and when one of our most lamented officers received a wound and fell senseless, and probably dead from

from his horse, a Frenchman stepped out and beat his head with the butt-end of a musket. Thus insolent, thus brutal, thus inhuman in success, they were equally treacherous and abject in defeat; many threw down their arms and surrendered, then, watching their opportunity, took them up again and fired at those who spared them. Some of these villains were deservedly sabred; and the Prussians, during the night, took ample vengeance for their loss on the 16th, and for the cruelties which the French had then exercised.

The confusion of this rout is represented as ludicrous by those who witnessed it, when they recollect it apart from its horrors. One letter says, 'we were among infantry, imperial guards, and others with large fur caps, who were throwing down their arms, and many of them roaring *Pardon!* on their knees.' 'Our brigade,' says another, 'darted into a medley of lancers, cuirassiers, infantry, dragoons, guns, &c.—such a scene! I can hardly help laughing at the recollection. They were fairly cowed;—great bulking cuirassiers, galloping as hard as they could, tumbling off to save themselves.' The strength and stature of these men which made them so formidable in battle, the moment they were tainted with fear made them appear contemptible; the very advantages upon which they prided themselves in their courage, making cowardice more conspicuous. Here were to be seen cavalry throwing themselves off their horses in the hope that they might better evade pursuit on foot; and in another place the foot soldiers were dismounting the cavalry that they might mount and ride off themselves. At Salamanca, night and darkness saved the French after their defeat; but the moon rose upon the field of La Belle Alliance, and in broad moon-light the Prussians kept up the chase. The French were now routed beyond redemption,—the road, says General Gneisenau, resembled the sea-shore after some great shipwreck; it was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wreck of every kind. Those of the enemy who were foremost in the flight, and did not expect to be so promptly pursued, attempted to repose for a time,—presently the Prussians were upon them, and thus they were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they seemed to recover courage when beholding only their own numbers, and made a shew of maintaining themselves,—but when they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, the blast of which was as dreadful as if it summoned them to the Last Judgment, their panic returned, and they renewed their flight, or ran into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. Eight hundred of their bodies were found lying here, where 'they had suffered themselves (it is a German who speaks) to be cut down like cattle.' General Duhesme, who commanded the rear-guard, fell in this place. A black hussar of the Duke

Duke of Brunswick's corps sacrificed him to his master's memory. 'The Duke fell yesterday,' said the Brunswicker; 'and thou shalt also bite the dust;' and so saying he cut him down.

The British army on the preceding day had experienced the inconvenience of crossing the narrow bridge at Genappe, though theirs was a leisure movement, made in excellent order, and with the spirits of the men unchanged. The French had now to cross it in the utmost confusion of haste and terror. Buonaparte, whose first thought in danger had been how to secure his own personal safety, rode off with his staff; and a Walloon peasant who lived near La Belle Alliance, whom he ordered to guide him by a bye-road, to Charleroi. There is a bridge over the Dyle at a village not far from Genappe; Lacoste, being perhaps as much confounded by the events of the day as the Emperor Napoleon himself, and somewhat also by the company in which he found himself enlisted, did not remember this bridge, so he led the runaway Emperor to Genappe, where the waggons were wedged sixteen deep upon the causeway, and they were an hour and a half before they could make way through the press. Buonaparte effected his flight through this town about half an hour after midnight. The fugitives made their last attempt at rallying here; they entrenched themselves with cannon and overturned carriages, and commenced a brisk fire of musketry when the Prussians approached;—some cannon shot, followed by a loud hurrah, sufficed to frighten away all thought of further resistance; and the flight and pursuit were continued with increased fear on the part of the enemy, and unrelenting ardour on the part of the conquerors. Buonaparte's carriage with his hat and sword, and papers, and the insignia of all his orders, were found at Genappe. His travelling library also was taken, consisting of nearly 800 volumes, in six chests: among these books were a French Homer, a French Ossian, the Bible, and the Pucelle of Voltaire! The spoils which were lying along the road tempted the Prussians and abated their speed, otherwise, it is said, that scarcely a man of the beaten army could have escaped; as it was, the pursuit was not given over during the night. The loss of the enemy was great, even beyond that at Leipsic; they stopt not in their flight till they had passed all their fortresses; the allied armies passed them also, and when Buonaparte, after having excited the French armies to rebellion, and led them for the third time to destruction, reached the capital, he brought with him tidings of this total and irreparable defeat, and that Blucher and Wellington were on the way to Paris!

The French army were never more skilfully directed than in this memorable action, and never had they fought so well. They had, indeed, every motive of which such men are susceptible, for exerting themselves to the utmost;—the pride of former victories,  
shame

shame and indignation for late defeats, and the bitterest hatred of the enemies to whom they were opposed,—ations whom they had wronged, and outraged, and insulted, and despised; and by whom they had been beaten and humbled and forgiven. Only by success could they justify to their own countrymen the audacious enterprize in which they were engaged; only by success could they legitimate the government of the usurper for whom they had forsworn themselves;—only by success could they hope to escape the penalties of treason and rebellion. Victory would give them every thing;—their old supremacy, their old renown, their old days of military license, of rapine and free-quarters would be restored; their leader had told them that the moment was arrived for every Frenchman who had a heart to conquer or to perish. And it might have been thought that in this instance he would have acted up to his professions; that however he might, on former occasions, have braved public opinion by flying from his armies in their utmost need, he would now at least have played the man, and perished bravely in the ruin which he had brought upon himself and his adherents. But Buonaparte's spirit has nothing of the heroic character,—the love of life with him is stronger even than the love of empire;—he clings to the carcass like a shipwrecked sailor to a plank in the ocean, because, like the sailor, he knows into what an abyss he must sink when that miserable hold can no longer be maintained. He was therefore among the foremost in the flight. Marshal Ney assures us that *before the end of the battle* he had disappeared,—but the soldiers performed their part better; it was not until the defeat was irreparable that they fled, and till every effort of skill and courage and fury and despair had been exhausted. The British troops were no novices in war,—yet they who had witnessed the bloody conflict at Albuhera and the murderous assaults at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian's, never beheld such slaughter as at Waterloo. The loss of the British and Hanoverians there and on the 16th amounted to not less than 13,000 men, and 750 officers,—a proportion which evinces how obstinate and perilous must have been the conflict;—of that more than two-thirds must have fallen at Waterloo. The Prussian loss we have no grounds for computing; at Waterloo it could not have been great, because they were scarcely engaged before Zieten's arrival consummated the defeat of the enemy. On the side of Wavre, where Thielman was attacked by Grouchy and Vandamme with superior force, it must have been greater,—the whole loss of the Prussians, from the commencement of the campaign till their triumphant entrance into Paris, has been officially stated at 58,000. But the loss of the French in the last great battle and the rout exceeded that of all the allies in the whole campaign twice told. A wide and sweeping destruction overtook them,—



—a vengeance as signal as their crimes. Many of the prisoners had been at Leipzig—but this they said was much worse—*les horreurs de la guerre*, was their remark. Blücher's expression in his despatches was, that the whole French army was in a state of dissolution. Even this was not hyperbolical: their baggage, equipage, tumbrils, artillery, the whole of what is called the *train*, were taken,—they began the day 160,000 strong, and by own account, when the wreck of the army had collected and with Grouchy's corps, they did not amount to 60,000! The state of the field of battle is too dreadful for description. We rather relate such facts as are honourable to our nature, mitigate and relieve these horrors. It has been said in the English papers that the British soldiers exerted themselves to dig out and carry off the wounded French from the field. Some of our wounded who had still the use of their limbs, employed themselves in binding up the wounds of their enemies, and ministering to their wants: and in Brussels people of the first order attended the wounded night and day. And it marks in the most gratifying manner the good conduct of the British army quartered in Brussels previously to the battle, that the inhabitants sought with the greatest anxiety among the wounded for former guests, and took them to their houses and their care. It marks too the character of the different nations, among the pillage of the dead, French novels are enumerated (we know of what description!) and German testaments. The royal cannon was brought triumphantly into Brussels, ornamented with ribbands and flowers: some bore the cypher of Louis, others had the words Liberty and Equality, the greater number the mark of Napoleon. The joy of the Belgians may well be conceived; however averse they might be to the arrangement which united them to the Dutch,—a Catholic to an heretical power, nothing could be so desirable in its immediate effects as such a victory, which saved them from the license of Buonaparte's army, contributions and his conscriptions, and relieved them at the same time from the presence of the allied armies. They were flattered by the part which they had borne in the success, and in the manner in which the Prince of Orange had signalled himself. He had behaved with distinction in Spain, and had now retrieved his former renown,—but not without receiving a serious wound. Throughout the north of Germany, wherever the liberty of France had been felt, (and whither had it not extended?) people exulted as much now when their deliverance was so

letter which he wrote on the day after the battle to his lady began very sentimentally: "My dear wife, you well know what I promised you and I will do it. Superiority of numbers, however, was always the result of the day, in conjunction with my friend, Wellington, I am convinced of my success."

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cured, as they had done in the preceding war, when it was first obtained. At Hamburgh, it is said, such universal joy had never been displayed as when the news of the victory arrived: a public thanksgiving was appointed, a collection in the churches was made for the sufferers, and on the day which had been thus set apart for the duties of religion and charity, the tomb of Klopstock was restored, which Davoust had thrown down, as if in hatred toward the senseless dust of him who had endeavoured to make the Germans feel as a nation, and to keep alive in them the love of freedom and of their country.

The feeling which this battle produced in England will never be forgotten by the present generation. Accustomed, as we were, to victory, upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen; confident, as we were, in our general and in our army, even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamt not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed at the time to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which victory had been obtained appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors; there the multitude of the enemies had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption. Blenheim had been less stubborn in the conflict, less momentous in the consequences; and all the previous actions of our great commander from Vimeiro, or from Eastern Assye, to Tholouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs. Heavy as was the weight of private sorrow which it brought with it; severe as was the public loss in the fall of Picton and Ponsonby, and of so many others, the flower of the British youth, the pride and promise of the British army, still we were spared that grief, which on a former occasion had abated the joy of the very multitude, and made thoughtful spirits almost regret the victory of Trafalgar. The duke's aides-de-camp—men endeared to him by their long services in the career of glory, and by their personal devotion to him—fell, killed or wounded, one after another. Of those who accompanied him during this 'agony of his fame,' his old friend the Spanish General Alava was the only one who was untouched either in his person or his horse. At one moment, when the duke was very far advanced observing the enemy's movements, one of his aids-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much, the duke answered with his noble simplicity, 'I know I am, but I must die or see what they are doing.'

The first consideration, when joy and astonishment admitted leisure for it, was how to express our sense of this great exploit, how to manifest our gratitude to the army and its leader, how to discharge our obligation—the mighty debt which was due to the living

sidead. There remained no new title for Wellington; from  
ghthood to his dukedom he had won them all; there re-  
l no new distinctions of honour, he had exhausted them;  
it the parliament added two hundred thousand pounds to  
her magnificent grant, in order that a palace, not less mag-  
t than that of Blenheim, might be erected for the general  
d surpassed the achievements of Marlborough. The me-  
the army also were properly estimated, and the rewards,  
ought to be, were extended to every rank and every in-  
l. Every regiment which had been present was permit-  
ed thenceforth to bear the word Waterloo upon their co-  
all the privates were to be borne upon the muster-rolls and  
as of their respective corps as Waterloo-men, and every  
too-man allowed to reckon that day's work as two years  
in the account of his time for increase of pay, or for a  
t when discharged. The subaltern officers were in like  
r to reckon two years service for that victory; and a be-  
ut less important was on this occasion extended to the  
army; by a regulation enacting, that henceforward the  
as granted for wounds, should rise with the rank to which  
near attained, so that he who was maimed when an ensign,  
; when he became a general, receive a general's pension  
injury which he had endured. These were solid sub-  
l-benefits, such as the army had well deserved, and as it  
e the government to confer. More was yet due, and the  
ture were not slow in expressing the universal feeling of the  
: They decreed that a national monument should be erect-  
honour of the victory, and in commemoration of the men  
all: and upon the suggestion of Mr. Williams Wynn, it  
etermined that the name of every man who had fallen  
r be inscribed upon this memorial of national glory and  
gratitude. Mr. Wynn suggested also that a medal should  
en to each of the survivors, of the same materials for offi-  
nd men, that they who had been fellows in danger might  
be same badge of honour. And to shew how deeply the  
of honour will act upon the minds of brave men in however  
le a situation, he related a fact which we repeat here, be-  
it cannot be too generally known. After the battle of the  
e gentleman caused a medal to be struck in honour of that  
, and at his own expense gave it to every man in the vic-  
s fleet. Some of these men, common sailors, have been  
t after many years, when dying upon a distant station, to  
it their last request that this medal should be sent home to  
friends. Let us hope that what was then done by a libera-  
lity may now be done by a wise and grateful government

and

and if the medal should be given to all the allies who were in the field that day, its moral influence would be such that few medals would ever have been so well bestowed.

Lord Wellington described his own feelings, after the battle, in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom he had the painful task of communicating a brother's death.

'I cannot,' he said, 'express to you the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the losses the country and the service have sustained—none more severe than that of General Sir Alexander Gordon. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you. But I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt will remain that our exertions will be rewarded by the attainment of our first object;—then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen may be some consolation.'

Language like this is indeed honourable to him from whom it proceeded. Lord Wellington spake from his heart. This victory had been too severely purchased to bring with it any of that exultation with which victory is usually accompanied,—the friends with whom he had so often rejoiced after victory, had fallen by his side, and during the greater part of the ensuing day he was in tears. But his expectations of the result were not fallacious. The allied armies moved upon Paris, where the proceedings of the ephemeral government evinced how little ability there was to resist their progress. The tyrant, who had twice returned to that capital, after leading armies to destruction, seems to have imagined, that he might for a third time depend upon the servility and patience of a degraded and deluded nation. Upon his arrival he informed the Chamber of Peers that he had come to Paris to consult with the Minister of War on the means of restoring the material of the army, and to consult with the chambers on the legislative measures which circumstances required. The Chamber of Peers declared itself permanent! they declared that any attempt to dissolve them was a crime of high treason; that whoever might render himself guilty of such an attempt would be a traitor, and should immediately be condemned as such; and they decreed that the army had deserved well of their country! La Fayette also moved the most absurdities, saying, 'that for the first time the chamber then had a voice which the old friends of liberty might yet recognize,—that this was the moment to rally round the old tri-colour standard, that of 1789—that of liberty, of equality, and of public order.' The old friends of liberty did indeed recognize his voice, but they recognized it with sorrow; the restoration of the Bourbons he given to France as much liberty as he had contended for in 1789 more, far more than she deserved—more, far more than she was capable of enjoying; it had restored also that foreign and domestic

peaceful industry, that public order, which the triad had banished. One member proposed a solemn that the French nation renounced forever all conquest, aggressive and ambitious war! That they would never again be but for the defence of their territory, to avenge the wrongs committed against their dignity, if reparation could not be obtained by means of negotiation, or for the defence of an ally attacked. The scenes which ensued reminded us of the squabbles, and the absurdities of the National Convention. Doubtless, we should ere long have been reminded of the mad madness of that Convention also, if the victors had not been at hand. Emboldened by that thought, one ventured to call for the abdication of the emperor, several seconded the motion; and Buonaparte, whose obstinacy has cost thousands, and hundreds of thousands to destruction, as pliable as usual when his own personal safety came in question. Still, however, confiding in his partizans, and in the numerous assemblies who were implicated with him, when he refused his own abdication, declaring that he offered himself as a prisoner to the enemies of France, and that his political life was at an end, he proclaimed his son Emperor of the French, by the name of Napoleon II. This subterfuge was but coldly received;

Lucien Buonaparte, whom this measure would have placed in the situation which he most coveted, supported it, he was told that he was not a Frenchman, and had no right to deliver his opinion upon the subject, having none to a seat in that assembly. The person who supported it with most vehemence was La-

The abdication, he observed, was indivisible,—meaning in the French phrase, that it was conditional, and became void unless the young Napoleon were admitted to the succession. But if the assembly would not acknowledge the son, the emperor would not quit the sword in his hand, surrounded by the soldiers. He proposed that every Frenchman who quitted his colours should be declared infamous, that his house should be razed, and his family proscribed. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘we shall have no more traitors.’ So natural is compassion to an English public, that the emperor was pitied when he received the punishment due to treason and rebellion; but the sentiments which he delivered on this occasion shew that he was ready to renew the horrors of the Vendée; and little mercy did that man deserve who avowed his own determination of shewing none.

These hell-hounds had had their day. The allies advanced, and the Buonapartes absconded, hoping, as it appears, to find their fortunes in America. But the British fleet completed the work which the British army had begun: the fallen tyrant fled

from our armies to the coast, he found it so closely watched by our ships, that it was impossible to escape; and no alternative remained but to fall into the hands of the legitimate government, or throw himself upon the mercy of the English. He chose the latter part, and it is not necessary, in sketching the life of Wellington, to relate in what manner justice was defrauded of her due. Meanwhile the wreck of the rebel army, under Grouchy, effected their retreat into Paris, where Davoust was appointed to the command. The allies were close in pursuit; they invested Paris; and Wellington and Blucher, by a military convention, allowed the rebel army to march out with all its material, artillery, baggage, &c., and take a position behind the Loire. Beyond a doubt these great commanders would have compelled them to an unconditional surrender, but they wished to spare Paris a second time, and not to confound the innocent with the guilty. The convention was merely military; every thing political was left to the King. The day after the city was taken possession of by the allied troops, Louis entered, and the people danced and sung to welcome him, as they had danced and sung, three months before, to welcome Buonaparte.

The British nation had now seen Paris taken by a British army; and if all that we had wished had been the gratification of national pride, and the exaltation of the British name, that wish would abundantly have been fulfilled. Our part was performed; well and gloriously had we performed it; it remained for the legitimate government to do the rest, and never was there a moment when the punishment of the guilty appeared to be so certain. The course was plain for Louis to have pursued, if he would restore peace to France, give security to Europe, and remain in safety and with honour upon the throne of his ancestors. A vigorous policy was required; the more vigorous the more merciful. The axe was in his hand, and the Upas tree might have been destroyed root and branch. Compassion in such cases is fatuity. Justice and mercy required the same course: policy and morality were never more entirely in unison: the interests of the sovereign and the people of France and of Europe were the same. The most guilty of the tyrant's accomplices, to the number of fifteen or twenty, should have suffered death. The officers of the rebel army, as low as the rank of colonel, should have been banished for life, and scattered over Siberia; the army itself disbanded, and a new one raised in La Vendée, and those parts of France where the popular feeling could be trusted. Had this been done, the allies would have needed no other security from France; it has not been done, and that security which they would gladly have received from her good-will, her fair intentions, and her wise measures, they must exact from her weakness, or the whole work will be, for a third time, to be done again.



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